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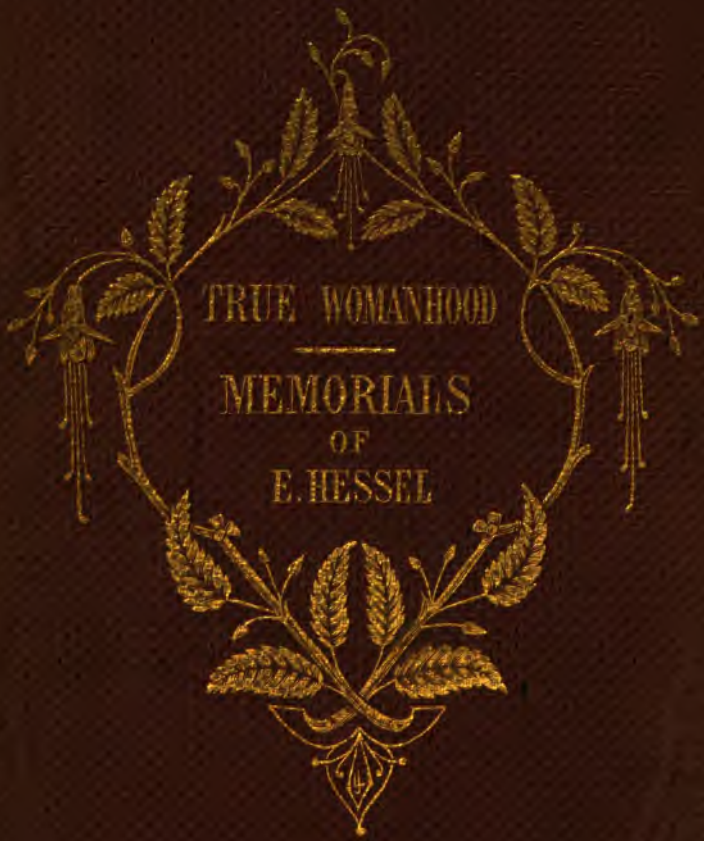

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Very affectionately yours,

Eliza Hepel

TRUE WOMANHOOD.

Memorials

OF

ELIZA HESSEL.

She fought her doubts and gathered strength,
She would not make her judgment blind,
She faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus she came at length
To find a stronger faith her own.

The Wharfe at Boston Spa.

TRUE WOMANHOOD.

Memorials

OF

ELIZA HESSEL.

BY

JOSHUA PRIESTLEY.

"I saw her upon nearer view
A spirit yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

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PREFACE.

THE grounds on which this volume invites public attention may be stated in few words. Miss Hessel's history illustrates how a young woman, with only ordinary advantages, may effect great self-improvement, and diffuse a joyous and quickening influence in the social circle. By aiming earnestly at the cultivation of all her powers, and the practical recognition of all her relationships, she exhibited a combination of excellencies too generally dissociated. To the common-place but important qualification for domestic duties, she added literary culture, and a character adorned with Christian virtues. "My model," said she, "is perfect in everything that comes within the sphere of a virtuous, intelligent, domestic woman;—so perfect, that it is no easy matter to determine in what she most excels." To induce young women to adopt such a model, and to assist in its exemplification, is the object of the Biographer. May the Divine Spirit employ this record to kindle in the hearts of many readers aspirations after higher virtues, and greater usefulness, than she attained.

He cannot expect the concurrence of his readers in all the opinions expressed, or in approval of all the book-companionships indulged. He has not imitated those artists of the last century, who transferred to canvas their personification of a virtue, and then represented it as the

portrait of some distinguished person. To furnish a true, and not simply a pleasing picture, has been his aim.

Many thanks are due to the friends who placed their treasured letters at his disposal. The kindness which, in some instances, prompted the spontaneous transmission of such as related to matters purely private, in order that he might have a fuller knowledge of the character of his subject, will not readily be forgotten.

DONCASTER, MARCH 25TH, 1859.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE favourable reception given to this work, both by the press and the public, demands grateful acknowledgment. An edition of 1500 copies has been disposed of in little more than six months,—a rare occurrence in the history of biographical literature relating to private characters. The present edition has been carefully revised, and in the judgment of the writer, greatly improved. A considerable amount of new matter has been introduced, more than the number of pages indicates, because of the omission of numerous sentences of a merely personal character. To the Divine blessing the work is again commended, in the hope that its perusal will stimulate many to aspire after "true womanhood."

DONCASTER, OCTOBER 21ST, 1859.

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MEMORIALS

OF

ELIZA HESSEL.

CHAPTER I.

The object of the work—Miss Hessel's mental and moral features—Local and domestic influences—Melton-Mowbray—At a Boarding-school in Leeds—Reminiscences of her school-days by a fellow-pupil—Death of her eldest sister—Noble purposes.

THE writer first became acquainted with the subject of this memoir in November 1838. The occasion was one of mournful interest. Death had invaded her father's house, and smitten the first-born—her beloved and highly-gifted brother John. She was then but nine years old, having been born on April 10th 1829. Circumstances prevented the renewal of acquaintance till the summer of 1855. The girl had now become a tall, well-proportioned woman. Her features identified her as the sister of his lamented friend, and it required little intercourse to satisfy him that there were other than physical resemblances. An elevation of sentiment, a refinement of taste, and a copiousness of choice language, distinguished her. To these were added a charming frankness. Rumour had pronounced her gifted, but personal acquaintance convinced him "the half had not been told."

The intercourse thus renewed was not likely speedily to terminate. In the following spring she resided for nearly four weeks under his roof, and thus opportunity was afforded for intimate acquaintance. His first impressions were amply confirmed. Amiability, disinterestedness, generosity, and artlessness, were eminently conspicuous, and her aptitude for domestic duties indicated the just views she entertained of their relation to social comfort.

The design of this book, however, is not to erect a monument to the departed, much less to magnify her virtues, but to furnish such a record of her character, aspirations, and attainments, as may animate our daughters to aspire to excellencies which will qualify them to adorn and bless the world. Miss Hessel's chief excellencies were such as lie within the reach of all. She owed much, doubtless, to original endowment, but more to self-culture. Few educated persons were less indebted to preceptors. In common with most young people she was the subject of foolish notions, and injudicious habits. Happily, as she approached womanhood, she discovered and endeavoured to remedy them. Soliciting divine assistance, she resolutely determined to attain the nobility of a true woman, and she succeeded. It would have required a sagacity more than ordinary to discern the woman of five and twenty in the girl of fifteen.

The man of science can analyze the ingredients entering into the composition of a plant, but where is the moral chemist who shall tell us all that has contributed to the formation of any human character? Facts are not wanting, however, to enable us to form a sufficiently accurate estimate of the influences operating upon Miss Hessel's youth, and the peculiarities of her mental and moral nature.

Her reflective powers were early developed. Often might she have been seen wandering in the neighbouring lane wrapt in deep thought. What could those bright objects

be above, which we called stars? How could the Almighty always have existed? Why was evil permitted, and why, in particular, were so many vexations allowed to cross her path? How could the permission of such facts accord with infinite benevolence? These were some of the questions which taxed and troubled that young brain. As a natural consequence she eagerly thirsted after knowledge. Unfortunately she had access to but few suitable books. Had she been supplied at this period with a literature adapted to her requirements, the growth of her powers would no doubt have been materially promoted. A large social as well as personal benefit would be conferred, if those who have interesting and instructive books lying useless on their shelves, would send them on a temporary visit to young persons similarly circumstanced to Eliza Hessel.

Inquisitiveness was associated with intense susceptibility. The sigh of the storm she regarded as celestial music. As her slender form staggered under its violence, she would exultingly repeat—

> "O! I love the winds when they spurn control
> For they suit my own bond-hating soul;
> I like to hear them sweeping past,
> Like the eagle's pinions, free and fast;
> But a pang will rise with sad alloy,
> To soften my spring and sink my joy,
> When I think how dismal their voices must be
> To a mother who hath a child at sea!"

It cannot surprise us that her broodings often stirred the profoundest depths of her soul. Judge of a girl of sixteen pacing the long garden walks in the cold moonlight, sitting down on the ground, and clasping her hands, uttering in a voice of such passionate earnestness, as even startled herself: "I would gladly die this moment to solve that problem." That girl could be no cipher in the world. She

could be no mere unit. For good or evil, she was destined to exert considerable influence.

Her love for poetry, for flowers, for everything beautiful in nature or in art, amounted to a passion.

Of course, the books she read left deep traces on her mind. With a retentive memory, and a vivid imagination, she became almost a reflection of the writers she loved. It was easy, at that period, to discover her literary companionships.

One illustration of her high spirit is well remembered. She was a pupil, and not beyond her eighth year. In the master's temporary absence one day, some occurrence had transpired which kindled his displeasure. He deemed Eliza's younger sister to be chief culprit, and ordered her into the "naughty corner." Eliza, knowing her sister's innocence, rose from her seat, marched boldly forth, brought away the victim, and with defiant majesty exclaimed: "My sister shall not be put into the corner." Acquiescence, however unmagisterial, was deemed prudent.

Her sensitive nature could not fail, under ordinary circumstances, to secure exquisite enjoyment; neither could it fail to induce occasional despondency. She was no exception to the doctrine set forth in Burns' well-known lines—

> "Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
> Thrill with deepest notes of woe."

A glance at that pale countenance was enough to satisfy any intelligent observer that the activity of the brain was morbid. For many nights in succession sleep refused its visit for hours after her retirement. Instead of acting as a check to the pernicious practice of late study, this unhappily promoted it. Rapid growth contributed to physical debility, and caused her to suffer much from tic-doloreux at one period, whilst the remedy employed was almost as mischievous as the disease. from the nervous irritability which it caused.

As a natural consequence many occurrences, domestic and providential, wore a chilling and gloomy aspect. Mentioning, later in life, some unwelcome experiences of which she was then the subject, she says to Mrs. W—— : "All this may seem very strange to you, but it would not, if you could read my mental history—if you knew what formed and educated my childhood—the utter want of companionship I experienced—the delicate and sickly form, which for many years was the tabernacle of a shrinking, sensitive spirit, whose aliment was the sublime but mysterious images of revelation, the allegories of Bunyan, and such poetry and fiction as came in its path. I spoke of want of companionship, but mine was with the deep woods, or beside a lonely pond under a large ash tree, whose music, as the wind swept it, I can now recal—shunned by and shunning those of my own age, whose kindness was almost as offensive to me as their ridicule or contempt. At an age when most children are revelling in the sunshine of their own joyous natures, I was revolving, in my unnaturally excited and fevered mind, such themes as the existence of God, the strange enigma of my own being and destiny, and sometimes, I could weep to remember it, whispering in the depths of my dark heart, 'There is no God.' And when the fearful lie was returned to me, I added, 'but he cannot be just and good, or he would not see me suffering and oppressed without avenging me.'"

It must be confessed that her parents had an onerous charge. And yet it was a highly interesting one. One of the most interesting spectacles on earth is that of a mind in a state like hers—full of deep questionings and lofty aspirations—eager after truth, but unwilling to accept it without scrutiny. Should not such minds excite our deep sympathy? Should not their inquiries be judiciously excited, rather than frowningly repressed? Should not we, who are parents, encourage our children to confide to us the

strange, perplexing thoughts, which often haunt them, but which they shrink from disclosing? Who can estimate the number of melancholy moral wrecks occasioned by the chilling repulses with which sincere, though adventurous, inquirers have been met? I do not wonder that immediately after the paragraph just quoted, Miss Hessel should have added: "Since I have grown up, I had always an intense sympathy with Byron's childhood." It makes one almost tremble to think what might have been the issue, had she been similarly treated. It is not without solicitude one asks: What will the issue be? Shall those mental and moral materials be one day formed into a noble structure, or shall they become a mis-shapen and repulsive mass? Hope pronounces favourably, and faith endorses the reply.

The circumstances amid which she was placed, were on the whole, highly favourable. Retirement was essential to the right formation of her character. Catterton, her birthplace, furnished it. It is a small hamlet, lying at the distance of three miles north of Tadcaster, consisting of ten or twelve houses, four of which were occupied by labourers. The society of such a place presented nothing of peril to her nature. Additional stimulus to her social powers would undoubtedly have been beneficial, physically and mentally. Many an hour of gloom would have been exchanged for sunshine. But the evil of town-residence to most young persons is, that the social faculties are stimulated to excess. Hence, the dissipation and frivolity which so generally prevail, and which cannot be sufficiently lamented. Would she not, however, in the event of such a residence, have been spared those perplexing doubts—that long mental disquietude? Probably she would, but the benefit of that may be justly doubted. The discipline through which she passed, every person must more or less experience, who would have a faith alike intelligent and firm. Truly is it said by the biographer of the late Rev. John Smith: "No

one was ever distinguished, except by successful engagement with difficulty." Anything that would have prevented her from prosecuting those inquiries would have been a calamity, rather than a benefit. The doubts and perplexities of a truth-seeker are the stimulants wisely provided to increase mental vigour, as well as secure joyous and abiding satisfaction. Had Miss Hessel resided in a town, she would have been the life of many a gay circle, but would not have been the well-informed and useful woman she became.

Powerful as are the influences of society in moulding youthful character, those operating silently and unconsciously in the domestic circle, are still more so. What, then, was the moral atmosphere she breathed at home? One fact will be a sufficient answer. The whole five children—two sons and three daughters—became truly pious. Both the sons were called to the Christian ministry. The elder went down to his grave at twenty-four, lamented by many, to some of whom he had been a blessing; and the survivor, the Rev. William Hessel, is at present occupying one of the most important positions in the Wesleyan church in Australia.

Her father, Benjamin Hessel, was a man of strong mind and sterling moral excellence, a worthy descendant of ancestors who had occupied a farm at Althorp, in the neighbourhood of Howden, for about five hundred years. Her mother, Hannah Hessel, was a genuine Christian, born of parents who bravely shared the reproach which assailed the early Methodists. To her pious example and fervent prayers all her children feel an incalculable obligation. Their youthful hearts were drawn to seek the Lord in a voluntary gathering for prayer, on a Sunday afternoon. From her infancy Miss Hessel was the subject of the strivings of the Spirit. "Happy parents," some mother may be prompted to exclaim, "to possess such children." "Happy children," with no less appropriateness it may be said, "to possess such a mother."

In August 1842, an interesting domestic occurrence transpired, which exercised a potent influence on Miss Hessel. Her eldest sister, Mary Ann, became the wife of the Rev. Thomas Brumwell, a Wesleyan Minister. To her great joy it was arranged that she should spend a few months with the wedded pair at Melton-Mowbray. She now fairly entered upon social life, and her open-heartedness, and rapidly unfolding mental powers, won for her warm attachments. Besides the books in the possession of her friends, many of which were new to her, of course she had access to her brother's library, and the famishing man does not devour his food with greater eagerness than that with which many of them were devoured. Neither the quantity nor the quality of her reading, however, was judicious. She had soon great reason to regret having spurned the good counsel she was offered. The following extract is inserted in the hope that some juvenile readers may profit by her experience. On reviewing this period, only three years subsequently, she says: "I have sat poring over works of history, and more frequently of fiction, till my aching eye-balls have refused their offices; the solemn tones of the midnight bell, and occasionally, the light chimes of the third hour of morning have warned me to my little couch, while strange visions of enchanted castles, rocking images, ominous sounds, and wild apparitions, have disturbed my feverish repose, and unfitted me for the active duties of life. *Oh! these are painful reminiscences.*"

She remained at Melton-Mowbray about ten months, and after having benefited by the educational advantages Tadcaster afforded, entered a boarding-school at Leeds in January 1845. This constituted an interesting and important era in her history.

At the Miss Rinders' establishment Eliza was brought into contact with several kindred spirits. With one of them a correspondence was afterwards commenced, which

was sustained to the close of life. More than a hundred and fifty letters were exchanged, and to some of these, this volume will owe a large portion of whatever interest or value it may possess.

At the biographer's request that lady has kindly recorded her recollections of her friend. The portion which relates to Eliza's school-days at Leeds shall be here supplied :—"My acquaintance with my beloved friend commenced when she was about fifteen. I remember distinctly the morning she was introduced into the school-room. Little did I then think what an influence the new comer would acquire over my own mind and heart. She was shy and reserved at first, but susceptible of any advance towards friendliness, and eager to reciprocate the least kindness. It was not long before her position amongst us became clearly defined. Being one of the tallest girls, a degree of freedom was at once awarded her, but her mind soon asserted a superior claim. She was a most earnest and successful student; and it became a privilege to be admitted into her little coterie of inquirers after knowledge. At her suggestion, three or four of us rose at five o'clock every morning, and met in the library to read. The books chosen were generally such as aided in our after-studies. Sometimes they yielded more pleasure than profit, but the recollection of those morning meetings is very pleasant. During our walks, too, we read together, or when books were forbidden, Eliza was never at a loss for some topic of discussion. A flower, or an insect, often supplied us with a theme. Anything in nature called forth her deepest sympathies, and made her eloquent. She has told me what a wild delight she used to feel, when a mere child, amidst the scenes of nature, rambling at her own sweet will for hours together with no companions but the bee and butterfly. This love of the beautiful became more intense as she grew older, and you will not wonder that she had also a decided tinge of the romantic at this

time. Her young muse sung of deeds of daring, and the achievements of fame. She bowed at the shrine of genius, and made it almost her god. But afterwards, when she had consecrated her tastes and talents to her Saviour, they took a higher mould. Wherever beauty was, she saw the loving impress of her Heavenly Father. Genius seemed to her but an emanation from the Eternal mind; and, instead of exhausting her sympathies on imaginary woes, she began right earnestly to search out, and try to alleviate, the actual sufferings around her.

"But to return to her school-days. Her studies were a great pleasure to her. She had a right ambition to excel—not outshine—and all agreed that the commendation given her, was her due. As her mind developed, and the field of knowledge opened before her, she has often told me of undefined longings to grasp all—a feeling of impatience with the slow process of acquisition—a feeling that the inlets to the mind were inadequate to satisfy her mental thirst. Her compositions were both easy and graceful; unlike the usually crabbed style of a school-girl. When our monthly budget was opened, and our anonymous maiden efforts read, you might see a smile of recognition pass around the school-room, as Eliza's pieces betrayed their authorship at once.

"None were more gay and frolicsome. She entered with zest into our merriest fun—indeed, was often the promoter of it. She had an under current of genial humour, and a quickness of repartee that never failed her.

"As to her religious thoughts and feelings at this time, I know little. I was not then admitted into her confidence. Her seniority caused a distance between us as school-girls which was entirely forgotten in our after friendship. But from her own confession she was then a formalist, attending to the ritual of worship, but lacking the Shekinah in the inner temple. Her religious training had familiarized

the Scriptures to her, and she unwittingly acquired a habit, which she often afterwards deplored, of quoting Scripture in common parlance, almost, if not quite, irreverently—a pernicious habit, alas! too common."

It does not surprise us that Eliza should have been thus regarded by her school-mates, nor that she should have rapidly improved, when we learn with what views she entered upon her duties—privileges, they ought rather to be designated. In an early letter to the friend whose reminiscences have just been furnished, she says, "I will tell you, dear Sarah, what were my reflections the first day I was at school. In the evening I sat down, and asked myself, 'What have I learnt to-day?' The answer my heart gave, somewhat startled me. It was this: 'I have to-day learnt the most important lesson I ever did learn, that is, that I know nothing at all.' It was not the impulse of the moment, it was the result of calm, deliberate thought. I really felt as though I had been living for nothing. There appeared such a wide field of knowledge before me, that as it opened on my view, I started, and exclaimed: 'Why did I never know this before? I have long enough thought I possessed as much knowledge as most people of my age and station, but now I find that everything I have learnt is like nothing compared with what I yet have to learn.'"

Whilst Miss Hessel was basking under sunny influences at Leeds, a dark cloud was gathering on the domestic horizon. Consumption had seized her sister Mrs. Brumwell, and she came to Catterton for the benefit of native air. Fatal symptoms, alas, were rapidly developed, and, of course, the pupil was summoned to the dying bed. In the composure and joy experienced by her sister, she saw the wondrous power and blessedness of religion. "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb," were the words with which that much-loved relative winged her way to a

happier clime, May the 24th. She had appealed powerfully to Eliza to follow her to heaven, and obtained a promise to that effect. A stronger element of seriousness henceforth imbued her character.

Such were the mental and moral features Eliza Hessel exhibited in youth, and such were the general influences that moulded those features into the form it is the object of this volume to pourtray.

This brief half-year completed her scholastic privileges. She was now sixteen, and it was deemed needful she should enter upon the practical duties of life. She had no notion, however, of her education terminating with her attendance at the school. In the letter just quoted from, she says :—"I am endeavouring, in this rural retreat, to gain something every day. Though it be a little only it is better than nothing, or, what is still worse, retrograding. 'Onward,' is my watchword, and 'Nothing is denied to well-directed diligence,' is my motto."—Noble girl ! with such views and purposes, could she do otherwise than succeed ?

CHAPTER II.

At Burton-on-Trent—Lichfield Cathedral—Illness—Visits Scarbro'—"A prayer"—Removal of the family to Boston Spa—"Trees in Autumn"—Death of her father—Winters in the Isle of Wight—Scenery at Ventnor—Carisbrook Castle and its intellectual donkey—"The church of St. Lawrence"—"The grave of 'the Dairyman's daughter'"—A word to scrawling correspondents—London—Works of fiction—A consolatory thought for those bereaved of pious friends—Further Reminiscences by a friend.

Her brother-in-law was left in charge of an interesting legacy. Two motherless boys, one only seven months old, and the other but two years, required no small care. Young as Miss Hessel was, however, it was deemed desirable to commit them to her trust. He now resided at Burton-upon-Trent, and thither, therefore, early in 1846, she repaired. With commendable assiduity, and an efficiency surpassing expectation, she entered on her new engagements. Though she had made no secret of her repugnance to domestic duties, the dawnings of "a horror of undomesticated literary women" were already felt. A desire to excel in this, as in other departments, was soon manifested, and, as in most previously untried things, she had an almost intuitive perception of the right course to be pursued.

Shortly after entering her new sphere, she wisely yielded to the promptings of her nature, and gave a "form and substance" to her thoughts by commencing a journal, which she continued for some time. Fully concurring, however, in the opinion of the late venerated Dawson of Barnbow, that "diaries in general are of little worth except for personal use in private, and will only admit of brief extracts for

publication," and that "a man is best seen in his unstudied letters to his friends" the writer will thus chiefly exhibit her.

The first entry is worth extracting as an interesting mental exhibition of a girl under seventeen. "March 24th 1846. This evening I had a delightful walk with Mr. B. to Stapenhill, and returning along by the fields we crossed the Trent in a boat. I shall not easily forget the impression made on my mind by that lovely scene. There was the boatman's cottage, almost buried among trees. Along the bank of the Trent on one side, were trees and bushes overhanging the water; and you might fancy they were for ever contemplating their own image in the stream. Behind them was a sort of precipice, the top being many, many feet high. From its almost perpendicular sides jutted forth large masses of craggy rock and stones, giving to the scene a peculiarly wild and striking appearance. Higher up the stream was a beautiful little island, round which the waters wind gracefully. Still higher, might be seen the antique-looking bridge, furnishing a curious and interesting specimen of architecture in the year 1621. Beneath its arches were a few swans, bathing their snow-like plumage, and forming a striking contrast to the dark, dirty-looking arches which served as their canopy. Behind me, were two hills crowned with tall poplars. Every object seemed just bursting into life. All nature looked joyous, and I was happy in the contemplation of its beauties. Suddenly an idea struck me so forcibly, that had a voice from the 'spirit-land' whispered it in my ear, I could not have felt it more. It was this: 'God is love!' In an instant every object was gifted with voice. 'God is love!' was borne on the wings of the zephyrs—the waters murmured it faintly in their onward course—the trees whispered it gently to the breezes—and the everlasting hills stood as monuments of its truth—while my bounding heart joined in the chorus of the feathered songsters, and exclaimed: 'God is love!'"

Evidently there was poetry in her nature. For some time past she had occasionally given expression to her thoughts in verse, and though her effusions do not, perhaps, reach a high standard, the insertion of a few will be a gratification to her personal friends.

Her admiration of the beautiful in art, found high gratification in a visit to Lichfield Cathedral, in the month of April. A brief narrative of one object will interest: "Having spent some time in examining this beautiful part of the edifice, I asked somewhat impatiently, to see 'the sleeping infants.' Our guide evidently enjoyed my anxiety, and when I told him I expected to see living marble, he said, with great confidence: 'You will not be disappointed, ma'am.' He threw open the door, and bade me enter. I advanced towards a small monument, covered with a cloth. The covering was removed, I stood at the feet of the lovely infants. I gazed till every feature was engraven on my heart. You first fancy they have laid on their mattress side by side, and on some sudden emotion of tenderness, or perhaps a sense of weariness, they have hastily turned and embraced each other. This action has discomposed their loose undress, and beneath its graceful foldings you can trace an exquisite figure. The whole is so perfectly natural, that it is impossible to find fault. There appears such an utter abandonment of every thing like studied grace and negligence, as at once strikes you. It is impossible to describe the beautiful symmetry of their forms, or the exquisite shape of their small and delicate feet. After gazing for some time, I heard with a feeling of vexation that our guide was shaking his keys, and retreating a few paces, as a signal for us to retire."

An entry dated April 26th, reveals the predominance of a sentimentalism with which she must have had many a conflict, ere she attained that soundness of mind which subsequently characterized her. She was on a visit to Melton-

Mowbray. "Mrs. L—— has a delightful cottage, elegantly furnished, and surrounded by floral sweets. The beautiful prospect of daisy-decked fields, and the murmur of rippling waters, with echoing music of birds, made it a scene almost like enchantment. It was a changeful April day, and the rain drops sparkled on the petals, and shone in the calyx of many a flower. I wonder how it is that such scenes as these make me melancholy. It was with difficulty I restrained the starting tear, and suppressed the half-uttered sigh for the absent and the dead. Surely the remembrance of such should have been banished at that moment. But so it is, our very possessions remind us of our losses, our pleasures of our sorrows."

With its exhilarating influences, this spring brought also great physical debility. Apprehensions began to be entertained by Miss Hessel, that the destroyer, which had already robbed the family of two of its members, had marked her as his victim. Her debility increasing with the approach of summer, medical aid was deemed necessary. On examination, her lungs were pronounced free from disease, though peculiarly susceptible, and sea-air was recommended. Early in July therefore she left Burton for Catterton, and in a few days proceeded to Scarbro', accompanied by her brother. On the day following she writes; "Though the objects with which I am surrounded are calculated to dissipate, yet they may be rendered subservient to devout reflection. While watching the motion of the waves, I may make them aids to devotional feeling, and, with the sweet singer of Israel, pray that my righteousness may be as the waves of the sea."

Her visit to Scarbro' appears to have answered the expectations of her medical adviser, and she returned home, after three weeks absence, with recruited health.

On the 30th she confesses to a habit to which young persons of her temperament are extensively addicted, little as

they usually suspect it. The discovery augured favourably for her future improvement. "I have lived too much in an ideal world, a world which my own fancy created. I have examined human nature through every telescope but that of truth. And now I begin to fear that after all the knowledge I have acquired, I have omitted one of the most important acquisitions—a knowledge of myself. All the wisdom I have lately attained, has served only to convince me of my ignorance."

As a manifestation of character the following extract is worthy of insertion. It shows that she possessed much of the material which makes true friendship. It is dated August 3rd, and relates to a young friend then resident in Leeds :—"I called upon Mr. T——, at his warehouse, and found that his sister was worse. Poor Helen! what would I give to be near her, to smooth the rough pillow of sickness, to watch by her lonely couch, and to administer to every want! I walked past the house, that I might at least have the satisfaction of being within a few yards of her, and wept to think that I might not keep one lonely vigil by her side. None but her medical attendant and nurse are permitted to see her."

There was evidently a strong affinity between her mind and that of her departed brother. At times she realised this vividly. On the 28th she writes :—"I never was so much struck with the constitutional similarity of mind which seems to exist between John and myself as I was to-day, when taking up his memoir, I opened on these words: 'I see now that I could soon write myself out of existence.' I have often thought that were I laid upon a bed of death, this passion would outlive every expiring energy, and survive even language itself. Never did I feel such a oneness of spirit with my departed and gifted brother, as while reading his quotation from those exquisite lines of Mrs.

Hemans' 'Mozart's Requiem,' which he applies to the too much indulged passion for writing :—

> 'Yet have I known it long,
> Too restless and too strong
> Within this clay hath been the o'ermastering flame ;
> Swift thoughts that came and went,
> Like torrents o'er me sent,
> Have shaken, as a reed, this thrilling frame.'

I sometimes think I have cherished this passion too extensively. It has been too strong for my physical and nervous system. Writing has a similar effect on my mind to that of music on a person endowed with a peculiarly refined taste for that science. It is a sort of pouring out of the soul. It delights and soothes, while, at the same time, it is pressing 'the beauty of life' from the heart."

The intensity of her desire for improvement here reveals itself. Sept. 10th :—"I am reading Howe. His style is not the most winning, but there is a grandeur and dignity in his thoughts which is seldom to be met with. I am convinced that theology will do me more good than anything else just now. I want something to call forth my mind, as well as to fortify my heart."

A letter to her brother dated Sept. 26th, excites our sympathy, and reveals the efficacy of "a determined effort" in cases where it is usually deemed powerless :—"My present course of life exacts a fearful tribute from my mental, as well as my bodily, energies. I want society. Solitude leads me to study, and its effects have been very injurious to me. Think of my rising from my bed for a week together, when I have but slept, on an average, three hours per night, and you will not wonder that during the day I have been intolerably dull. I could have slept if I could have banished thought, but my energies were just awaking at bed-time. I am thankful, however, that after a most determined effort, I have got the better of this. You know

nothing of me. I am another being when you are here. Now I am in as absolute solitude as was Robinson Crusoe."

The moral tendency of her aspirations, and her strong filial affection are exhibited in an entry dated October 12th. Would that all such mothers were thus regarded! Do not a mother's toils, sufferings, and sacrifices, demand such recompense? If, mothers, it be sometimes denied you, the consciousness of deserving it is a satisfaction and a joy.—"This morning I was led to indulge in a train of thought which, I trust, will have a salutary influence on my conduct. In the positions of daughter, sister, and aunt, I would be found doing my duty. The discharge of that duty may bring with it innumerable blessings. Its non-performance may be attended with bitter consequences, and in after-life be followed with unavailing regret. There is one who demands all my sympathy and affection; who as a wife and a mother, has discharged the important duties of her station in a manner which evinced the strength of her conjugal and maternal affection, and whose peculiarly trying circumstances gave an opportunity for the full development of that self-devoted, disinterested, Christian heroism, which her children will remember with gratitude, when her name and the memory of her high worth, will be enshrined only in the hearts of those who witnessed such devotedness. Of such fortitude in trial—steadfastness in adversity—and dauntless energy, when despair would have overwhelmed some hearts—and, above all, of such unassuming piety, fame speaks not. But these are engraved in a more enduring page, and will have their reward when earth, and its blazoned pomp and pride, shall have passed away like a vision."

Feb. 28th, 1847:—"I have been thinking this evening that the more I see and feel of the passions of the human heart, and the more extensive my acquaintance with the natural world becomes, the more clearly do I perceive the analogy that exists between them. I do not know of any

feeling or emotion in that busy world the heart, but its emblem may be found in the natural and physical world. This analogy is often very subtle and mysterious. The busy tribes know or heed it not. A thinking few discern and feel it. With what clearness must He behold it, whose eye can comprehend with one glance, past, present, and future; and to whose vision thoughts, feelings, intents, emotions, and passions, are as discernible as the material creations of His hand!"

During this spring she composed the following verses :—

A PRAYER.

"When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I."—Psalm lxi. 2.

When gathering storms hang o'er my head,
  And fearful floods beset my path,
Oh, Father, by Thy Spirit led,
  Let me find shelter from their wrath!

When grief my heart would overwhelm,
  And wrap my suffering soul in night,
Thou Ruler of the world's wide realm
  To me impart one ray of light.

On that once-stricken, living Rock,
  Oh, let my wounded soul abide,
And safe amid the tempest's shock,
  Within its clefts my spirit hide.

In the autumn of this year the family left Catterton, and removed to Boston Spa.* Mr. Hessel's health had been for some time declining. He had desired that his son should pursue the vocation in which the family had been engaged for so many generations. But William had a higher calling.

* Miss Hessel sometimes calls it Thorp-Arch in her earlier correspondence. The two villages are contiguous, being separated by the Wharfe. Till the discovery of its mineral waters, Boston consisted of only a few straggling houses.

The Divine Spirit had laid the prophet's mantle on him, and two years before, he had entered the Didsbury Wesleyan Theological Institution. Regret was naturally experienced at quitting the old house, and the severance of many interesting associations. Early in spring, in anticipation of removal, Miss Hessel had written: "I was thinking to-day that I could leave the home of my childhood without one feeling of regret, but as I looked on each familiar thing, identified with my earliest infancy, they seemed to say:

> 'Oh! hath the memory
> Of other years no power upon thy soul,
> That thus, with tearless eye, thou leavest us,
> And with an unfaltering voice, to come no more?'

And then I felt the spring-tide of early affection begin to flow, and the gushing tenderness of my heart testified to the memory of childhood's joys."

In every respect, however, the change was beneficial. To her it was particularly welcome, for, besides the society it afforded—and a circle of attached friends was soon gathered from whom many kindnesses were received,—the scenery presented many charms. The Wharfe, beautiful throughout its course, exhibits peculiar beauties in this locality. Enriched by numerous tributaries, its bed expands to a considerable breadth. Its banks, here precipitous, there gently sloping, are gracefully wooded. Proceeding from Thorp-Arch Station to Boston Spa, the traveller comes upon it suddenly. A bridge, rising to some considerable elevation, furnishes the first full view, and a delightful view it is. On the right, a cascade, caused by the weir of an adjacent mill, attracts attention. It is difficult to say whether this is most to be admired when the stream is swollen, and pours itself in massive grandeur with uproarious exultation, or when, by its shallowness, it exhibits a sheet of glistening silver. The mill itself, and the adjoining cottage, enhance the picturesque

effect. On the left, it may be seen to linger for some distance, amid the quiet of shaded banks. Having crossed the bridge, you are conducted, by a path on the left hand, through two or three fields to a pleasant walk, from which the view given on the title-page is taken. Presently you arrive at a neat stone structure, which proclaims itself to be "The Spa Baths," and proceeding a little further, you come to the gates of the New Bath and Hotel—a large and handsome building, the grounds of which are laid out with admirable taste, and thrown open to the public. At the distance of half a mile from the bridge, in the opposite direction, is Jackdaw Crag—a huge limestone rock, rising perpendicularly to a considerable height. A foot path, for the most part skirting a deep declivity embosomed in wood, conducts you to an abrupt valley, where you reach the river's brink. Standing under the Crag you are in the centre of a curve. Were this your first view of the river, you would believe it to be a lake, and pronounce it almost as beautiful as any that Westmorland or Cumberland can boast. Its deep and placid waters, reflecting the foliage of a thousand trees, inspire a reverie which chains the beholder to the place. It scarcely need be stated that this was a favourite resort of our departed friend.

Besides being pleasantly situated, the village has an aspect of great respectability, and the pureness of its air, together with the valuable properties of its mineral waters, combine to make it attractive to visitors. These make a very agreeable addition to the society of the place in summer. With some of them Miss Hessel had very pleasant intercourse, and with one or two she formed a valued friendship.

The following is too characteristic to be omitted. It was addressed to her brother in July. "I have lately discovered that the composition of dramatic, more than any other kind of writing, will increase my knowledge of human nature. I am perfectly astonished at the discoveries of the human

heart to which a study of this kind of poetry leads." Subsequently she writes: "I send the drama you were so anxious to see, it is my first, and I am inclined to think, it will be my last attempt at the tragic. However, 'good taste makes a good critic' says Blair, and I think you possess that, therefore you shall be my judge. The same writer adds: 'but genius alone can make a poet.' Whether I possess that genius or not, your good taste must decide. I leave my betters to judge of my abilities, and care nothing for the opinion of those who call everything worthless which, for want of capacity, they don't understand.

"I shall feel obliged if you will give me a subject. I am always fishing for difficulties on purpose to conquer them. I sometimes fear lest I should resemble the character Lord Chesterfield somewhere describes as 'substituting little objects for great ones, and throwing away upon trifles, that time and attention which only important things deserve.'"

A subject was not long wanting. Her muse caught inspiration from the "Trees in Autumn."

Oh! beautiful but fragile! how I love
Your varied hues, your fading foliage,
And the sad mournful music of your leaves.
Ye were my friends in childhood, 'neath your shade
My daily tasks were conn'd, and all my griefs
In childish innocence to you were told;
While, in my young simplicity, I deem'd
My tears were answered by your soothing sighs.
Oh! ye were dear. And now my infant years,
Like visions flying from the light of morn,
Have passed away, yet are ye still my friends.
Oh, bright and beautiful! your silence hath
A voice that thrills my soul—and often times,
In the still twilight, when your gentle leaves
Scarce trembled to the passing zephyr's breath,
Have I in pensive mood, strayed forth to hold
Sweet commune with you, and of wisdom learn,
To teach my soul to spread her drooping wing
And shake earth's galling fetters off.

Ye speak
In your deep eloquence, of things for thought
Too vast and too profound—of change and death—
And tell my soul that like your fragile leaves
I too must fade and die. Weak nature shrinks
And turns from words so drear. Tell ye of nought
'Mid all your treasured lore, save change and death?
Oh, yes! ye speak of Spring's return, and days
Of joyousness renewed; when 'mid your buds
And fair young leaves, the winged choristers
Shall warble forth their vernal lays, and join
The softened melody, your trembling leaves
To fitful winds give forth. And now—farewell!
When Spring shall deck you in her vest of green,
I may have passed to where your foliage
Cannot o'ershadow, nor your music charm.
But when life's autumn flings its withering blight
O'er my young heart's fond hopes, I'll bless the hours
I held commune with you, since oft you've taught
My pensive soul to fix her faith's dimmed eye
On Him, who said:—"I AM THE RESURRECTION
AND THE LIFE."

After having offered one or two observations on "Todd's Student's Manual" which she informs her brother she had lately been reading, she writes March 14th, 1848:—"I am not speaking of it as a whole, for what was written expressly for students, cannot be applicable to the case of a woman whose character must ever be domestic, while she humbly strives to be intelligent. I detest the word 'intellectual' when applied to a woman. It is impossible for my mind to separate it from those horrid visions of untidy drawers, unmended stockings, neglected families, and all the other characteristics of a slatternly housewife. And yet it is not a necessary consequence. But, dear me! how one's thoughts ramble."

"The sight of your letter," she says to her brother again, a few months afterwards, "gave me great pleasure; but those parts of it which relate to your health have occasioned

me much uneasiness and concern. I never felt my happiness so dependent on your life as I do at present. This morning a thought struck me which gave me pain. On reviewing the past in connexion with yourself, I was obliged to confess that on your behalf I had wept and prayed more for long life, than for your success in the ministry, and that with an importunity which I fear was not chastened by submission to the will of God."

With a wisdom that would not have discredited a larger experience, she again addresses her brother, November 25th. "I went to Catterton, that amid its quiet I might hush the turmoil of my spirit, and find peace amid its dear old woods. I came back with fresh strength to struggle on and combat with the trial. I thank you for your remarks. Doubtless I am now preparing either to battle with greater trials, or enjoy future quiet with a mind capable of appreciating it more fully. I have sometimes thought that my romantic notions of woman's trials are not all visionary, and that now, when I should feel disposed to laugh at them, the stern truths of reality are before me. I have known something of what she experienced, who said, 'tis woman's lot—

> 'Silent tears to weep,
> And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
> And sunless riches from affection's deep
> To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower:
> And to make idols, and to find them clay,
> And to bewail that worship.'

But all is not always dark. And my spirit sometimes rises above it all, with a trust unshaken that even these are to be numbered amongst the 'all things that work together for good.' I know that strength is often born amid deep suffering, but never in joy. And 'earth must be rent before her gems are found.'"

The autumn of 1849 brought a sad domestic visitation. Mr. Hessel was suddenly seized with an illness which

excluded all hope of recovery. His daughter thus communicates her sorrows to her friend Miss W——, then of Skipton, October 29th: "You do not know, dear Polly, that for more than three long weeks we have been keeping our lonely vigils by the dying pillow of my dear father, and that now, your friend is writing by the sick couch, at an hour when your eyes are doubtless closed in sleep. Ours is indeed a mournful house. Even when absent from the sick room, the dull monotony of my round of duties, the stillness of the house, the ominous sound of the muffled knocker, and the same mournful tale of decaying hopes to the ceaseless inquiries of well-meaning but too frequent callers,—all these things are wearing down my spirit, and making me more like a piece of mechanism, than a living, breathing, thinking being. My father was taken ill very suddenly, and it is a great mercy he did not die instantaneously. His complaint is disease of the heart, which you are aware may prove fatal at any moment. There seems, however, now to be a gradual decay of nature. He has never been able to sit up since the day he was brought home to bed from a friend's house. He takes no support, and it is a matter of surprise, even to our medical attendant, that he continues so long." He died November 10th, aged sixty-seven years.

The chasm thus created was filled, as far as possible, by the unremitting filial and fraternal affection of her brother. He had been for three years engaged in the ministry, and was now resident in the Isle of Wight. Thither he desired that his widowed mother and eldest sister should at once remove. The younger sister was now at school. Arrangements were promptly made, and before the end of November, they were comfortably located at Percy Cottage, Ventnor.

Her friends, the Misses G——, soon heard from her. Describing one or two features in an engraving which

accompanied the letter, she says: "The scene is just above Ventnor. The range of rocks, which looks so much like a fortification, stretches along what is called the Undercliff. Beyond the point of that projecting cliff stands Ventnor, and it is a splendid sight to stand on the esplanade on a dark night, between the roar of the mighty world of waters, and the town scattered in such wild beauty over the rocks, while from every window lights are glancing on the mountain and in the valley, and you gaze until you fancy they are suspended in the canopy of heaven, and upheld only by the finger of Omnipotence."

"Ventnor is a very pretty place," she writes to Miss S. R——, December 24th, "and the neighbourhood is exceedingly beautiful. There is a village called Bonchurch just above Ventnor, which, to my taste, is the very perfection of beauty. You would be delighted with it. Standing on an eminence, the eye takes in, almost at a glance, a world of beauty. On one side is a vast extent of sea, often almost covered with vessels sailing to and from foreign lands; on the other side is a vast ridge of rocks and mountains called *The Downs*, covered with every variety and shade of 'green-bright,' and fresh as in early autumn. Perched amid these jutting rocks, and peeping out of their bowers of everlasting green, are the dwellings of the aristocracy, and verily they remind you of the eagle's eyrie. Upon one of these ledges of rock, far above the common herd of men, Lord Rivers has his seat. And at every turn you are almost startled by a bird's-eye view of another, and another, of these lordly mansions, peeping out from amid the wild beauties of nature, and almost making you wonder whether mortals really are privileged to luxuriate amid so rich a profusion of natural grandeur. Walking through the village, far below all this beauty of nature and art, you come to a fish-pond, overhung with a variety of living green, and over this is a sort of light trellis-work, exquisitely beautiful, with a

feathery flower, more like a ball of sea-foam than anything I can think of. This beautiful thing abounds here, and seems to possess many of the properties of ivy, creeping over and clinging to the hedge-rows. I often stand to look at this mass of beauty, and almost envy the stately swans on the surface of the waters, whose proud forms it shelters. But in Bonchurch there is a still more interesting object to me. Behind a jutting rock there is a narrow pass, and your curiosity is instantly awakened to know what lies beyond. There, is a commodious dwelling, hemmed in by rocks and waves, standing on the shore, buried in foliage. It seems the very abode of the muses. Beauty and song are always around it. Care and sorrow would seem strange companions there. Last winter this fairy spot was the abode of Charles Dickens, and Brown, the famous caricature-sketcher for Punch. Here, for three months, they pursued their labours, and from this fairy spot, around which the waves are ever making music, emanated a thousand thoughts which have kindled as many varied emotions in ten times as many hearts."

On the 29th she entertains her Skipton friend by a narrative of her visit to Carisbrooke Castle. "We have been this morning to Carisbrooke Castle, of which you have no doubt heard. It is only a mile from Newport, and is really a splendid ruin, surrounded by immense fortifications. Here King Charles I. was a prisoner, and at Carisbrooke Church the body of his daughter is interred. You may perhaps have heard of the celebrated donkey at this castle. The docile creature draws water out of a well three hundred feet deep. He walks within a wheel of immense dimensions. It is a most ludicrous sight, and he seems fully conscious of the interest excited by his appearance in such a position, and comports himself with a dignity one might reverence, but for the association. It is tremendous to look down into this well. A torch is let down, and through

ninety feet of solid rock, and as great a length of stone wall, it wends its dark and lonely way, until it swims on the surface of the water. You throw a little water down, and it is seven seconds before you hear it pattering on the surface beneath. So much for Carisbrooke and its intellectual donkey."

"I go to church sometimes," she writes to Miss B. G——, on January 25th, 1850. "They have a very good but eccentric clergyman, who is a Millenarian. The doctrine prevails here to an amazing extent. The curate, Dr. Blackwood, is an excellent man. His wife, too, Lady Alicia Blackwood, is a very pious woman,—a very Lydia in heart and life. Mother had a long interview the other day with her ladyship, and was delighted with her conversation. She is of Irish origin, a daughter of the Earl of Craven, and her native energy of character, together with her exalted rank, render her influence very great. Dr. Blackwood has established a Ladies' Bible Class, which I am about to join. He holds it in his own house from twelve till one on Thursday mornings, and Lady Blackwood attends and assists him. He gave a breakfast the other morning, and invited all the ministers in the town, with a view to establish Monthly Alliance Meetings. All the Ministers seem to coincide with him but one. I would that every Church of England pastorate were ruled over by a Dr. and Lady Blackwood. There would be more vital godliness both in the hovel and the palace."

The church of St. Lawrence—"the smallest church in England"—was visited by Miss Hessel. The emotions it awakened she has thus expressed :—

> Peace reigns around thee. Oh! 'tis passing sweet,
> From the world's din, and all its toils and strife,
> To seek thy quiet shade; to leave awhile
> Life's round of cares, and still each passion's breath,
> By holy commune with the sacred dead.

How beautiful their rest, where falls the shade
Of thy low walls, and ivy-mantled tower!
Where the unceasing murmur of the waves—
Making low music—as a requiem falls
Upon the pensive ear. And flowers are there—
Man's bright companions in his hours of joy,
Nor less his friends when sorrow's adverse tide,
With threatening front, o'ertakes him. They are bright
And beautiful 'mid all, but brightest still—
Most beautifully fair—as watchers lone
By the still tomb.
Entered the lowly fane
We join the bending worshippers, with them
Pour forth to heaven our notes of grateful praise,
And, as they rise, the exulting voices
Of the uplifted waters swell the song,
Bearing from far-off lands and distant shores
One bursting hymn of universal praise.

Of course a visit was paid to the grave of "the Dairyman's Daughter." Of it she says :—

It is a lowly tomb. No marble there
Or sculptor's art doth blazon forth high birth,
Or deeds of proud renown. A simple stone,
In modest characters, reveals the spot
Where sleeps her precious dust, whose earnest faith
And humble love, are registered on high.
Her name, from records of the holy dead,
Hath perish'd not; and the ungarnished tale
Of her meek piety and fervent zeal,
Hath found a listener in the lordly hall,
And by the cottage hearth. Well I recall,
While bending o'er her dust, the days of yore,
When in my far-off home—"a dreamy child"—
I conned the pages of that simple tale,
And in my nightly orisons, I prayed
That my young life might be as pure as hers.

The subjoined paragraph from a letter to a friend who shall be nameless, is earnestly commended to all scrawling correspondents, male or female: "I read your letter,

received last night, with very great pleasure, because, in the first place, I could read 'straight on.' I have been accustomed to sit down and elucidate the subject-matter of your letters, as I would the hieroglyphics of some treasured oracle. You will believe that this mystification did not necessarily add to the value of what you said, any further than it served to impress with wonderful clearness on my mind the sentence I was just then deciphering, to the total exclusion of every previous one. But this, you will no doubt agree with me in thinking, may possibly be as attributable to the sieve-like texture of my mind as to your puzzling caligraphy."

To her Skipton friend she gives, in an explanation of a fact she deplores, a statement deserving attention. March 20th: "A deep mortification is sometimes felt by me in composition. Perhaps I have puzzled for a long time, and at length, a bright thought, just adapted for the place I wanted it to occupy, has presented itself in clear and distinct revealings to my mind, but ere I could commit it to paper my perception of it has become dim, and like a bright but baseless vision, it has faded, and left not a trace behind. I sometimes think I may have contributed to this by reading too much and too fast, so that a vast succession of images have been made on my mind, but could not, from their multiplicity, find a lodgment there."

As spring approached, the health of her brother, which had been for some time delicate, became so impaired as to incapacitate him for his duties, and it was deemed desirable he should try the effect of the bracing air of his native county. Mrs. Hessel having retained possession of her house at Boston Spa, it was determined to remove thither early in April. In a letter to Mrs. G——, of Ventnor, since deceased, Miss Hessel gives an interesting account of their journey, and the kind reception that awaited

them: "We arrived here in safety last Tuesday night, and found our house very comfortable, and a host of friends to receive us. Indeed we were almost crowded until after ten o'clock, when they considerately left us to that repose which was very sweet after the long continued excitement and fatigue we had endured. We were delighted with all we saw at Portsmouth. Our stay in London, too, was very agreeable, and we were not lazy, I assure you, for we were sight-seeing from morning till night, although the weather was so unfavourable. Still it was a relief to feel myself clear of the whirl of the great Babel. Oh! the thought of living and dying there was to me intolerable; and never did I feel to yearn so for the woods and rocks, and the beautiful river of my own fair village, as when I gazed shudderingly on the dark fearful walls of Newgate, and the Tower, so rife with terrible associations. And yet I saw much to kindle very different feelings—wealth, and beauty, and power, and all that seemed to make life desirable. So closely, however, did it seem connected with crime and suffering, sorrow and poverty, of the worst kind, that I thought the very enjoyment of the former must be marred by the presence of the latter. Perhaps I looked on everything with an intensity which might be attributed to the circumstance of my having seen it all in fancy's glass, by the aid of that masterly delineator of men and things, Charles Dickens; and truly there was not an object on which I gazed—from the proud peeress whose carriage rolled along the Park, to the very meanest sons and daughters of misery and want, who came folding their tattered rags around their gaunt forms, to gather from the mud and refuse which the dark sullen waters of the Thames deposited on the bank,—but seemed to have been touched by his spirit, to have gathered an intensity of interest, and to claim an amount of sympathy, from the fact that he had thought and written about it. And when the solemn truth

came to the heart with an irresistible force: 'God hath made of one blood all nations and families of men,' I felt a wondering gratitude for the difference of circumstances which had made my life one of continued blessing, compared with some of the lives around me. 'Who maketh thee to differ?' I often asked, as we were beset at the different wharves by hosts of the squalid sons of poverty, and alas! too often of crime.

"Sunday was a day of high religious festival. In the morning we heard Dr. Bunting, and in the evening Dr. Cumming. In the afternoon we were less fortunate in point of edification or enjoyment, for we went to St. Paul's, and being carried further by the crowd than we intended, were locked in until the conclusion of a long service, much to the annoyance of a young Scotchman, who was my Cicerone. By the way he was an Irishman by birth, but has spent most of his life in Scotland. He amused me not a little on our way home, by denouncing the service with great volubility and energy—'a burlesque on common sense—magnificent tomfoolery,' and a great many more such epithets. Having exhausted his Irish eloquence, he cut it up with a great deal of Scotch shrewdness, and made us all merry with a display of the odd admixture of national character in himself."

After the statement she has given of her reading at Melton-Mowbray, we cannot wonder at her familiarity with the writings of Charles Dickens. How completely a favourite author possessed her mind, is strikingly evinced in this communication. The biographer, however, in placing it within the power of his readers to quote the authority of Miss Hessel for reading works of fiction, feels it obligatory to supplement a word of admonition. By no means does he pronounce an indiscriminate condemnation on all such writings. To do this would be to pronounce against nearly all poetry, the household book of Bunyan, and some parts

of the Inspired volume. A large portion of that kind of writing, however, ministers only to a morbid taste, and depraves instead of elevates. Whatever aims at exciting the imagination only, and produces a distaste for instructive books, merits unqualified condemnation. It is not simply time wasted, which is bad enough, it is time perverted. And as regards such writings of a higher class, if only a limited amount of time be at command, surely the useful should be preferred to the agreeable. In no case ought works of fiction to be regarded as more than condiments. Truth requires it to be stated that such was the relation in which they subsequently stood to Miss Hessel. Let no one plead her authority for light literature, who does not couple with it as much of solid.

While at Ventnor, Miss Hessel had formed a very agreeable acquaintance with two young ladies from Cambridge, sisters, one of whom was seeking rescue from the ravages of consumption—vainly, however, as it proved. In reply to the communication announcing the decease of the invalid, she wrote on April 27th: "Try to regard her removal as a wise and merciful dispensation towards her, and a no less wise and salutary one towards yourself. To her, who now reaps the full reward of her martyr-like patience before the throne of God, it was a dispensation fraught with richest mercy. To you, it may prove of incalculable benefit. There is a chain of many links encircling bright affections here. Some of these links extend to heaven, and the chain centres in God himself. He has seen fit to draw another link from earth, but it is there in heaven, and you shall find it. No canker worm can mar its brightness and beauty there. This thought has been my consolation. It was associated with my earliest bereavement; and as I have passed onward through life, and have suffered the loss of friends, I have thought, as I watched their flight from earth, another link has been hid—not severed or lost—'for the whole family in

heaven and earth are one,' and though the chain is diminishing here, it is lengthening there—there where every link is completed in beautiful harmony, and where the whole shall be perfected and purified for ever."

On the 19th of June, besides having to inform Mrs. G—— of the continued indisposition of her brother, who, having "tried to speak once or twice on the platform, found his voice to fail, and become almost inaudible," she has to report also the unexpected arrival of her sister as an invalid. "As I know of little beyond the incidents of our family circle which can possibly interest you, I must give you a few of my joys and sorrows, and trust to your goodness of heart for that sympathy which alone will make my egotistical tale endurable. Well! soon after our return to Thorp-Arch—not more than a month after—poor Sophy came home from Leeds with an affection of the spine, which has caused us much anxiety. It is likely to be a very tedious, but I hope not eventually serious, affliction. She is already considerably better, and under the skilful treatment of our medical attendant, we hope to see her quite restored. It was a bitter trial, and when it first came upon us, seemed almost insupportable. She is undergoing a severe course of treatment, but her resignation and cheerfulness deprive the pain of seeing her suffer of much of its poignancy."

If this sickness served no other valuable purpose, it unfolded a lovely feature in the character of our friend. In a subsequent part of the same letter, she says: "To-morrow morning there will be a public breakfast given to Dr. Bunting in the Brunswick rooms in Leeds. William has gone, but I am left. I have only to raise my head and glance at the sofa, to feel satisfied that my path of duty is here. Although Sophia was quite willing I should go, yet I knew how much of sacrifice was implied in that willingness. The Doctor preaches on Friday. He must be gratified at this demonstration of Yorkshire feeling. And

nowhere throughout the land will he find more noble, heart-warm friends than in Leeds. Pardon this eulogy on dear old Leeds. Amid the incessant din of its busy commerce, and the eternal smoke of its factories, there are more true-hearted, noble-minded men in it, than can be found in any town of equal size in the kingdom.

"And now I must conclude. I hope you will not be quite tired of my long, common-place epistle. But to tell you the truth, I have been very matter of fact lately, and with the exception of a few strolls along my favourite walk, I have been occupied with such vulgar cares as every-day life furnishes. But I should not forget that God may design to teach me many useful, aye and sublime, lessons of high and holy trust and perfected patience, in these trials which beset my path. It is not in the hour of calm, nor the sunshine of prosperity, that the heart unfolds its richest treasures. I know not that these lessons are not preparing me for still severer trials, but I feel that I can leave myself in His hands, who has hitherto guided my erring footsteps, and led me by a right way. How much I feel this, I cannot possibly make another understand. My own heart rejoices in the fact, and offers its modicum of gratitude for the goodness and wisdom which have marked out my path, and directed my goings in that path."

Another extract from the reminiscences of a fellow-pupil here claims insertion: "Shortly after leaving school, being on a visit at Thorp-Arch, Eliza and I met again, no longer as school-girls. We soon found we had kindred sympathies which drew our hearts together, and formed the basis of a lasting friendship. For this friendship I have indeed reason to be both proud and thankful. To it I owe more than I can ever express. It would, however, be a much easier matter to speak of it, if I were not also speaking of myself. Our minds were then in leading-strings, and we each resolved

to strike out an independent course of thought, firmly believing that a candid, honest inquirer after the truth will certainly find it at last. This was a kind of creed with us, and we held tenaciously by it. Through a good deal of chaos we both groped for some time, often involved in mists, or misled by false glimmers. But Eliza soon emerged into the light, and ever after became my pioneer in all that was good.

"The remembrance of the many happy days we have spent together is 'as ointment poured forth.' Every nook and glen around our separate homes have we explored together, and enjoyed, with full hearts, the silent eloquence of nature's ever changeful beauty. Eliza's mind was peculiarly attuned to poetry, which oftenest means beauty. This imparted a peculiar charm to her society. In books, or conversations, or scenery, she always managed to cull whatever of beauty was there, were it ever so subtle or concealed.

"You have seen from her letters something of the interchange of thought and feeling we mutually enjoyed; but you get from them only a meagre idea of what she was when, in the trustfulness of love, she unveiled her inmost thinkings to her friend.

"Her visits were indeed no common pleasure. It was my own fault if I were not made both wiser and better by her intercourse. Before coming, she used to apprise me of an accumulation of books to read, and topics to converse upon, urging me to be similarly prepared. Sometimes, like children who delight in danger for the daring's sake, we trod forbidden ground, tracing out bye-paths that led to Doubting Castle. At first, I think we did it simply from love of adventure, but afterwards from an earnest desire to know why we rejected certain phases of belief and accepted 'the one.' Some of this reading did us harm no doubt. It caused many terrible mental conflicts, but Eliza has said they left her convictions stronger after the struggle.

"After the important change which transpired in our 'dear old dining-room' as she calls it, the result was most evident. Her whole character received a higher tone. She raised a very lofty standard of excellence, and was constantly striving to attain it. Her talents and energies found new development in the service of God."

Whatever was the benefit derived from this friendship by Miss S. R——, it will be subsequently seen that the benefit imparted was held to be quite as great. It would afford high gratification to the writer to learn that what is here furnished of their correspondence, had prompted many young readers to turn their friendships to an equally beneficial purpose. Correspondence is capable of yielding an immense benefit, for undoubtedly the pen is one of the most valuable instruments of mental culture. The benefit realized, however, will of course depend on the character of the correspondence. Perhaps it would be difficult to point to one more worthy of being regarded as a model for the young, than that conducted between these two friends. Scarcely a line of what could justly be denominated "gossip" is to be found in any of the letters placed in the writer's hands.

"The important change" referred to in the concluding paragraph of the reminiscences, it will be the object of the next chapter to narrate.

CHAPTER III.

Anxious for the enjoyment of religion—Experiences a clear sense of God's pardoning love—The hindrances to the earlier experience of this blessing—Remarks on the importance to the young of a religious training.

THERE is one event, which by the new direction it gives to the aims, and the ennobling influence it exerts upon the character, as well as the pure and satisfying joy it creates, constitutes an epoch in the life of every Christian. It is the fact of conversion. We now arrive at the period in the history of Miss Hessel, in which this momentous change was experienced.

For some years past a great religious awakening had existed in various parts of Scotland. The instruments were ministers who were persuaded they had received "new light" on several important points of Christian doctrine. Renouncing the restricted views in which they had been trained, they vigorously advocated the universal love of God to man; and strenuously insisted that faith in the Scripture testimony concerning the sacrificial death of Christ, is the simple condition of salvation. In the spring of 1850, a number of these zealous men made an evangelistic tour into several northern counties of England. One of them—the Rev. George Dunn—visited Boston Spa, and conducted an out-door service in the afternoon of a Sunday in July. Miss Hessel was a hearer. By that sermon, together with a subsequent conversation, her mind was excited to inquiries which issued in the joyous consciousness of her acceptance with God. We have ample means of ascertaining her state

of mind from a free correspondence into which she entered with this gentleman.

On July 31st she says: "I can offer no apology for presuming to address you, and I venture to hope you will deem the subject on which I write of too great importance to require one. I should have preferred a personal interview, but fitting opportunity was denied me to speak with you alone. You will perhaps be surprised to learn that I listened to your conversation, on Monday afternoon, with an earnestness which nothing but a deep personal interest could have imparted. My past history must in some measure be revealed to make you understand this.

"When but a child I was admitted into 'the Society' as an earnest seeker of salvation, and earnestly did I strive to obtain that blessing which we call 'the witness of the Spirit.' But my views of it were so confused, that I have hitherto remained destitute of anything more than a mere intellectual enjoyment of the truth. This I fear I have often mistaken for that deeper work of the heart, which I now earnestly desire to experience. No one could have begun to meet in class with a greater horror of hypocrisy than did I. A kind but mistaken friend almost compelled me to go there in the first instance, and a dread of placing myself beyond the care of the Church, and of quenching the Spirit of God which strove with me, kept me there. I could not tell you all I have thought, and felt, and suffered, during nine years of Church membership. Suffice it to say that sometimes I have believed myself the possessor, in some degree, of true faith, at others I have sunk into carelessness and departed far from God. I have been entangled in the gloomy meshes of Calvinism, and what is perhaps worse, bound to my heart a sentimental religion. Often, amid all this, I have prayed that God would give me true repentance; for my repentance, I have been strongly tempted to believe, was never sufficiently deep.

"But I must now tell you something of my present experience. For some months past I have earnestly desired rest from these warring elements within. I have desired to be holy, that I might be happy, and render those more so who come within the circle of my influence. Last Sunday this desire seemed to gain deeper hold upon my spirit than it had ever done, and amounted to a determination to find, if possible, that rest I have so long and vainly sought. While conversing with you on Monday afternoon, and listening to you in the evening, I felt as though I was not far from the kingdom of God. The way to 'the cross' had never appeared to me so simple, and it seemed as though my Saviour was saying to me, 'the word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart, if thou can'st but believe.' I now think that had I told you my state of mind, you would have been able to explain the nature of faith, so that I should have realized the coveted blessing. I feel even now the dawn of a new existence, and I would not barter my hope of salvation for the wealth of a dukedom. I seem nearer happiness than I have been for years. I hope I am not deceiving myself. I dread a false peace. May I trust to your goodness for a little of that counsel I so much need?"

On August 18th she again writes: "While reading your letter there were momentary gleams of light shot across my mind, but they were like the first rays of morning, possessing no heat, and waking in my heart no love to Him who first loved me. Unlike the rays of morning, however, they faded from me,—

> 'Leaving the chill'd earth without form and void,
> Darkened by my own heart.'

And thus I am not despairing, but deeply, sadly, depressed, with a heart whose fond yearnings have hitherto found no satisfying portion, and can find none but in God—a mind which has had many fountains of natural and intellectual

enjoyment opened to it, and has drunk eagerly of each, and then, with a restless dissatisfaction, asked, 'And is this all?' —a spirit which has ever turned from the vain witcheries of earth, feeling that there it could find no home or resting place, but which, in its ardent search after knowledge, has never come to 'a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.'"

Several questions here present themselves. Was she correct in the views she entertained of her spiritual condition? She was a religious professor; she was evidently the subject of religious emotions; she was esteemed religious. Were her aspirations a morbid longing for excitement, or did she really lack the vital element of religious character? Was it wise to conduct her so early to the class-meeting, and particularly so, when partial disinclination existed? How is it to be explained that during those nine years of church-fellowship, she remained a seeker of personal religion?

What is religion? It is important to understand this. If inward restraint from immorality—if a degree of interest in the perusal of the Scriptures and attending public worship—if desires and purposes to be, and do, right—together with the observance of private prayer—constitute religion, then assuredly she was religious. But these do not constitute religion. It is more than a form; it is a vital power, a joyous experience. Of this she was assured. She well understood that "the end of the commandment is love," love that links the heart to Christ in conscious fellowship; that merges all aims in the pursuit of His glory, and is therefore "out of a pure heart." She read and believed that "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." These facts will help us to a right determination concerning Miss Hessel's spiritual state. She was convinced of guilt, and was earnest in her desire to please God, but destitute of the assurance of His pardoning love. This, upon the

authority of His Holy Word, confirmed by the testimony of numerous friends, she believed to be her privilege. Many of them could confidently attest that the Spirit bore witness with their spirit, that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven them, and adopted them into His family. She had no reason to question their testimony. There was no more reason to charge them with fanaticism for asserting, than to impeach with ignorance those who disputed this privilege. She felt the need of such a blessing. Possessed of it, life would become rich in joy. Destitute of it, she must be the victim of slavish fear. Happily, she found all she sought. Her spirit exulted in blissful consciousness that she was no longer a servant, but had become a child of God. With glowing confidence she could sing, as, thank God, thousands in this kingdom can, and as you, dear reader, assuredly may :—

> "My God is reconciled,
> His pardoning voice I hear,
> He owns me for His child,
> I can no longer fear ;
> With confidence I now draw nigh,
> And 'Father, Abba, Father,' cry !"

On Thursday the 5th of September, while on a visit to her friend in Leeds, the Sun of Righteousness poured his vitalizing beams upon her soul. In a letter to Miss B——, written two days afterwards, she supplies some interesting particulars : "I have thought of you, and prayed for you, that the peace of God which possesses the heart of your unworthy friend, may be your portion. Yes ! my dear friend, I, even I, have peace with God, and 'joy in the Holy Ghost.' By my conversation with Mrs. R——, I was led to see that my unbelief was more dishonouring to God than any other thing. A remark of Miss M——'s impressed me. She said : 'You people talk about sorrow for sin, but say little of original transgression. Now we are

born in sin, and the guilt of Adam's transgression is upon us. We can scarcely be expected to feel much sorrow for what we cannot help; our condemnation is that we do not seek to have our nature renewed. When "the good news" is proclaimed to us, our unbelief must be more displeasing to God than even the sins which have been the fruits of a depraved nature.' I saw this, and felt my mountain of unbelief to be the barrier between God and my soul. I did not rest on the declaration of the Father, that He had given to me eternal life in Christ, and that I had eternal life by believing. Now I thought it must come to this: faith must come before feeling; and taking a beautiful hymn which Mr. Dunn had sent me, I adopted it as the language of my heart.

'Just as I am—without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
Oh! Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
Oh! Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,—
Oh! Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou do'st receive,
Do'st welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe:
Oh! Lamb of God, I come.'

Then taking that blessed declaration of Christ: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life,' I thought my soul must anchor here. I do and will believe it. But, said the enemy, Where is your feeling?

My heart replied: I am saved by faith, and if I never feel more peace, if thou art permitted to assault me all my life through, and shake my trust and mar my peace, I will not drop my hold of this faith. And with the Bible open before me, on the fifth and sixth of John, I worked on, and cast my eye, ever and anon, on those precious promises, determined the devil should not rob me of them. I endeavoured to resist every suggestion—and every effort to conquer the adversary seemed to strengthen me—until peace began to tranquilize the billows of temptation, and I could sit in the dining-room no longer, but ran up stairs to pour out my full heart in praise to God.

"But the conflict was not ended. Satan said 'these are easy terms on which to obtain pardon for a life of misdeeds.' Easy! My soul revolted at the thought, and answered: 'I know He bore my sins in His own body on the tree. Was His life of suffering, His bloody sweat, His death of ignominy and shame, and the bitter agony which wrung from His bruised spirit that cry which shook earth and heaven: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me"—was this a trifling ransom? And yet that price was paid for my redemption—as much as if no other sinner had lived to need it.' But, said the enemy: 'You must not talk about it, for this blessing is of such a delicate nature, that if you analyze and describe it, it will vanish.' This was on Thursday morning, and in the afternoon I had engaged to go with Mrs. R—— and Sarah to class. Mrs. R—— asked me when we got there, if I would like to be spoken to, or I had rather not. Sarah interposed and said, 'Certainly Miss Hessel will speak.' Well! the conflict was a terrible one. I opened my lips, and it seemed as if words were put into my mouth, and all the while the enemy was telling me they were lies. If any one had stood by me, and constantly repeated that every word I uttered was a lie, I could not have felt more harassed. God, however, verified His promise,

and honoured my faith, by strengthening me to overcome the enemy. Yesterday was the happiest day of my life. To-day I have peace, aye, and joy too. I feel inexpressibly happy in writing to you of this love, and shall rejoice when I can talk to you of it.

"God saw not fit that I should receive this blessing as I expected. I felt willing, however, to be saved in His own way. I cannot refer to any precise moment when I stepped out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God. To my perception that exact moment was not clear, but it is registered on high, and to my mind the assurance is hourly more strong. There is not a promise in the Bible which I cannot claim—they are all mine in Christ. The assurance is as satisfactory as I ever imagined or hoped for—nay, more so, the manner of my obtaining it was not as I expected. It was no special or mysterious influence which came suddenly upon me. It seemed as though God removed every instrument out of the way but His own truth, and His own Spirit, and they were sufficient. Oh! Anna, rest your soul on the truth of God, hope against hope. Never look inward for the evidence, but rest your hope of salvation on the atonement, and believe the Father's declaration that you have life in Christ, that it is given to you in Him. The joy and peace will soon follow. When you fully trust, you will be fully at peace. Oh! dear Anna, what a peace is this, after the restless, anxious inquiry of years! My language now is:

> 'Now rest my long divided heart,
> Fixed on this blissful centre rest,
> Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
> With Him of every good possest.'"

No wonder she should often afterwards advert to "the memorable 5th of September." It was memorable, not simply because a fountain of gladness was opened in her heart, and blissful prospects were unfolded to her spiritual

vision, but also because her whole moral nature was elevated. Her friends concur in the testimony that she verified the words of Solomon touching the munificence of wisdom: "She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace, a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee." To a countenance naturally pleasing, because replete with intelligence and kindness, was added a new charm, the faint reflection of the peace and joy abiding in her heart. Her buoyancy was chastened, and a true womanly dignity imparted.

This change was soon practically manifested. In a letter to Mr. Dunn dated Sept. 23rd, she says: "I thank you very much for your kind letter. It came quite 'apropos' and gladdened my heart. I had purposed going to the school in the afternoon, which I think you know I relinquished about twelve months ago—just previously to my father's death, and our visit to the Isle of Wight. It was always an irksome task to teach in the sabbath-school, but I was impressed with the duty, and so took the opportunity yesterday of offering services which had previously been earnestly solicited in vain. My humble offering was accepted with evident surprise and gladness, and I recommenced my mission with fear and trembling. It was indeed barren ground, and my spirits well nigh sank when I was placed at the head of four or five 'boys' who required somebody authoritative. But I found a key to their hearts, and told them just enough of 'little Bertie' to excite their curiosity, and promised them more next Sabbath if they remembered that. And then I came away thankful for the self-conquest I had gained over my natural disinclination to instruct children, and praying that the seed sown in weakness might one day bear fruit to Him who hath commanded His church to feed the lambs of the flock."

Reader! has the Saviour who has knocked so lovingly at the door of thy affections had admission? Has this love of God which at once expands, and purifies, and gladdens the

heart, been welcomed? If so, await not solicitation to benefit the guilty and the ignorant. In the spirit of Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost," discover some sphere of holy labour. Does not gratitude excite every regenerated person to exclaim:

"O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?"

But why did Miss Hessel so long remain a stranger to this happy experience?

During part of this time, it must be confessed, her religion appears to have been formal. "For some months past," however, her spiritual energies had been thoroughly roused, and yet she remained destitute of "the joys of salvation."

The indistinctness of her conceptions of the plan of salvation afford a sufficient explanation. That her views should have been indistinct may justly excite surprise. Doubtless she supposed she knew the divine method of justifying the ungodly. But how often are vague notions dignified with the name of knowledge! Who has not experienced a startling revelation of this fact when required to give a definite expression to his thoughts? We can never be truly said to possess knowledge until we can give it definite expression. Mere assent to truth is not its possession, apt as we are so to regard it. Whoever attempts for the first time to embody sentiments to which he has long given an unhesitating consent, will probably find that his views are far from being as clear as he expected.

As her perplexities are not uncommon, they shall be briefly discussed. She informs Mr. Dunn that she "prayed for repentance." If repentance was expected solely in answer

to prayer, as would appear, here is evidence of defective views. While to produce heartfelt contrition is the prerogative of the Holy Spirit, and He is promised to them that ask Him, it is required of us to ponder the facts fitted to produce that state. Repentance is a duty to be performed, as well as a grace to be received. Dost thou lament, reader, the hardness of thine heart? Turn thy mental eye to the goodness of that God, who, notwithstanding thy provocation, has granted thee unnumbered daily blessings; and, above all, to that "amazing love" He has displayed in offering Himself an atoning victim for thy sins; then shalt thou say with Jeremiah: "Mine eye affecteth mine heart." Sorrow is as truly an effect of the contemplation of appropriate facts, as gratitude, or any other emotion. "They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for his only son."

She grieved that her "repentance was not sufficiently deep." Scripture prescribes no standard to measure the feeling necessary to genuine repentance. Reader, art thou really sorry for thy sin? Does it grieve thee to have grieved thy loving God? Art thou solicitous to be delivered from every habit, purpose, and desire, opposed to His will? And dost thou regard His approval as thy chief good? Spend not one moment, then, in attempts to measure thy amount of sorrow. Is it not enough that thy Heavenly Father is willing to receive thee just as thou art? Is not that willingness expressed in the very fact of thy sorrow—for who, but He, by His Holy Spirit, put thee in possession of it? Haste, then, instantly, to the offended one. "Him that cometh unto me," says He, "I will in no wise cast out." "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." If He took away the sin of the world, then He took away thy sin. The Apostle Paul appropriated the love of Christ, and thus set an example to every penitent. Ponder the declaration,—"He loved me, and gave Himself

for *me*." Repeat it a hundred, if need be, a thousand times. The utterance of the truth to be believed is of great help in strengthening faith.

"I have regarded faith as some effort of mind." What intelligent penitent does not experience perplexity on the subject of faith? Very generally it arises from inattention to this fact, that the Almighty, in His wondrous goodness, has devised a method of salvation apprehensible to the most illiterate. "Look unto me and be saved," is the exhortation of Holy Writ. Salvation is the divinely ordained result of looking to Christ. For the steadfast maintenance of this act great effort will generally be necessary, for one of these two reasons. His knowledge of the Divine purity necessarily directs the attention of an intelligent penitent to the magnitude of his guilt, and great effort is required to withdraw attention from himself, and fix it solely on the Saviour. He who is unassailed by this temptation, will often feel a solicitude to experience the results of faith, which may divert attention from its object. In no other respect is faith to be regarded as an effort. In conquering the rebellious will and softening the obdurate heart, the Holy Spirit has made the sinner a suitable recipient of God's mercy, and so far from that mercy being difficult of attainment, it is made attainable in the easiest possible method. The moment the good news of pardon through what Christ has done for me is welcomed—the moment that I accept Him as my Saviour, the Divine Spirit sheds abroad the love of God within my heart, and attests my adoption into His family.

It is a feeling natural to the penitent, that pardon for sin so great as his cannot be expected without something great being done by him. Here is the glorious truth, however, which has simply to be believed by the truly contrite sinner in order to experience salvation. By sparing not His own Son, but delivering Him up a sin-offering for us all, God has so effectually declared His abhorrence of transgression, and

His determination to punish it, as to render it consistent with His holiness and justice to pardon all that truly repent. As I gaze on that dying Saviour, I see, not only these glorious truths, but also the amazing love of God to man—to *me;* and contemplating this fact, the Holy Spirit makes it the instrument of my moral renovation. I am constrained to love Him who thus loved me.

"A tendency was felt to expect salvation because she prayed for it." What penitent has not felt this? If, however, I am truly penitent, and wish to surrender to God my will, my affections, and every energy of my nature, this is His message to me: "To him that worketh not," that neither reads nor prays with a view to merit salvation, "but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." Reader! thou hast no righteousness. Nothing thou canst do can procure thee any. In the exuberance of His goodness, God has provided it for thee in Christ Jesus, and "thy faith," if godly sorrow possess thy heart, "is counted to *thee* for righteousness."

Miss Hessel's long spiritual pupilage is a suggestive fact for class-leaders. The interchange of Christian experience is calculated to yield immense benefit. The magnitude of the benefit however, depends greatly upon the intelligence as well as piety of the leader. If mere stereotyped phrases are periodically re-produced, the profit will be meagre. The benefit of a mere emotional stimulation is questionable. But if, with such skill as a devout and diligent student of the Bible will assuredly acquire, and such fidelity and kindness as love to Christ inspires, the conscience is dealt with —aroused or instructed as the case may require—the class-meeting becomes an invaluable auxiliary to the public means of grace. That it was not instrumental in conducting her to an earlier experience of the blessedness and "power of godliness" is to be regretted. Let it not be supposed

however, that she derived no benefit. It was with somewhat of reluctance she commenced; but her voluntary continuance for so long a period, compels us to regard her reluctance as originating chiefly in timidity. To feel that she was within the care of the Church, and to dread quenching the Spirit of God, were surely no small benefits, were no others experienced, and these, she confesses, kept her there.

The momentous fact here detailed was the consummation of her religious training. What an army of young recruits would every year be entering the service of our Saviour King, if domestic influences were spiritual? Does it not become the professedly religious parent of every unconverted child to ponder the inquiry: "Why is my child yet unconverted?" Parents! if your solicitude for Christ's honour and your children's highest welfare was what it ought to be, would not your children be converted? could they withstand the combined influences arising from your devout spirit and importunate prayers? Is it not because your spirit is not sufficiently dèvout that theirs is so worldly? Do we not behold in the character of our children, generally, the reflection of our own? Surely it becomes parents and pastors earnestly to inquire what is to be done to secure the young for Christ. Their claim on the attention of the church is, at the present day, urgent and imperative.

To determine how far it may be prudent to urge young persons to unite themselves to a Christian church demands great wisdom. By no means should they be urged merely to gratify their friends. A complete revulsion against religion might be the result. To abandon them to their own promptings however, is to deprive them of "the nurture" their Lord prescribes.

The importance of an evangelical, faithful, earnest, and instructive ministry is inculcated by Miss Hessel's history. The truths she listened to from the pulpit are frequently adverted to, as having contributed to kindle and invigorate her noblest aspirations.

CHAPTER IV.

Spiritual experience—The right view of trials—The sadness caused by a review of a mis-spent life—The Colosseum in London—Marriage of her Brother—Life of Mrs. Sherman—Visits Bristol—Chatterton—Lines "on the Death of a Friend"—"The Ocean"—Young's Night Thoughts—Bazaar at Boston-Spa—Mrs. Stowe—Thoughts suggested by a rainbow—Poetry on Milton's blindness—Humiliating acknowledgments—Thankfulness—Intellectual pride—The Seventh Vial—Moral evil—The importance of spending life well.

RECENT converts commonly expect uninterrupted sunshine. No cloud of temptation is to darken it. There is no reason to believe that such were Miss Hessel's expectations, and there is ample evidence that her experiences were far otherwise. "My new-born confidence was so vigorously assailed by the enemy of souls," she writes on Sept. 24th, "that I have since wondered how I maintained it. But the trial of my faith was precious in His sight whose strong arm sustained me, and I met every attack with: 'Thus saith the Lord.' And when almost overwhelmed by temptation, my soul said, I rest on the word of eternal truth, not on any amount of peace or joy I have or may have. God declares that I am saved through faith in the blood of the atonement. By two immutable things—His word and His oath—He hath confirmed that declaration; and I have ground therefore for strong consolation. I dare not make God a liar. I must believe His word. Thus hanging on the truth of the Gospel I realized that peace which passeth understanding; that knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins which I feel to be the greatest blessing of my life. It was no over-

whelming display to my soul; it was the gradual rising of the Sun of Righteousness on my darkened spirit. Many clouds flitted before the brightness of His shining, but having caught one beam from the centre of that glorious sun, my eye of faith was fixed there until the clouds dispersed and the shadows fled away, and my spiritual vision was strengthened to read, in characters of light upon every sunbeam, some precious promise of eternal truth. And that light, shedding its rays through my heart, revealed, written there by the finger of God: 'Therefore being justified by faith, I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"—Unless we are to discredit her testimony, or believe her to be the victim of delusion, Miss Hessel experienced the undoubting consciousness of her acceptance with God. And why should not all persons desirous of pleasing Him experience the same blessing? He is no respecter of persons. Surely it will be admitted to lie within the boundary of that gracious promise: "If ye being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" The Almighty deems it no honour done to Him to expect little from Him. Those who make the largest demands on His benevolence honour Him most. Assuredly the sole reason of any person earnestly desirous of a knowledge of salvation not experiencing it is, that from some mental or physical cause it is not expected. "He that believeth *hath* everlasting life."

In a letter to Mr. Dunn, part of which was inserted in the preceding chapter, she says: "I am very much pleased with 'Bertie's Memorials.' I wish we had more of that sanctified poetic talent which Mrs. Bradley so eminently possessed. We have had highly gifted women of great piety, but they have devoted their poetic talent to the mere theory of religion, so to speak. They have imbibed, perhaps

unconsciously, something of the great moralist's notion, that religion is not a subject suited to the muse. It is an utterly false one, and Milton stands pre-eminently first to challenge and refute it. Agnes Bulmer, in her 'Messiah's Kingdom,' has done the same, making the fall and the atonement the chief subjects of her sweet and often lofty song. But Mrs. Bradley, with less strength of mind and grasp of thought, has brought another order of talent into the service of her God, and one, which had it been unsanctified, would most probably have degenerated into a sickly sentimentality. I am very glad I met with the book. I know many would not quite approve, but I feel certain it is calculated to do much good, not only on account of the remarkable narrative it contains, but on account of the style in which it is written. I believe there are many pious young persons of the same order of mind as Mrs. B., who, feeling their talents are not of the kind generally approved by matter-of-fact Christians, are led to think there is no scope for their exercise in religious subjects. It is well if they are saved from exercising them on subjects injurious to a healthy tone of mind and fatal to religious principles. The talent may not be of a high order, but it is true to nature, and will find a response in many hearts, and touch a chord which metaphysical reasoning never would."

Her conscientiousness and wisdom are equally exhibited in the record she makes on October 13th: "I am sometimes sorely harassed with the reflection that I have sinned and I cannot remember how. Sometimes the circumstance, but not its particulars, comes to my memory, and I torture myself with brooding over what I cannot find out,—at one time fancying the uneasiness I experience to be temptation, at another condemnation. Whatever it may be, I bring it all to the Cross, and find my burden grows light while gazing on the face of Him who hung there for my transgression."

One of her friends having had the inestimable privilege of a religious training, had long been the subject of earnest spiritual aspirations. By a law of our social nature Miss Hessel now felt solicitious she should experience a consummation similar to her own. Apprehending her obstacle to be one common to penitents, she says, October 24th: "I think I understand your difficulty. You are afraid to come and call God 'Father' in your present state. You think it would be presumption. You think there is nothing in your present state of feeling analagous to that of a child. But you must trust before expecting to feel. If you feel ever so much, you will never be one jot more welcome than you are just now."

"I cannot depend upon my frames and feelings," she writes on November 10th, "the life I now live in the flesh must be by the faith of the Son of God. I am tempted to think God requires of me a service which I am not in a state of health to perform. It must be a temptation, for my loving and merciful Father would not do that. He knoweth my frame; He remembereth I am dust. Oh! how grateful to my poor heart is this declaration! My mind is so wandering that I have great difficulty in fixing it on any subject for many minutes at a time; and when I kneel at the footstool of mercy, I can scarcely express a want, and yet I want everything. Oh! how much of sin and infirmity clings to my holiest offerings. I should indeed despair did I not look up to God through Christ, and feel that He regarded me in the face of His Son. Sometimes I see and contemplate my own sinfulness, and the vileness of my service, and then for one overwhelming moment

'I catch the sight of Him
Before whose glance the heavens grow dim.'

But Jesus comes between the awful majesty of heaven and

the worm of earth, and shows Himself as the manifestation of the Father's love to me. Yes! holy, and majestic, and fearful as is the character of God, He loves all the creatures of His care, and more especially those to whom His Son has become the acknowledged and received embodiment of His eternal love. Surely the language of my heart ought to be that of exultation. And yet through bodily suffering and consequent mental depression, my cry too often is 'O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me.'"

December 25th: "To-day has been one of no ordinary trial. After a sleepless night—one of intense pain and ceaseless tossings—my nervous debility rendered me doubly unfitted for the severe mental exercises I have been called to endure. It seemed but the climax to a long series of chafing annoyances and wearying trial, which the grace of God alone could have enabled me to sustain with composure. 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' has been to me a bright star in many a dark moment. And never did I feel the fulness of that blessed promise: 'He giveth more grace,' as I have felt it to-day. More grace—ever more, every accumulation of trial only heightens the value without diminishing the treasury of that grace—ever more.

"I have dwelt much to-day on a thought of Elihu Burrit's, the sense of which is, that when the history of hovels and garrets shall be published before an assembled world at that last grand audit where all must appear—when private histories, hid from the world in the unnoticed circle of domestic life, shall be brought out and scrutinized, and rewarded by inflexible and unerring justice—many a character despised and neglected by men will shine forth with a glory and brightness—a sublimity of true Christian heroism—before which all that the world esteems noble and heroic will fade away and be as nothing. The meekness and patience, the long suffering, the silent yet ceaseless aspirations after conformity to His likeness who was meek and

lowly in heart, which the world heeds not, will then be seen to have an everlasting record, and an everlasting reward.

"Some spirits seemed formed to cope with great trials, to gather strength and flourish when the storm is high and the tempest furious, while the lesser perplexities of life chafe and blight and wither them. Such I thought was mine."—The circumstances through which she was now passing excited a doubt whether she had not previously misjudged herself. Not being acquainted with them the writer can neither affirm nor deny. Supposing she had however, he would suggest whether the fact of her non-relationship to that order of spirits furnished just cause of regret. The spirit that succumbs to "the lesser perplexities of life" evinces that the conquest it gains over the greater ones is the result of natural heroism rather than of spiritual power. Valuable as is this quality, does not its possession diminish the incentive to seek spiritual power? And as that is incomparably more valuable, and as the lesser perplexities are of much more frequent occurrence, the ability to cope with them is surely the more enviable gift.

Earnestly would the writer solicit attention to the view she sets forth of the salutary design of every portion of the discipline through which we are called to pass. The recognition of this fact in the hour of trial would often prove a sweet cordial. The sentiment was not new to her, but it appears to have suffered the fate to which all such sentiments are liable—that of temporary obscuration. "When the light of divine truth shone more clearly on my mind, and I was led from my heart to say,—

'Whate'er my Father wills is best;'

when, by faith, I caught a glance of the future, and 'saw heaven opened,' and beheld in juxta-position 'the light afflictions' and the 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,' and felt that infinite wisdom arranged every link

of the intricate chain, and infinite love watched with unwearying eye the purifying process—then I knew that God in very faithfulness had allotted me just the very trials most calculated to benefit me now, and add to my reward hereafter. I pray that I may distil from each one all the salutary influence it is designed to impart. I trust I shall. I do feel to hang with more of self-abandonment on Christ as my Saviour, and to look up to my Heavenly Father with more child-like dependence."

After some days of suffering from which she was recovering, she writes to Miss W—— of Skipton, January 21st, 1851: "I sometimes think that some of us would never be made meet for heaven at all, if we were not made 'meet through suffering.' How diversified are the modes of cultivation which God employs, and how suited to our different temperaments! Just as the skilful husbandman adapts his cultivation to the soil, so our Heavenly Father applies such culture as is best suited to cause us to yield fruit which shall redound to His glory, and our future happiness.

"I have just been reading a very interesting work called 'Ellen Walsingham, or Growth in Grace.' Should you meet with it, you will do well to read it. I am also reading 'Festus.' It is an extraordinary production, has some splendid passages, but such an heterogeneous mass of error as destroys much of the pleasure. The drift of the poem is this: all spirit will finally be absorbed in God; the devils themselves will be pardoned, and thus absorbed; so that God shall be sole-existent, as He was ere the work of creation began. Fatalism and unalterable decrees are prominent.

"I have lately been reading 'Father Darcy,' a work which exhibits the secret workings of that abominable system of priestcraft, which resulted in the gigantic and horrible scheme of the 'Gunpowder Plot.' How noble minds and lofty intellects—great spirits which not a world could bow—souls capable of angel-deeds of mercy and mighty acts of heroism, when rightly influenced and directed, such

as Catesby's and Sir Everard Digby's—how such mighty spirits were perverted, corrupted, and schooled by Jesuits sent from Rome, who taught obedience to the church as a supreme virtue, until their minds concocted that black assassination which the special providence of God alone averted! Oh! Rome, Rome! faithfully have thy priesthood served the arch-enemy in performing the foulest crimes,—in making every holy thing subserve thy interest by the most unhallowed means."

"I am wondering how you get on," she writes on Feb. 3rd, to a young friend—Mr. B—— who had recently left the village to occupy a new but important sphere of usefulness, "I hope you are happy in your present lot. An inspired and therefore unerring writer affirms that 'godliness with contentment is great gain.' I trust you possess both these in an eminent degree. How much we often make our happiness dependent on circumstances, when it ought to be wholly independent of them! Oh, had we but correct views of the great end of human existence—were we always careful to fill up the outline marked for us by infinite wisdom, how little of the canker and rust which so often corrode our spirits should we contract!

"My own mind has for some time been painfully affected by a sense of having trifled with that precious boon—Time. How little we think of its value! Oh! how sad to sit at twilight—that season when thought, bidden or unbidden, will come—and reflect on hours mis-spent—hours that not a world could buy back—which are chronicled in the archives of heaven, whence no recording angel's pen may be permitted to blot them out. Truly

> 'Tis a mournful story,
> Thus on the ear of pensive eve, to tell
> Of morning's firm resolves, the vanished glory;
> Hope's honey left to wither in the bell,
> And plants of mercy dead, that might have bloomed so well.'

But a yet more mournful story may fall on our ears and hearts with a crushing weight in life's twilight—between the day of this life and the darkness in which it will surely be quenched. And oh! in that sad twilight, for conscience to listen to the story of a life frittered away in busy-nothingness, and all too surely feel that to redeem the time would now be a vain attempt! May you and I be more than ever impressed with the value of this gift, for which we shall assuredly be called to render account!"

After mentioning some spiritual trials, she proceeds: "How much we need the wisdom which cometh from above! But how encouraging are the promises of God with reference to all needful grace! There is a day coming when all these dark spots in our history will be illumined—when these hidden and mysterious links, by which all that has made up our life was connected, will be uncovered—and if we fulfil our part, how beautiful and harmonious will that chain appear! Already as we advance in the Christian course, we begin to understand 'the why and the wherefore' of many things which but lately were inexplicable. Just as the Alpine traveller in his upward course sees more and more of the landscape below, till he reaches the summit, and standing on its topmost height, sees the whole in all its variety and beauty, with every winding path by which he has been conducted, and feels that his own wisdom would not have guided him thither by that path; so shall we, when standing by the side of our heavenly guide, see and feel that all our wanderings in the wilderness, by paths we knew not, were necessary for our well being.

"I often think of my feelings when, after a toilsome ascent to the top of the Colosseum in London, a vast Panorama of Paris burst upon my view. Every object in that stupendous work of art was as distinct as possible. We were supposed to see the whole from a balloon, and had the moon and stars for our companions—the rays of the former continually

dancing on and illuminating the dark waters which surrounded the walls of the Bastile. Every individual in the thronging streets was as clearly defined, and as distinctly seen, as the thousand domes and towers which lifted their heads in the brilliant light of the moon, and the ten thousand glowing lamps of the city. Every home of private life was as visible as that scene of startling revolutionary power which thrilled all Europe, and crushed a mighty monarchy in a few brief hours. All this the eye took in at a glance—with such power had genius invested a mortal. I cannot tell you how many useful lessons I learned while leaning on the balcony which surrounded the Colosseum dome. Certainly my spirit derived a newborn confidence in the providence of Him, to whose eye the vast panorama of worlds is open, and to whom nothing in His creation is either great or small. It is difficult often to account for the impressions made on the mind through the medium of the senses, or to trace the subtle and mysterious process of thought and analogy.

"But my paper admonisheth me to close this rambling scrawl. Like Mark Antony in speaking, I have written 'straight on,' and you must take, just as they come, the thoughts which have oozed through my pen from that heterogeneous mass of complicated mysteries, 'yclept my brain."

Feb. 21st: "It becometh me to sing of mercy and deliverance. I have had distressing conflicts lately, and often have I feared that the light within me would become darkness. It has seemed sometimes as though the enemy possessed the power of perverting my judgment and obscuring my mental vision, and in this state, the atonement, as the only ground of my salvation, has been hid from my view, and my own obedience to the law of God has been exalted in its place. My deficiency in fulfilling that law became a source of great and harassing disquietude until it

pleased God to rebuke the enemy, and then I saw again that the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ must be my glory, and that by faith He was made unto me 'righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.' It is only when forgetting the ground of my confidence, that darkness and perplexity and fear come upon me."

The following brief extract from a letter to Mr. B—— reveals a characteristic appreciation of kindness. Feb. 26th: "Since I saw you I have been very poorly, and on Tuesday had another, and I hope the last, remnant of these buried antiquities excavated from the depths of my poor lacerated gums. I hav'nt read Mr. Layard's Nineveh; although I have seen the Nineveh sculptures which he has sent to the British Museum, which may account for my talking of antiquities and excavations. Well, all these rather unpleasant tests of my courage have left me very feeble and 'shaky,' with an aspen-like propensity to be very tremulous, and a strong predilection for fancying I cannot work, &c. In a word, I feel as though I were recovering from a month's wasting illness, so complete has been the prostration of my strength. The ladies came to the Bible-class on Monday night, but I was in bed; and your sister Hannah, with the compassion of an angel, came and sat by me for an hour and a half, although Mr. and Mrs. S.—— were at your house to tea."

"I have passed through much bodily suffering lately," she writes for private perusal, March 2nd, "which has tended to depress my spirit, but amid it all I have been able to recognize my Heavenly Father's tenderness and care. I know that nothing which concerns me, however small, is beneath His notice; and I have not shrunk from bringing my weakness and fears to a throne of grace, and asking for physical strength to enable me to undergo the severe treatment to which I have been subject. And in the hour when

that strength and courage were most needed, a hand divine supplied it, and while others wondered, I only felt that 'when I was weak, then I was strong' in a strength not my own. My mind too has been preserved from those reasonings and doubts which not long ago perplexed me, and that blessed record of God's will to me, has possessed additional value. I have dwelt much on that blessed declaration of my Saviour to His disciples: 'If ye continue in my word then are ye my disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' This morning, while reading the eighth chapter of Romans, the second verse seemed invested with special interest, and came home to my heart as a full and sufficient answer to all the temptations with which Satan has been permitted to assail me, with reference to the value of the atonement: 'For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.' Thus I saw more than ever clearly the vast superiority of that glorious dispensation which Christ introduced, when, clothed in our nature, He came to make that atonement which the ceremonial law had so long typified."

With invigorated, though by no means robust health, her brother had entered, in the preceding autumn, upon a new sphere of ministerial duty in the city of Bristol. He contemplated the consummation of an interesting engagement with a lady resident there. To this sister-elect Miss Hessel writes, in strains which suffering prompted, March 5th: "I expect great pleasure from knowing you, and if I have not been very enthusiastic in the expression of my feelings, it is because I have learned to look on all things 'not as in the hour of thoughtless youth,' but with the eye of one who has known many changes and vicissitudes, and not a few disappointments, and whose spirit has been chastened and subdued by a course of severe but salutary discipline.

What a spirit like my own might have been without all this, and the influences of the religion of Him who was 'meek and lowly in heart,' I tremble to contemplate. Whither all its daring aspirations, its wild and restless dreams of ambition, and its fitful and uncertain exhibitions of power might have tended, I know not. I can only rejoice that I have been stricken in Fatherly love, and 'taught by sighs and sufferings' what nothing else could have taught me."

The celebration of her brother's marriage was fixed for the 12th, and on that day she writes to him: "I suppose by this time you are married. I hope you have not found the unfavourable morning damp your spirits, whatever it may have done your dresses. After such a glorious day as we had yesterday, I was not prepared for the rain which unfortunately for you has set in. I am hoping it may be less unpleasant at Bristol. After all it is not of material consequence. Though the sunshine without is very delightful, and often makes the senses almost giddy with its joyous radiance, yet the sunshine of the heart is of more value, and that I hope both yourself and she, who is now indissolubly one with you, possess. I can only add to my most earnest wishes for your happiness, my fervent prayers for your future weal, and your increased usefulness in the church of God. Give my love to Sarah, and tell her how much I desire that she should be the means of sustaining and improving your character as a Christian minister and pastor. If she has not read Mrs. Sherman's life I am sure she will be delighted with it. Perhaps no woman could be found whose example in every respect is better worthy of imitation. Gentle and retiring, 'every inch a woman,' yet all the powers of a highly cultivated and richly stored mind were brought to bear on the elevation of her husband's piety and ministerial character, and the interests of the church over which he was pastor. May you be blessed in each other, and to each other, and be made a blessing wherever your lot is cast."

Early in May she visited the bridal pair. On the 21st she writes to her friend Mrs. S——: "I have enjoyed my visit very much so far. I like my new sister and her family, but I can better describe her in a tete-a-tete than in a letter."

In a letter to Miss G——, and another to Miss N——, written next day, she reveals her strong sympathy with genius: "We are close to Redcliffe church—perhaps the finest parish church I ever saw. It is constantly open, and visitors are freely admitted. We spent a pleasant hour there yesterday, and purpose going again. The sculpture, monumental brasses, and some immense paintings by Hogarth, together with the armour of Sir William Penn, and the tattered flags which were used in the Revolution, all furnish subjects of deep interest to such a relic-lover as myself. Then we mounted the leads, and reverently entered Chatterton's room, saw the identical old oak chests from which he professed to bring forth the poems of Thomas Rowley, the monk, but which were in fact the productions of his own extraordinary genius. The sad history of the young poet seemed all to pass before me—the scorn which was poured upon him for that one sad departure from truth—the utter neglect in which he was left to pine by those who should have nursed the bud of promise—and the melancholy end to which he came, when despair had done her work upon him. His statue at one time adorned the church, but many objected to it. Very little is said of him. Anything like eager curiosity to know more of his daily life is at once checked, and the old oak chests alone remain, in their mouldering silence, to tell of his wrongs and errors, and the bitter, pinching poverty which quenched the glorious light of such a spirit in everlasting darkness."

On the 28th she writes to Miss S. R——: "I have seen but little of the country compared with what I am to see, but I have had two most delightful drives with Mrs. H——

to Clifton, and Cooke's folly. From the latter place, there is a magnificent view of the channel and the Welsh mountains; and down at Portshead, whither we are going some day, it looks as if one could shake hands with our Welsh neighbours across the channel. Clifton, and the scenery around, is beautiful, and you cannot help thinking it 'bright as aught in fairy dreams.' As I stood in Cooke's folly, the glorious sunset tinged the mountains and bathed the whole landscape in a flood of golden light, reminding one, in its effects on the channel, of one part of the vision of the Apocalypse, 'a sea of glass mingled with fire.' Uninspired words are too poor to describe it. Oh! you would have loved to wander with me through dear old Redcliffe church, to have ascended the spiral staircase, and stood amid the crumbling oak chests where poor Chatterton spent his boyish hours, and through the loopholes of such a retreat have gazed upon the busy world. But I am not going to write about Chatterton. It makes me melancholy to think of him, and few people sympathize with my feelings for the man whom his fellow-townsmen would disown if they could—who lived a lie and died a suicide. But I think of him as he might have been, a glorious sun, whose moral and intellectual radiance would have gilded the world, had some kind hand been found to lead him to the source of all true knowledge and happiness."

Her visit, intended for a few weeks, was protracted beyond four months. How greatly she enjoyed it two brief sentences to her friend in Leeds sufficiently attest. They were written on Sept. 13th, a few days before she left:—"I have much to tell you of dear old Bristol, the city of the west, and its noble children. God bless them for the love and heart-warm kindness they have shewn to a stranger and sojourner within their walls."

Having expressed her purpose to visit this friend shortly she adds: "While I write a thousand thoughts flit through

my mind of the hallowed hours which, last year at this time, I spent under your roof. Twelve months have now elapsed since your house was daguerreotyped in my memory as my spiritual birth-place, and shall I come again, after the lapse of a year, with all its vicissitudes, to set up my Ebenezer on the spot which is hallowed in my heart beyond every other spot in the world?"

During her stay at Bristol, a relative of Mrs. W. Hessel's, after a severe and protracted illness, sustained with exemplary Christian patience, was called to her eternal rest. Her decease occasioned the following effusion from Miss Hessel's muse:—

Thine is the victory! The mortal strife,
  The struggle and the conflict, all are o'er;
And thou hast dropt the weary load of life,
  To feel its crushing weight of care no more;
Nor pain, nor grief, can shed their withering blight,
Where thou art now enrobed in glorious light.

O thou art blest! the meed of patient faith,
  And suffering, borne with angel grace is thine;
Death flung no darkness o'er the untried path,
  Which thou didst tread, sustained by power divine;
Earth's shadows sunk before the unclouded ray,
Which burst upon thy spirit's heavenward way.

E'en while with us a chastened joy was thine,
  A radiant peace, that told of commune high,
And hopes and aspirations all divine,
  Bearing the stamp of immortality;
But now thy spirit's loftier powers adore
The triune Deity for evermore.

And, oh! to see thee in the sapphire skies,
  The crown immortal on thy glorious brow,
The conqueror's palm, the harp of Paradise,
  The dazzling throne where burning seraphs bow;
Our faith beholds thee 'mid the radiant throng,
And fain, with thee, would swell the rapturous song.

With an eye for the grand as well as the beautiful in nature, it could not be expected that she would reside so long in a sea-port town, and become familiar with the varied moods of "old ocean," without having her sensibilities powerfully excited. Whether she had ever attempted to clothe them in rhyme while at Scarbro', or whether she had been repelled by the vastness of the theme, I cannot say. She was bold enough to make the attempt at Bristol however, and the result will interest her personal friends at all events.

THE OCEAN.

"And the gathering together of the waters called He Seas."—
GEN. i. 10.

Thou mighty ocean rolling on,
In pomp and power for evermore;
From clime to clime thy sound hath gone,
From shore to echoing shore;
A type of that which cannot die,
A symbol of eternity.

Heard was thy voice when first the earth
From her primeval chaos sprang;
While yet the glory of her birth
The morning stars together sang;
As darkness from his throne was hurl'd
And sunlight flashed upon the world.

Time, that hath crumbled to the ground
The towers that swept the far-off sky,
And spread stern desolation round
Beneath his withering eye,
Hath looked on thee in calm despair,
And never wreaked his vengeance there.

Thou wert a wonder ever-more,
Thou art a thing of wonder still;
Unsolved by depth of human lore,
Unpierced by mortal skill;
With the sublimest mystery fraught,
Deeper than all the depths of thought.

Thou mighty one! thou goest forth
On thine unwearied way alone,
A journeyer to the ends of earth,
To distant lands unknown;
Ranging the desert wastes untrod,
Unsearched, but by the eye of God.

Retain thy gems and jewels rare,
To blaze within thy caverns' shrine;
But earth's lost children slumbering there,
Ocean, were never thine!
Give back from thine unfathomed bed,
Thou shalt not keep thy numerous dead.

A voice shall wake them from their sleep,
From thy lone depths the dead shall call;
Heaven's final thunders on the deep,
In awful wrath shall fall.
Roll on in thine unconquered sway,
Thou art the creature of a day.

When suns shall vanish from the skies,
When stars shall sink in dim decay,
When with a great, portentous noise,
Heaven, earth, shall pass away;
The winds that sweep the swelling wave,
Shall sing the dirge above thy grave.

"I wonder how it is," she writes privately on Nov. 2nd, "I often ask myself the question, that after all the displays of God's free, unmerited goodness towards me, I so frequently peruse the record of His love with indifference. No light seems to shine on the sacred page, the words make little or no impression on my heart. How callous that heart must be! Every sentence of that blessed word is an emanation of the Sun of Righteousness, and yet it fails to warm and cheer. Is it possible, I ask myself, as I remember how I have read that Book, that I can trace characters which are the record of my Heavenly Father's love, and remain unmoved? Oh! God the Father, who hath loved

me; God the Son, who hath redeemed me; God the Holy Ghost, who hath sealed me, I trust, unto the day of redemption, have mercy upon me. I stand astonished at the love which has not given me over to hardness of heart.

> 'Jesus, thou art all compassion,
> Pure, unbounded love thou art.'

"Unbounded! or it would not have so long spared me who have so long cumbered the ground. I come to the mercy-seat, even as at first I came, with—

> 'No other hope, no other plea,
> Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.'

"On this blessed Sabbath evening I renew my vows of consecration:—

> 'This day the covenant I sign,
> The bond of pure and perfect peace;
> Nor can I doubt its power divine,
> Since sealed with Jesus' blood it is;
> The blood I take,—the blood alone,
> And make the cov'nant peace my own.'"

With a view to their mutual improvement, Miss Hessel and her attached friend at Leeds, had wisely agreed to read the same works at the same time as frequently as practicable, and compare notes of their criticisms. Young's Night Thoughts was now in hand. "Many thanks, my dear girl," she writes on Nov. 9th, "for the packet which came so seasonably on Saturday morning. I have been so much occupied with 'the basket,' and other things, that I have read but little of Young. However, in conning the first, and part of the second, 'night,' I have found many a passage which my girlish admiration, long years ago, led me to pencil, and which my taste now, true to early instincts, most admires. Some of them are those you quote. This coincidence has gratified me. It would require more time

than I have this afternoon to tell you my thinkings on these sublime and often startling 'Thoughts.' I am strongly tempted to delay my communication until another day, but it occurs to me that I have read Young to little purpose if I have not learnt that—

> 'Thoughts shut up want air,
> And spoil, like bales unopened to the sun.'

Even 'good sense will stagnate,' and as I am not overburdened with either the one or the other, I will endeavour to make use of what I have, and may be I shall acquire more in the effort.

"I may tell you that I admire the paragraph beginning 'Know'st thou Lorenzo! what a friend contains?' and also that on the next page, 'Celestial happiness,' &c. I think I need scarcely repeat to you now that

> 'True love strikes root in reason, passion's foe.'

I find I have read part of the third 'night,' and have shuddered at the awful spectacle of human depravity which is suggested by

> 'That hideous sight, a naked human heart.'

"And now turn we from what you have aptly termed a mine of mental wealth, for just a word on the huge volume lying before me, 'Southey's Works Complete.' Mr. W—— brought it me the other night, and read us the greater part of 'The Curse of Kehama.' 'Tis a strange, wild tale, founded on the mythology of that vast, strange, and to me, fascinating country, India. I think I like it best of all the poems of that mighty minstrel, who 'sang of Thalaba, the wild and wondrous tale.' I wish we could read it together. It would just suit you. I have found in it, like yourself in Young, many a little gem of thought, and many a beautiful passage which have long been familiar in my mouth as household words, and nearly all those old ballads which

charmed my fancy, or froze my young blood, I find are Southey's. I wish I had time to copy you a few of the splendid passages from 'the funeral of Arvalan.'"

For the next six or eight months her energies flowed in a purely practical channel. For the purpose of relieving their "holy and beautiful house" from an oppressive debt, the Wesleyan ladies at Boston Spa had resolved, amongst other expedients, to get up a bazaar. While at Ventnor, Miss Hessel had cheerfully complied with a request to render "her best aid." At that period she was devoting her leisure to a similar project in that island to pay off a debt upon a sabbath-school. "I am the more interested in it," said she, with characteristic sympathy for everything generous, "as a Yorkshire friend, now residing at Newport, has been the means of pushing the matter, and has formed a variety of schemes creditable to his head and heart for removing the debt. This is the more generous as he has not been long in Newport, and does not intend staying many more months. I shall therefore devote my leisure to this object while here, and when I get back to Boston Spa, offer the best of my poor service to the cause there."

Her conduct evinced that she was no mere consenting party to this bazaar at Boston Spa. Associated with other ladies no less devoted, she begged, stitched, shaped, and sold, till a handsome sum was realized. An itinerating basket, furnished by benevolent hands, was enlisted as auxiliary, and these, with munificent private donations, aided by a loan to be repaid without interest, ultimately issued in an amount which virtually annihilated the debt. This achievement was a source of great gratification.

During the preparations for this bazaar, I apprehend, the annexed letter was written to her brother: "I have sat down to commence a letter to you while mother is deeply immersed in the fascinations of 'Uncle Tom,' which has

been undergoing a second and audible reading in our little family circle. As it is many weeks since I read it first, I am quite gratified with a second reading, or rather hearing, for I generally work while some kind friend or other reads to us. Do not Mrs. Stowe's descriptions remind you of Charles Dickens, although possessing somewhat more refinement? She is a noble woman, fit only to be ranked with Clarkson, Wilberforce, Elizabeth Fry, and such benefactors of their race. Is it not a noble instance of generosity that the two thousand five hundred pounds which her American bookseller has handed over to her, has every penny been given to the abolition fund? I suppose she has no interest in the English editions. I hope, however, the proposed penny subscription will be carried out, one-half to be presented as a testimonial to the authoress, and the other half to be given to the abolition fund. Such a tribute is only fitting and proper from Britain to her daughter in the far west. I cannot tell you how proud I feel that the hand which has come forth to inscribe on the tottering walls and crumbling towers of slavery their irreversible doom—which in the sight of all Christian Europe and America has held up to the 'Belshazzars' enthroned on the necks of two millions of God's human children,' 'the Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin,' of the wanton empire over the bodies and souls of men—I cannot tell you how proud I feel that that hand which has traced no shadowy mystic lines to endure but for a day, is a woman's hand. Mrs. Stowe is a fine woman, and there is a rich glow of true old English freedom in her noble heart, which has maintained all the characteristics of the mother country in spite of the associations and influences of the western world."

During the bazaar, Miss Hessel was favoured with the presence and help of her friend from Leeds, and at its close accompanied her home. On August 8th she writes: "The excitement and bustle of the bazaar, and the dissipation of

so much company as we have had for the last five weeks is all over, and I have just returned from Leeds to fall again into old and quieter habits. I returned last night, sobered and perhaps a little saddened by the anticipation of some months of seclusion and retirement. Still I felt great tranquility of spirit. I never visit my dear friends at Round-day-terrace but I realize something of this kind. The very atmosphere of that dear old dining-room where peace was first whispered to my tempest-tossed spirit, seems to have a soothing influence on my mind. I parted with regret from one whose friendship is becoming increasingly dear. I thank God for such a friend, and for such a friendship. It has been a plant of somewhat tardy growth. I look back with pleasing wonder on its unfolding blossoms.

"My journey home was a pleasant one. We had no sooner fled from the smoke of Leeds, and got a glimpse of the luxuriant valleys waving with corn, than a majestic rainbow appeared, spanning the whole horizon, and deepening in intensity of colouring until its brightness dazzled the eye. As our train whizzed on immediately under its glorious arch, it seemed to me the visible sign of my Heavenly Father's covenanted protection. And as I watched it dripping its skirt of emerald and sapphire in the waving corn fields, and spanning tower and village with its gorgeous tints, I was reminded with peculiar forcefulness of the words of Jehovah: 'I do set my bow in the clouds, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.' The valleys, standing thick with yellow corn, and the hills clothed with verdure, seemed to rejoice in that covenanted sign of a faithful, promise-keeping God. I cannot describe all the hallowed influence sent down into my heart by the reflections which were awakened while gazing upon this scene. My faith's dimmed eye was cleared to behold that better covenant; her feeble yet outstretched hand was strengthened to grasp more firmly the Angel of that cove-

nant; and her drooping wing was plumed afresh to mount higher and still higher, so that the cleared vision might take in a greater expanse of that glorious covenant which spans the world, and the strengthened hand grasp more firmly that of the covenant Angel, and find him 'strong to save.'"

Three days later she communicates some interesting reminiscences and valuable experiences to the friend she had just left: "I have just witnessed the last departure to 'the land of Nod,' dear Sarah, and have placed my little table and desk on the hearth-rug by the fire—for we have to resort to this comfort on this all but comfortless day—with the intention of having half an hour's chat with you ere I ascend to my dormitory. The wind reminds me of November, and ever and anon breaks on my ears like whispered wailings from a world of moaning spirits. I seem to-night to have gone back some five years of my existence, and to realize, with strange distinctness, the habits and feelings of seventeen. I remember how I used, night after night, to sit at this very desk and table with books and papers around me, in the old sitting-room at Catterton, when the wind howled in the chimney, and whistled round the old walls of my birth-place, rocking the trees of the rookery, while

> 'The stormy woods against the sky
> Their giant branches tossed.'

There have I sat trimming my midnight lamp, and overtaxing a spirit 'too highly wrought and too severely tried.' Amid solitary scenes like these, my dear Sarah, has the character of your friend been moulded; by influences such as these have those lines of character been formed, which you perhaps better understand than any other person. When I think that the strife and struggle, the battle of my mental life was all for the attainment of one grand object, of the nature of which I was supremely ignorant—true happiness; and when I reflect that I sit here to-night in

possession of that for which I so blindly struggled, my spirit is bowed in wondering gratitude to that God who has truly 'led me by a way which I knew not.' Oh! how long I

> 'Battled with the unceasing spray,
> And sank o'erwearied in the stormy strife,
> Yet rose to strive again.'

For the sure and steadfast anchorage of my long tempest-tossed bark I thank my God. But forgive me for all this egotism. I really did not intend one bit of it. I started without a helm, and these winds have driven my little vessel from her course."

On September 2nd she writes to the same friend: "I cannot say with you, dear Sarah, that I am sending the 'first fruits' of early rising, for I have been selfish enough to appropriate the first portion of the time thus redeemed to a stroll along the banks of the Wharfe. Still I have so much more time on my hands that I have an earlier opportunity of replying to your truly welcome epistle. You are a good girl, and I have no fault to find with you. I have, however, to thank you for your letter, and for the precious gem which you enclosed. It is exquisite. Oh! I felt as if I would gladly have paid the penalty—the loss of earthly vision—to feel that that 'glorious face' was 'leaning towards me,'—to nestle under the shadow of that wing, and feel that it made my only darkness. Oh! for such visions, such 'strains divine,' and 'waves of thought' rolling on the spirit! It seemed to me but a light thing to close the eyes on earth, and open them in heaven. I cannot thank you too fervently for putting me in possession of such a treasure."—The reader's curiosity will be excited as to what this "precious gem" could be, the possession of which was deemed "such a treasure." I am happy to be able to gratify it. It was a poetical composition, reputed to be Milton's, on his blindness. Though since discovered to be a

modern production, and thus divested of some portion of its charm, it has considerable intrinsic merit.

"I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown:
Afflicted, and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down!

I am weak, yet strong.
I murmur not that I no longer see.
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

O, merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me; its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown:
My vision Thou hast dimm'd, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear:
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been:
Wrapp'd in the radiance of that sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,—
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture : waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit ; strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !
I feel the stirrings of a gift Divine ;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine ! "

She proceeds : " Your letter awakened in my mind many painful reflections. Your confessions are sacred with your friend. Would that yours was an isolated case ! I almost trembled as you lifted the curtain and admitted me into the secret chambers of your heart, for I felt that however self-abased my friend might be, I had a retrospect more humiliating and God-dishonouring still. Shall I, in turn, raise the curtain, and from that sacred deposit of thought and feeling, my Diary, give you a sketch of what your friend is, and has been ?

" ' Oh ! when I look back upon the workings of my heart, even since I professed to be a follower of the spotless Lamb, the blush of shame may well suffuse my cheek. God has given me an ardent and aspiring nature, doubtless that it may seek after noble attainments. But how have I abused this gift ? Alas ! I have wickedly coveted in turn everything which the world holds great and good. I have yearned for gifts which God has denied, for wealth and fame, for beauty and distinction, for " lips on which the mystic bee hath dropped the honey of persuasion," for " the glorious burst of winged words " to give expression to the burning thoughts of my soul. And for what ? To glorify myself ! With shame I make this confession, and leave it recorded here. Should it survive the hand which has now given it a form, perhaps some whom I love may be warned by it. How much it has cost me to purge out this old leaven I cannot describe. How much God has had to do with me

ere I could bless His name for what His wisdom has withheld, as well as for what His love has given, is more than my pen can set forth. He has seen fit to compass me with infirmity; but, in answer to the sighs and tears and agonizing prayers which have come up before him, the assurance has been given: "My grace is sufficient for thee." Oh! when I stand beside my sympathizing and glorified Redeemer, and when He shall place on my immortal brow the crown, which by suffering He hath won for me, shall I then murmur that my lot on earth was not a nobler one? Shall I mourn that the aspiring soul was for a brief space trammelled and fettered by infirmity and suffering? No! But viewing the life-long struggle against flesh and blood, and rejoicing in the loftier powers of the enfranchised spirit, methinks my song of bursting gladness will be: "Thanks be to God who giveth me the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."'

"How much we have to be thankful for, dear Sarah! Let us see to it that our lives are not only one continued service of thanks-giving, but of thanks-living. I have learned many a salutary lesson of my own littleness in a crowded city, and I have gone forth, and 'in the dim woods' leafy solitude,' have blessed God that such an atom, 'a speck on the sea-shore of creation,' should be endowed with so many sources of happiness,—should have a soul attuned to all the harmonies of nature,—a spiritual ear listening to the 'voices of visionless things,'—bodily senses which drink in happiness, and, above all, a soul 'immortal as its sire,' created to know and love Him for ever."

"The Psalmist's declaration has been confirmed in my experience," she records in her Journal, September 29th: "'In the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion, in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me, He shall set me up upon a rock.' While passing through fiery trials—

trials of my faith and patience—I have seemed 'to dwell in the secret place of the most High, and to abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' Sometimes it seemed as though a voice within my heart said: 'Thou art mine, no evil shall befal thee, thine head shall be lifted up above thine enemies round about thee.' When I left my cause entirely in the hands of God—when I said: 'Lord I am thine, and thou art pledged to love and guard thine own—my record is on high, thou wilt defend me and keep me secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues,' then did I experience the fulness of the promise, 'Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.'"

On October 5th she writes to Miss S. R—— "It is Sabbath evening, and I am a prisoner. I trust, dearest Sarah, that while your friend is laying open the secret chambers of her heart for your inspection, you are mingling with the great congregation in the delightful service of prayer and praise. I am alone, and have just risen from my knees, having invoked such blessings as I humbly trust the Spirit of God prompted me to ask. 'Wilt thou not answer the Spirit's cry within me?' is the question which my heart proposes to the great Hearer of prayer. One part of my petition has been for my friend, that her love and zeal may increase, and that her talents may all be consecrated to God and His church. Well! you are worshipping Him now, whether in the temple made with hands, or alone, in that bodily temple which we are commanded to keep holy. You are worshipping, and the spirit of your friend is with you. Quicker than light can travel, it passes over the space which divides our bodies, and joins your spirit at the mercy seat. There is a solemn, sacred, delightful influence around me at this moment;

'Faith lends its realizing light.'

Our friendship seems to assume a spiritual nature. Even

now I feel as if the same hopes, the same aspirations, the same longings after a higher spiritual life, actuated and burned in both our souls, until they are almost one before God.

"'Faith lends its realizing light,' and by that light I look beyond the present life, when our disembodied spirits shall stand before the throne of God, and commune as spirits alone can commune. Farther still that light stretches, and by it I behold these identical bodies, renewed, refined, and spiritualized, made immortal as their Sire, re-united to the purified and exalted spirits, and made companionable with the loftiest seraph who throbs and burns with adoration nearest the unveiled refulgence of the Godhead. Shall we not explore together the wonders of creation—the mysteries of redemption—and the archives of heaven's history ere 'the morning stars sang together,' and the sun and moon were hung in the firmament? Reason staggers at such an anticipation. The pride of intellect seems bowed before it, and fails to grasp the thought. But 'faith lends its realizing light' and not only depicts the scene, but unhesitatingly relies on the word of unchanging truth for its fulfilment. Should you or I be called soon to enter upon this blessed state may we be found with garments unspotted from the world, clothed in the robe of Christ's finished righteousness!

"Monday night. I intended my letter to be posted today, but I have had other letters to write, and I feel all the waywardness of an invalid, and find it necessary to vary my employment. When your letter reached me I was luxuriating amid the fascinations of 'Uncle Tom.' I think Mrs. Stowe resembles Dickens very much in her descriptions. They are quite as vivid. They lose nothing in forcefulness by being presented to you in more tasteful and elegant language. You wander amid the characters in the book with a strange feeling of intimate acquaintance. They are real living

men and women, with whom you can hardly persuade yourself you have not had actual intercourse. Little Eva comes before me ever and anon as a kindred spirit with 'Bertie.' Did not the resemblance strike you? The same angelic spirit of love for every living and inanimate thing around her—the same spirit of missionary zeal, exhibited in her efforts to teach 'Uncle Tom.' Methought they were twin souls.

"I cannot tell you with what a feeling of disappointment I rose from the perusal of 'Uncle Tom's' so-called companion, 'The White Slave.' How despicable it seems to hang such a book on the reputation and fame of another; whether to share in that fame, or with baser motives still, to gather up the golden fragments which may drop from the abundant harvest another's genius has reaped!"

On the 7th of October she thus freely pours her passing thoughts and heart-felt solicitude for the welfare of her friend Mr. B——: "It would scarcely be polite to tell you that I am replying thus early to your note because I can do but little else. I feel all the waywardness of an invalid, and undertake only such employments as strike my fancy. I have been suffering from a cold, which, like a subtle enemy, retreated for a little while that it might seize me more securely, and make me a closer prisoner than ever. My poor humanity is shaken with a racking cough, like a reed swept by the blast. This lovely morning seems wooing me back to health, and every pulse seems to throb with the joyous expectation of soon revelling in the enjoyment of that precious boon. I was just thinking that every sorrow of life had its modicum of alleviation, and it were sometimes worth a little pain to draw out those dear domestic sympathies—those thousand little attentions which bespeak the presence of affection. But then there is the danger of becoming selfish—of feeling that such expressions of the

heart's affection are but a tribute due to you, rather than the gratuitous offering of love. It is needful sometimes that we should go forth into the crowded city, and, amid the thousands who glitter on the height of wealth and power, and the thousands more who 'sink in the depths of poverty and misery,' learn the humbling lore, that with all our home-importance and home-indulgence, we are but specks on the great ocean of humanity—atoms on the sea-shore of creation. I did not intend moralizing to you this morning. You must forgive me. You will be indulgent to an invalid, I think. . . .

"Well, my friend, I hope you are aiming at a high standard of mental and moral excellence. Never lower your standard, however far your attainments may come short of it. Aim at the highest excellence in everything. Endeavour to bring your attainments to your standard, but never lower your standard to your attainments. If there is one faculty more than another of the human mind which should call for our warmest gratitude to the great giver of all good, and for our most assiduous and careful cultivation, it is that faculty of expansion—that out-going impulse—that principle which impels us to grasp what we never grasped before—to conquer every difficulty which would prevent our onward course. To my mind this faculty of the soul, more than any other, stamps its lofty lineage and bespeaks its divine parentage.

"There is one remark which I would add to these desultory ones. I hope you will not deem me impertinent for making it. Intellectual pride is the snare of most students. True, it is more pardonable than either personal or spiritual pride, but it is nevertheless sinful and dangerous. It is subtle, and creeps in and intertwines itself with laudable ambition. It is not easily discerned, and when discovered, has many retreats and coverts. May you and I be delivered from it, and ever feel that all we have, we have received!

'Is pride for man? the crushed before the moth.
Is it for angels? Answer ye who walked
Exulting on the battlements of heaven,
And fell interminably. Dizzy heights
Suit not the born of clay. Oh, rather walk
With careful footsteps, and with lowly eyes,
Bent on thine own original.'

"You will pardon me I am sure, and not think that I suspect you for one moment. You know I am rather your senior, and in the battle and struggle of my mental life have learnt some lessons of wisdom, which I pray God you may never have to purchase so dearly."

To Miss S. R——, in a letter commenced October 29th, she says: "I am deeply interested in 'The Seventh Vial.' I have wished for you here many times, or rather I have wished for some still more quiet retreat, where you and I might talk over the glories of that grand symbolical panorama enacted on the little stage of sea-girt Patmos. So far I like the work very much because I feel it to tread on sure ground. The symbolic alphabet is made out from the interpreted symbols of the Old Testament,—symbols used and approved in the Old Testament prophecies, and no new symbol is used in the book of Revelation. There are no fanciful interpretations such as Elliot and Keith have given, symbolizing part, and leaving the remainder to be understood literally. But from that thrilling moment when the seven-sealed roll of Providence held in the right hand of the Eternal Father was opened by the slaughtered Lamb in the midst of the throne,—from that moment through all the grand symbolical drama which the unfolding of that roll revealed to the most loved disciple of the great Head of the Church, the history of that church comes before us in its historical detail. Reading in the light of this vision the history of the Waldenses and the Vaudois, their sufferings and testimony become invested with unparalleled sublimity.

To my mind the atonement seems to receive additional interest from the fact that none in heaven or earth were found worthy to open that sealed roll of the church's prophetic history, save the Lamb that had been slain; and no sooner had He been installed into His high office as providential guardian of His church, than we find Him unfolding that church's sufferings, faith, constancy, and final triumph, in the Holy Spirit's own symbolic characters, to His chosen friend and bosom companion on earth. Oh! I should like, had I the historical information necessary, to trace that history from the time Christianity went forth from the cross, in the persons of a few weeping disciples, spreading its triumphs until it ascended the throne of the Cæsars, and gave laws from that very tribunal before which its Lord and Master was arraigned, then diminishing in power and numbers, till the papal power overthrew the tottering empire, and reduced the church to the two witnesses whose trials, faith, and constancy, form a prominent part in the vision. How little did the scattered remnant of the Eastern and Western Churches, as age after age witnessed their sufferings amid the mountain fastnesses and valleys of Piedmont,—in the caves and dens of the earth,—driven hither and thither by the fierce persecutions of the 'woman drunken with the blood of saints,'—how little did these faithful followers of Jesus imagine that all their sufferings, persecutions, final triumph, and glorious reward, had been arranged in heaven, and symbolized on earth by one of the most magnificent scenes which human eyes could behold! Contemplating their faith in the overthrow and destruction of the papacy, does not their cry from under the altar possess a sublimity which nothing less than inspiration could impart: 'How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?'

"I cannot tell you how much my faith in that providential wisdom and power which has been delegated to our

ascended Saviour, has been strengthened by contemplating this unique and admirably consistent symbolization of His church's labours, struggles, and glorious triumph. With the alphabet to this last consummation of prophetical mystery, I shall turn with new delight to read off the wonders of the Apocalypse. As Ezekiel's wondrous visions were a symbolized revelation of the Holy Spirit's offices and mission, so this is a similar revelation of the Son's providential jurisdiction over, and signally glorious deliverance of, His Church. But I must conclude. I have been much interrupted by talkers, and have almost lost the thread of my musings."

Miss Hessel's tendency to the speculative was now held in check alike by her religious principles, and the growth of natural good sense. She was magnanimously bent however on judging for herself as to the locality of the boundary-line which marks off the legitimate from the illegitimate in the realms of inquiry. Miss S. R—— had desired her thoughts on a subject which exercises and perplexes all reflecting minds—the reconciliation of evil with divine goodness. On November 18th she replies, "I have found many of my secret, half-formed ideas on these matters expressed in Tupper. Orthodox people shake their heads and say we have no business to meddle with these things. I don't believe it. I think we have a right to think, and ponder, and stretch the capabilities of our imprisoned spirits. I like Mrs. Stowe's thought. It is as true as it is sublime. The soul awakes a trembling stranger between two dim eternities, with the light of inspiration and the answering echoes in her own soul; she gathers many mystic images both of the past and future, but they are mostly undeciphered hieroglyphics. She folds them in her bosom, and expects to read them when she passes beyond the veil."—Is not much of the perplexity felt on this subject needless?

Since the possibility of evil is a necessary condition of moral agency, why should its perpetration excite surprise? How evil enters a pure mind, may lie beyond our ability to explain. But this difficulty belongs to metaphysics. The fact that the absolute prevention of moral evil is incompatible with moral agency, should satisfy every practical thinker.

As an inducement to her Skipton friend to become her visitor, she writes on December 3rd, "I have some thoughts and feelings which I should like to confide to you. Perhaps you will say they are the remnants of my visionary girlhood. Nevertheless they haunt me with a pertinacity which makes me think they may some day assume a tangible form. I think it is Lamartine who says, what is opinion in one generation, is principle in the next, and in the third fact or action. But individuals live faster than nations.

"My reading has been rather more systematic lately, and what think you I am exploring? Why, what would suit you admirably—'The Seventh Vial,' by Wylie. And supplementary to that, I am reading 'The Hand of God in History.' The next work on my list is 'The Lollards.' You may imagine that from the sublime and comprehensive heights to which these works lead the mind, I have looked upon the vast panorama of the world's history, and felt how very little a place I occupied in that ever shifting drama. What specks we are in the great ocean of humanity! What atoms on the sea shore of creation! And yet, what a whirl of thoughts and feelings in our bosoms, giving birth to actions which stamp for us the character of immortality,—which seal to us eternal life or death! I think I have begun in some measure to appreciate the immense importance of life. The daily routine of existence—the business of living—has seemed to me latterly to have become a more methodical thing—a thing one should strive to do well, since it can only be done once, and since its results are infinite and

irreversible as it regards one's self, and vastly important as it regards others. It is with reference to the latter that I have felt most deeply its importance. May you and I feel that it is our privilege to work to-day!"

"Had you a watch night?" she asks Miss S. R—— on January 2nd, 1853. "I did not attend ours for reasons too long to explain. Miss B—— and I spent the time alone. We read a little, talked and thought a great deal. Still, after all, these Christmas solemnities, and festivities too, have made but a transient impression on my heart. I seem to be less capable of deep thought and feeling than I once was. The most abiding impression on my mind seems to be the value of time, and in connection with this, comes the recollection of time misimproved during the past year. Mrs. Sigourney's lament over a 'Lost Day,' as I read it by the flickering light of the dying year, shed a somewhat melancholy influence over my spirit. How many such days has the diamond pen of the recording angel registered in the archives of heaven for me during the past year? Slowly and sadly have the words come over me like the moans of a wailing spirit:

'Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise;
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

'Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again;
I offer no reward,
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that Heaven-entrusted gift
Is reft away for ever.'

"How truthful have I felt this in my own past experience as at midnight I have thrown off my attire, after coming from a party! To these mixed and late parties I have a strong and growing objection. How worse than useless does the intercourse at them seem! Nay, how dreadfully wicked, when seen in the light of another world. One lesson I may perhaps have learned amid these worldly associations. How much of the frivolity which I condemned and kept aloof from, would I tolerate and indulge among my own people! And yet is this less trifling or less sinful here than there? Only so far as its influence on those around me extends. It has the same record on high. May-be, its characters of condemnation are more deeply traced in the book of remembrance when it is annexed to Christian profession. 'Libera nos Domine!'

"I wish you had been here the other night. I went out between twelve and one,—having been writing until that time,—to enjoy the glorious moonlight. We have had splendid nights, such as I never remember to have seen. I wished for you, for though it was delightful to listen to the music of nature in her own realm undisturbed, I somehow felt it would have been sweeter, though we had not spoken, to feel that my friend was sharing my emotions. Fancy me invoking the spirit of harmony in borrowed lays of thrilling beauty:

'And now, in the sweet noon of lovely night,
My feet have wandered forth in search of thee;
When the full-rounded moon, with flooding light,
Pours silvery splendour o'er night's panoply,
Gazing down deeply from the central height
Of heaven's blue, starless, cloudless, boundless sky,
Mildly as sinks upon the enraptured sight
The light that falls from beauty's deep-blue eye.'"

CHAPTER V.

Doubts the wisdom of recording her religious emotions—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Communion with Nature—"Passing away"—"Thoughts in a Cemetery"—Cheever's Voices of Nature—Goethe—The Battle of Life—John Foster—Thoughts on Heaven—Life of Mrs. Judson—Charlotte Elizabeth—"A Sonnet"—"An Invocation."

THE suspicions Miss Hessel had for some time entertained respecting the danger of a frequent record of her religious emotions, approximated, early in the year 1853, to a conviction. "I have felt how difficult it has been to write the simple feelings of my heart without any reference to another than myself." Subsequently she writes: "My reluctance to journalizing, after the manner I have hitherto pursued, increases. My feelings are such an unsafe criteria of my real state of mind and heart, that I ought to be very careful in recording them merely for my own reference. I am inclined to discard keeping a journal of religious experiences as unprofitable to myself. Farther than this I do not feel at liberty to pronounce judgment upon it."—Much internal examination with a view to record, tends, beyond a doubt, to a morbid state of feeling. A healthy vigorous piety can be secured only by "looking to Jesus." Here is the philosophy of true Christian experience: "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord," we "are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Toward the close of January she was gladdened with the anticipation of a week's visit from her Leeds friend. Writing to her on the 21st she says: "I quite sympathize with

your wishes respecting the improvement of our time, and like yourself, have felt the want of some organized plan of study. I have other and yet more serious wants to deplore. But while I sigh over the past, I look forward somewhat hopefully to the future. I shall be glad to converse with you about these things, for I know you have more practical views on these matters than I possess."

Religion was far from being regarded by her as designed merely for personal safety and comfort. She knew that wherever it was experienced it gave evidence of its heaven-born origin by the lovely and ennobling lineaments it imparted to the character. To those who dwelt much on the happiness it imparts, along with the most cordial concurrence in the sentiment, she would have been tempted to address the enquiry: Does it make you benevolent? Does it constrain you, as you have opportunity, to do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith? She held firmly with Paul that by grace are we saved through faith; and that not of ourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. But she held no less firmly with James: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this; to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." An illustration of this is furnished in the letter just quoted from. In her artless narration of the struggle of principle with inclination, she reveals the strength of that principle as well as the sensitiveness of her temperament. "Oh! how opposed to the genius of the New Testament is the cold, inactive, selfish spirit of many of us professing Christians! How little of that outgoing benevolence—that universal love to man—which is the surest test of the sincerity of our love to God, do we manifest! I would not hide my own self-reproaches under that common mask, general confession, for when I contemplate my Saviour's precepts and example, I deeply

and penitently feel that I have little claim to bear His honoured name. To day I have been deliberating on the reasonableness of an impulse to visit a very destitute family, whom everybody seems to have abandoned. The weather, the uncertainty of my reception, and my own inability to follow up pecuniary relief so efficiently as appears needful, have deterred me. I shall see what to-morrow will do for my courage, and in the meantime try to interest others in the work. I tell you this that I may have a more powerful stimulant for going, that in fact I may so fear your reproof when I see you, that I may be induced to gird up my shrinking courage to the task. The motive is not a bad one in itself, but I am just thinking what a much higher motive I have overlooked. When He shall ask me whether that love which exchanged a throne of glory for a rock-hewn pillow in the stable of Bethlehem was not a sufficient motive, what shall I answer? Oh! how awfully criminal does this inactivity appear when viewed in the light which emanates from the book of divine inspiration! How will it look when the full blaze of judgment shall burst upon it, revealing between two vast eternities, the little span of human life, with its momentous mission for the eternal future? I see these things. I feel them. But I feel also how weak is my nature; how aimless my life has been; how vain and futile my attempts at a nobler purpose in life must be, unless the Master fit his own instrument for the work."—Let this sentiment, while impressing us with a feeling of absolute dependence upon Christ, be associated with a conviction that He is constantly seeking to fit us for the work He has given us, and that, if we are not fitted, He will not only be blameless but hold us culpable, and it will prove beneficial. Let the sentiment nourish a passive hope however, that fitness is to come into our possession in some direct and mysterious manner, and it will prove pernicious.

In a few days after her friend's return, she wrote, February 10th: "I felt somewhat sad as I pursued my lonely

walk home on Friday, but I have abundant cause for grateful reminiscences of your visit. 'Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend,' said the wise man, and I have felt since you left, that something of your own calm, thoughtful, deep, earnest spirit has been communicated to me.

"I have just come in from class, and to my amazement on leaving the vestry, the snow was falling in blinding showers. The day has been intensely cold, but my lovely little snowdrops have held up their heads bravely. Meek dwellers amid the terrors of the storm, they have looked up unblanched with fear.

"I have just been transcribing an extract from Cheever's 'Voices of Nature, &c.' It is one of Coleridge's, and is, I dare say, indeed I know it is familiar to you, especially the third line:

> 'O the one life within us and abroad,
> Which meets all motion, and becomes its soul,
> A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
> Rhythm in all thought; and joyance everywhere!
> Methinks it should have been impossible
> Not to love all things in a world so filled;
> When the breeze warbles, and the mute, still air
> Is Music slumbering on her instrument.'

What pleased me so much was that it was written at Clevedon. I did not know, when I wandered amid its beauties, that Coleridge had ever trod the same haunts, or I should have sought the lonely cottage where, seated with his wife, he listened to the distant murmur of the ocean as it blended with the soft cadence of the Æolian harp, and watched the myrtles which blossomed in the open air, the white-flowered jessamines twined across the porch, and the tall roses which peeped in at his chamber window.

"I well remember the day I went to Clevedon. I felt as if a few hours by the sea-side would soothe that heart-

sickness which had been engendered amid the uncongenial haunts of a crowded city, and I listened to the music of the waves with the joyous gladness of an unfettered bird. I see that lovely picture of ever-changing beauty now, and the remembrance seems to impart a freshness to my spirit. Seated on a terrace, watching the receding tide, and tracing the outline of the mammoth hills on the opposite coast, as they stood out in bold relief from the floating clouds of 'glossy light' in an azure heaven, they were invested, for me, with all the poetry of 'the green mountains of Wales.'

"The memory of such hours is especially grateful to me. You know that often in my history there have been seasons when 'life hath half become a weariness, and hope hath thirsted for serener waters.' It has then seemed as though my mind could best throw off the 'weary weight' of all this dust of earth in the wide domain of nature, and in her most secluded retreats. Oh! what a various language she has for those who would commune with her visible forms! 'For our gayer hours she has a voice of gladness;' but is it not more especially during seasons of overwrought feelings and mental tension, that her voice of harmony glides into the spirit with such a gentle sympathy as steals away the weariness ere we are aware? I am sure my dear Sarah does not need to be told that I have no reference to such feelings of the soul as an Almighty power can alone remove. Nature's God can alone effectually 'minister to a mind diseased,' and a heart depraved by guilt."

One of her early poetical compositions entitled "Passing Away," will be welcomed by her personal friends. It was written in September 1846:—

> Thou hast look'd on a fair unfolding flower,
> As it deck'd for awhile thy garden bower;
> Thou hast seen its bright vernal bloom decay,
> And its transient beauty "passing away."

Thou hast gazed on the lovely blue of heaven,
And the rainbow's tints by the sunbeam given;
No power on earth could their fleetness stay,
They were bright, but frail, and "passing away."

Thou hast fondly bound to thy lonely heart
The lov'd ones of earth, as tho' ne'er to part;
Oh! give not to them such passion, for they,
To the spirit-land bound, are "passing away."

And thou, though the glance of thy youthful eye
Be sunny and bright as the fair blue sky,
The rose on thy cheek as the flowers of May,
Yet thou, in thy beauty, art "passing away."

Then give not to earth thy passionate love,
But treasure it up in the realms above;
So shalt thou dwell 'mid that bright glory's ray
Whose splendour can never be "passing away."

Twelve months later she visited York, and—whether impelled by her state of mind, or attracted by the quiet beauty of the place as she passed along, matters little—she entered the Cemetery. Thoughts crowd her active mind as she walks amid those silent homes. The costly stone exhibiting high art, the lengthy record proclaiming private virtues or public honours, and the nameless mound where affection's hand had planted the expressive flower, were all suggestive, but on these she dwelt not. Various surmises as to the pursuits, social condition, character, and dying circumstances of each tenant of the tomb, no doubt presented themselves, but these found no welcome. It was not for the sake of indulging in a pleasing but profitless sentimentalism that she had turned in thither. Her mind was now becoming thoroughly practical, and the emotions she welcomed were those awakened by the impressive lessons to be there learnt. She embodied them in the following production. Though it may possibly elicit no admiration either for beauty or originality of thought, it merits insertion as a revelation of

character, and will furnish food for serious reflection to those who love such occupation.

THOUGHTS IN A CEMETERY.

Come, for the dead are teachers! Hear'st thou not
The hallowed lore which every grassy bed
Breathes forth? Shake off earth's trammels, free thy soul
From all the sordid cares of busy life,
And, like yon franchised bird, quit that drear cell
In the small round of which thy soul hath been
Too long pent up. Then bow the knee devout
Beside yon broken column, where a youth,
When life's bright roses all around him bloom'd,
Laid his proud head beneath the silent turf.
High hopes were his. Fame, with her clarion voice,
Had heralded his praise; affection's tones
Thrill'd through his soul like music, and his path
Was lit with brightness. Gaze thou, and listen:—
"All is vanity!"

Bend o'er that narrow bed.
A babe finds rest beneath. A mother's love,
With all its quenchless, soundless, priceless wealth,
Lies buried there. What saith the voice that speaks
From that young sleeper's tiny couch? "Mothers!
The flower fadeth."

Bend thine ear again.
Here's the low resting-place of one whose life
Was spent in search of gain. But while he grasp'd
Earth's glittering dross, and by the midnight lamp
Recounted all his wealth, and at its shrine,
Obsequious, offer'd worship;—while he clung
To earth's ephemeral joys, and proudly scorn'd
Heaven's high command;—then came the mandate:
"Cut him down!" That voice which oft had prayed:
"Spare him another year," spoke not. Hear'st thou
From his low tomb no warning voice bid thee,
While in life's prime: "Prepare to meet thy God!"

Come, bow thy knee once more. The place is holy.
Here a Christian sleeps—one who hath shunn'd

Earth's 'witching snares ; and early given his life,
With its best service, to his God. His path
Was oft a thorny one. But meekly did
He tread its mazes, while his soul sublime
Held commune with the skies. That hope was his
Whose anchor grasps the throne of God. He speaks
From his high seat in heaven : "I the good fight
Have fought ! "

Go thou, and in the scales of justice
Weigh earth's tinsell'd pomp with his deep bliss.
Then, like that Christian soldier, "trim thy lamp,"
And "wait the coming of thy Lord."

To her cousin, Miss Wilson of Howden, who was summoned nearly two years before herself to "the better land," she thus freely comments on men and books : "I scarcely know what I must begin about, but as your visit to Boston is uppermost in my mind, it shall e'en be that. I am sorry I cannot say, Come at once. We are going to have the passage papered and painted next week I expect, if the weather be favourable. After this operation we shall clean, and then I shall be ready to enjoy all the beauties of the opening spring, and your society along with them. I cannot tell you exactly how long this will be. Paperers, painters, and joiners are tiresome people to do with, as you know. But when they are fairly out, and we have erased all but the pleasant traces of them, you shall know, and I'll welcome you some fine day at the station.

"I suppose you have had a large share of enjoyment this snow-storm. I have weathered it bravely I assure you, with an umbrella for a walking-stick to help me to keep my equilibrium. It has been very beautiful sometimes, especially these lovely nights. Our valleys have presented a picture of enchantment which, with all due deference, your flat country cannot rival. But the most glorious picture of this snow-storm has been by night, when

'Soft as music, and wild and white,
It glitters and floats in the pale moonlight.'

But I dare say you have revelled in its beauties, and drank to the full of its bracing pleasures.

"My reading has been very sober lately as to quality, I must not say as to quantity. Cheever, Foster, Coleridge, and Chalmers, are my stars of promise at present. By way of relaxation and variety, I am reading 'The Wide Wide World,'—an outlandish title to a book abounding in good sentiments and Bible morality, but poor in the plot of the tale, unnatural in the characters, and not at all brilliant in description or talent of any kind. Nevertheless it has a charm about it one cannot well resist."

On the same day she says to Miss S. R——: "Your letter was thrice welcome. How temptingly it lay on my dressing table! and how I teazed myself, and pleased myself, by wondering at its contents! and how my fingers tickled to break the forbidden seal before I had completed my toilet! and then came my full reward when every 'etcetera' was finished, and I sat down, in real contented ease, to peruse it. There is pleasure in keeping awhile a letter you wish to read, provided you have it under your own care, and feel sure it cannot be conjured from you. I had been thinking that this

'New creation without a stain,
Lovely as heaven's own pure domain,'

in which I had revelled the last week or two,

'Like the many fair hopes of our years,
Had glittered awhile, then melted to tears.'

But lo! again

'The trees with their diamond branches appear,
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere.'

I have had intense pleasure in watching this transformation, and ruminating on the bracing walk of to-morrow morning.

As I turn to the fire I thank God that though my lot be not cast, where, in my silly ignorance, I have often wished, I have that which defies the storm, and secures comfort, instead of the cold struggle with poverty and want which many experience.

"I have had some rich lessons of contentment taught me latterly by contact with the varied forms of human misery. It is salutary to contrast one's condition with those beneath. Alas! how seldom have I done anything but *vice versâ*. And what an injury I have done myself! How I have dishonoured God by it, and cherished ingratitude, when I might have had a heart overflowing with love and thanksgiving!

"My good mother, like some ministering angel, goes among these cottagers bearing joy and gladness everywhere, whether as the almoner of her own or another's gifts, and brings back such tales of distress as make any little sacrifice we are called upon to make, much more of a pleasure than its name would imply.

"But whither am I wandering? I was going to tell you of the books I have been reading. I like 'Voices of Nature' very much indeed. It contains a thorough system of spiritual education, so to speak; and, minus the Calvinism, is a thoroughly good book—the best of Cheever's I have read. I have read two days incessantly, and have digested the reading thereof to-day. 'Tis a bad plan. For relaxation, get Parker Willis's 'Life Here and There.' It is a double volume of Bohn's shilling series, but not worth buying exactly. It will afford you immense amusement, and you will like his descriptions. You will wonder to find our grave philosopher of Yale College such a youthful dash-a-away. Had he been an Englishman I should have said he wrote 'Eothen.'

"Well, I've got 'John Foster's Life and Correspondence' at last. Mr. W—— brought it in this afternoon. I almost

gloat over it. I have felt, since reading Cheever, thoroughly disciplined for serious reading. I am far behind you; but lead on, dear Sarah, I will follow.

"Poor Goethe! I have read his life, but none of his works. I have always thought of his last words with sadness. They seem like the spirit's instinctive cry for the immortality he had denied. I wonder if it is in the nature of our immortal spirit to long for annihilation. On this side the grave it seems impossible, with the faculties of the soul unimpaired, to wish to retreat 'to some dark niche along the disk of non-existence.' How every thing around us, and within us, tells of the soul's immortality! It is a glorious, exalting thought."

The invigorating effect of the writers she was now communing with, reveals itself very palpably in a journal for her most intimate friend, commenced February 27th and extending to March 16th. Let those who read books that require no thought, and which therefore instead of invigorating often enervate the mind, ponder well the second and third paragraphs of this extract. What mental vigour would be acquired, and what quickening social influence exerted by the young, if, instead of light and desultory reading, they would betake themselves to such works as Miss Hessel had now on hand! Conquest over the reluctance to such reading should be regarded as part of the valuable discipline of life. "I am now going to make trial of one of the many plans which my ever-restless mind has formed. I intend to commit my thoughts to paper as they occur to me, and send them to you, occasionally, in the form of a journal. Perhaps they will not always happen to be in this form; and my meaning would perhaps be more evident if I were to say, that whenever my spirit yearns to commune with yours—to tell you something of its hidden life—I shall take up my pen and hoard together a few 'broken

fragments of my soul,' and send them to you at intervals. I do not wish to bind you to a similar practice. I wish you to follow the bent of 'your own sweet will' in this matter. I only claim the privilege of doing this as an indulgence, which I am sure you will grant to your wayward friend.

"I want just now to tell you this: that I have a sublime, an elevated standard of excellence before me; that I have contemplated it until it has filled and expanded my soul; that I have become enamoured of the beautiful vision, and have descended from the lofty heights of my imagination to find that it can be attained only by hard conflict and strife. I scarcely dare say to you, my dearest friend, what I have feared to utter in the presence of my God alone, that I have entered on the struggle, the true 'Battle of Life.' I feel, in looking back, that in reference both to my intellectual and religious life, I have had a name to live, and been dead. The long yearnings of my soul have lately become so intensified, that at times they have amounted to an agony of desire—a panting after a higher moral and intellectual existence.

"As the ground-work or foundation of the structure, which by God's help I would rear, I have begun by self-examination. This has truly appalled me. I see so much that is wrong in the habit of my thoughts, in the style of my conversations, and in the manner of spending my time, that I may well stand appalled. My impetuous and unreflecting habit of mind makes me the prey of temptations which it would be difficult for you to understand. I see that a vigilant watchfulness, as well as prayerfulness, is absolutely necessary. God has given me light that I may walk in it; and I feel convinced that the discoveries I have lately had of the immense importance of these habits to my own eternal welfare, and that of others, are from the Spirit of God, and ought not to be trifled with.

"March 4th. My morning walks have been very pleasant and profitable lately. I have felt that I would not exchange

their solitude for companionship with any one except yourself. I was thinking the other day of Mrs. Stowe's remark, that 'in moral science that which is not understood is often not altogether profitless.' How often a thought of vast magnitude and sublimity flashes before the mind, as the lightning glances before your window! Your powers are too feeble to grasp it, or your capacity too contracted to receive it; but has it accomplished nothing? It has accomplished much. It has carried your thoughts upward; they have followed, as a needle follows the magnet, and you have felt something like the wondering disciples on the Ascension mount, when the angels accosted them with the interrogation: 'Ye men of Galilee! why stand ye gazing up into heaven?' and there has been a certain and exulting conviction in the mind, I shall compass that, and greater thoughts. *I shall.* The mind that now struggles to expand and comprehend shall one day enlarge and fill, fathom and explore with the greatest ease, and without that feverish unrest, that constant tension of its powers, which is now necessary for the acquisition of knowledge.

"March 8th. I cannot tell you how much I am delighted with Foster. You must not think me presumptuous or vain when I claim a close affinity with his modes of thinking, or rather I would say, a deep sympathy with his sombre fancy and his speculations. I was often surprised to find the buried thoughts of years gone by—the visions which have presented themselves to my mind in dim and shadowy outline—start from the page in real tangible form, expressed in the glowing words in which I had so long coveted to embody them.

"My friend will not I am sure misunderstand me. I am far from claiming the power even to grasp some of his thoughts. And much of what he has written is out of the province of my thinking. Yet in all that relates to communion with nature, to the soul's immortality, and the

mysteries of that unveiled future, I have felt such a oneness of spirit with him, as I never remember to have felt with any other being, living or dead. I cannot describe to you the impressions made on my mind by some of his passages. I have been almost transported out of myself—etherealized—and for a while have felt the veil between this world and the next attenuating, until I have been recalled from my reverie by the gross materialism around me. One cannot help feeling as if the enjoyments of heaven would be more intense to him than to the great majority of saints.

"You may be sure I was delighted to find Foster had just the same kind and degree of taste for music which I possess. Every word of the following passage is so expressive of my own feelings that I transcribe it: 'He did not possess any scientific acquaintance with music, for which he had no ear; yet was passionately fond of some kinds of it, especially of the mournful and solemn. He used to wonder that it should be thought impossible for a person who, technically speaking, had no ear, to feel an interest in music, and strongly asserted the power that it could exercise over himself to inspire almost every description of sentiment. He was never tired of hearing anything that pleased him, but would ask for it again and again. He felt more interested in instrumental than in vocal music, and his favourite instrument was the organ.' And now I have said enough of my favourite author.

"March 16th. I have finished Foster. I pity his misanthropy—commiserate the distressing indolence which marred the happiness of a spirit so active in planning, and so painfully slow in executing, and shrink from his views on the subject of future punishment, because, though they are very plausible, they cannot upset or fritter away the plain unequivocal declaration of Scripture. Shall we not, when we enter the world of spirits, be endowed with the capability of harmonizing what appear to our finite compre-

hension the discrepancies of the Divine government? of unravelling the awful mysteries which baffle and repel our meagre powers of thought? Will not the perfect harmony of these mysteries with the absolute perfection of the Divine attributes be made plain to us in a disembodied state? Will the soul require any new powers of comprehension to enable it to receive the floods of knowledge poured into it? Or is its present prison-house the only hindrance to the full development of those powers, which, when expanded, and continuously expanding, in the genial atmosphere of a brighter clime . . . A whole posse of visitors interrupted me, and I have neither time nor power to recall what I was about to say.

"I am reading 'Hetherington's History of the Church of Scotland,' and my next work is 'Nineveh and Persepolis.'"

"You ask me how I am employed," she writes to her sister-in-law on March 9th. "I don't know whether I told you I am one of the secretaries for our 'basket.' This is a rather arduous and trying office. We have all the work to buy and cut out; the meetings to arrange; and everybody to invite; accounts to keep; articles to enter; to reconcile everything so as to meet everybody's convenience, which last, I assure you, requires as much patience as was ever exhibited in the renowned land of Uz.

"If you have not read the 'Wide Wide World,' you will be amply repaid by its perusal. Thanks to our American sisters! They are doing a noble work—raising that department of literature called fiction from the base use to which it has been so long prostituted, and making it what it ought to be, and what our blessed Lord in His teachings made it, a vehicle for conveying the noblest truths. I have great pleasure in thinking that this volume, with the strange cognomen, which in no wise expresses the character of the book, has found its way into many families to whom its valu-

able truths would otherwise have been unknown, or at least would have been ineffective through any other medium than that of fiction. I can scarcely conceive it possible for any one to read it without being made better. Having said thus much in its favour, I may add that it has faults when critically analysed, but they belong entirely to the composition and plot of the tale, and in no wise affect the sentiment.

"I am reading 'John Foster's Life and Correspondence.' It is a rich treat. I never had so much mental enjoyment compressed into the space of ten days."

On March 10th she writes in her journal: "How inexpressibly glorious must be that freedom from the restless warrings of good and evil in the human soul, which we shall experience when we get to heaven! How sweet to find everything in and around us in perfect harmony with the Divine nature—the immaculate holiness of God! and then, the assurance that all this shall be permanent—eternal! There, there shall be no conflict between grace and nature; no wrestling with temptation either from the world or the devil; no struggling with the passions and propensities of a fallen nature; no tearful and agonizing cry after a holiness of heart and life which must be had at the expense of a crucifixion of the flesh—a resolute and often protracted struggle with the powers of evil. No! toil will then be exchanged for rest, sorrow for the joy of an eternal feast, conflict for conquest. How the spirit on earth, yearning for some definite knowledge of that glorious life to come, stretches forward, and eagerly asks with the baffled curiosity of Foster: 'How can I sustain an endless duration?' 'How can I prolong sentiment and action for ever and ever?'"—The contrasts in this passage may produce in the minds of some readers, views of the present life opposed to those really entertained by Miss Hessel. Several passages in this volume attest that she regarded our present trials and conflicts as a salutary and necessary discipline for heaven.

The warrior may commendably anticipate the period of conquest, but where would be the sweets of conquest had there not been the toils of conflict? And where would be the relish for the holiness of heaven, unless there had been "a struggling with the passions and propensities of our fallen nature?" A man may just as wisely expect to become a scholar without mental training, as to realize future blessedness without moral training.

The return of spring generally brought, with its exhaustless stores of beauty and delight, physical prostration, which revived apprehensions of an early grave. In the previous autumn she had written: "I have dwelt much to-day on one feature of my mental constitution to which I have rarely alluded, even to my most intimate friends. From childhood I have loved to muse on death. My imagination has made itself familiar with death in almost every form, especially in that of wearying, wasting consumption." —The impressions made upon her susceptible nature by witnessing the death of two such attached relatives as her eldest brother and sister from that disease, viewed in connexion with her own general debility, easily account for this fact. These thoughts were not always melancholy or even sad. "Since my conversion," she proceeds "these musings have been of a more hallowed nature, and my general feeling has been that of a perfect willingness to die, should my Heavenly Father be pleased to call me."

On April 3rd she writes: "When shall the yearnings of my spirit be satisfied? How shall I attain that for which my soul has panted for the last few weeks—holiness? The word has a solemn, almost an awful import. I have been so much distressed at my want of this qualification for heaven, that I have had very little enjoyment in religion. I have a sense of security, an abiding faith, which is 'an anchor to my soul, sure and steadfast, entering into that

within the veil,' but strange to say, even this sense of security fails to impart its wonted happiness, because my perceptions of the heinousness of sin and the purity of God have been so much more vivid. I want to enjoy closer communion with my Saviour, but the remains of carnality interpose. I think my anxiety on this subject has been increased by an impression which has almost constantly haunted me lately, that God designs, ere long, to transplant me from the church militant to the church triumphant. Much as I have been wont to desire this, and do now, I have yet felt as if I had something to do for God on earth. Hitherto I have done nothing, my life has been useless; and I am humbled at the retrospect. To do what I wish will cost me much labour, and my plan may not be God's. I feel as if I should like to leave something behind me, which either as precept, or example, or both, may advance God's glory and benefit others. If I were taken now, my history would but furnish a warning—but be a beacon—telling of talents perverted; of powers misapplied; of a spirit formed for the highest and noblest attainments, wandering for years in a labyrinth of doubt and vain reasoning; and when at last it was led by the power of divine grace to the perception of its lofty heritage, how miserably it failed to realize what might have been expected. Well may the cry of such a spirit, awakened to the beauty of holiness, be an agonizing one."—Though these concluding strictures are unduly severe, as her friends believe, they are by no means to be regarded as purely morbid utterances. To those willing to adopt palatable rather than scriptural notions of religion, conscious immorality is the chief, if not exclusive cause of self-reproach in the near prospect of eternity. But by those who have examined the only authoritative instructor, it is felt that misimproved opportunities of doing good furnish cause of righteous condemnation. Such persons view religion as an obligation to be discharged as well as a

blessing to be enjoyed, and the more distinctly the obligation is contemplated, the more forceful does it appear, and the greater therefore is the regret experienced for neglect. Necessarily hers had hitherto been chiefly a work of preparation. And so in fact it continued. But though the desire to leave something behind her which might "advance God's glory and benefit others" was not granted in the form she meant, He who determines all issues, beheld and approved the desire and granted it in another form. Thus does it please Him frequently to act. Possibly her purpose will be accomplished more efficiently by the thoughts she artlessly communicated to her private friends, than by those she would have elaborated for the public eye.

In addition to the depression arising from ordinary physical causes, she was now passing through some severe mental exercises, which imparted an unusual sadness to her spirit. A solace was imparted so remarkably however, that a powerful and permanent impression was produced by it. She added one more to the many testimonies we possess, that ours is a faithful and compassionate God—that He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able to bear. On April 7th she thus addresses her friend Miss S. R——. "The wind is boisterous and stormy, my dear friend, and seems in harmony with all within my soul. I would I could tell you a few of the perplexities and trials which make it such a little world of commotion. This morning I walked to tranquilize myself, a remedy which I generally find successful. Clouds of gorgeous light were piled up in vast masses against the ethereal blue, and seemed to realize almost all that fancy could picture of the 'palace of angels and God.' Turret and tower, dome and battlement, rose up in ever-varying beauty, and were bathed in that golden light which seems to me expressed only by one word—glory. But over my head was a dense black cloud which seemed no inapt emblem of the darkness

brooding over my spirit for the last few days. I watched it until I perceived it was fringed with light, and as that fringe grew broader, I saw it was a cloud with a silver lining. I watched it steadily as its fleecy light rolled outwards, and lo! it suddenly divided, and the sun poured upon my vision such a flood of light as dazzled and almost overwhelmed me. What a precious emblem, thought I, of the spiritual cloud which encompasses my mind. And then came the heart-searchings. Am I willing to submit to these trials, 'if thereby my spiritual growth may be promoted?' My full heart answered: 'Even so, Father,' if 'so it seemeth good in thy sight.' From that dark cloud, vain though may be my endeavours to pierce it, I have nothing to fear, for behind it is another, even that of the Divine presence, and it as much overshadows me as though no darker one intervened. And, as to the eye of faith, there is light beyond the darkness, so to the ear of faith there is a voice coming out of the cloud, imparting something of the energy of its own omnipotence to the trembling heart: 'Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.' "—It is one of the self-evidencing proofs of the Divine origin of the Scriptures, that passages addressed to a particular person, on a special occasion, have an adaptation for many others in ages quite remote and circumstances widely different. There is a subtle essence in them which the spiritually-minded only can discern, but in virtue of which such a mind can appropriate and feel to be vitally nutritious, what to other eyes appears destitute of interest and importance.

Anticipating a visit to the same friend, she writes on April 23rd: "I have spent a singular week,—singular I mean with reference to the inner life. I have had moments of deep depression, of painful humiliation, and also of high and hallowed enjoyment. And now in the prospect of

committing myself to the pleasing dangers of Leeds and Howden, I endeavour to claim that part of the promise which seemed to me most mysterious, but which I now understand : 'The Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.' How my faith staggered at the greatness of the command and promise, and how reason argued that a commission to the heaven-appointed leader of a great people—a leader of the armies of Israel,—could have nothing to do with me. But faith surmounts greater difficulties than this, and realizes the promise in proportion to its own strength."

Her friend's cheerful and intelligent society, together with change of air, greatly benefited Miss Hessel. Her spirits appear to have recovered their usual tone. On June 17th she again throws her heart open to her : "Having roused myself from a delicious reverie,—a long contemplation of the fair moon and that one solitary attendant, whose unrivalled beauty you are perhaps at this moment admiring, dearest Sarah,—I have trimmed my lamp, opened my writing case, and sat down to the pleasing task of half-an-hour's communing with you. I have to-night felt an unusual yearning of spirit towards you, almost a feeling that my spirit beat in unison with yours ; that an unseen hand had strung the chords of both, and that now they vibrate to the same mystic touch. Do you feel anything like this ? It is a deeper feeling even than that so beautifully shadowed out by the poet in those lines with which I dare say you are acquainted :

'Has a strange mysterious feeling,
Something shapeless, undefined,
O'er thy lonely musings stealing
Ne'er impress'd thy pensive mind—
As if she, whose strong resemblance,
Fancy in that moment drew,
By coincident remembrance
Knew your thoughts, and thought of you ?'

In gazing on such a scene as the one from which I have just turned, there seems to be a medium of communication between us. You will assuredly watch that moon and those stars; they will give rise to thoughts and feelings which your friend can realize and enjoy. The ordinary medium of communication—the interchange of thought and feeling in bye-gone days—has so far opened out to us their hidden springs, that this more subtle and refined intercourse of the spirit assumes almost the certainty of language. I am not now indulging in any vague dream of fancy. These are certain and instinctive premonitions of an eternal spiritual life,—a life now imprisoned, hereafter to be free,—a life which even here has sometimes strength enough to plume its wing, and at least struggle to soar to that perfect communion with kindred nature, which it shall one day fully enjoy.

"Much as I value your friendship on earth, dear Sarah, I look forward, very often, to the time when it shall receive a nobler stamp—a higher impress—before the presence of God and holy angels. The thought would seem presumptuous, it does in some moods, but there are moments, such as Young describes as 'quite on the verge of heaven,' when the soul is lost in that loving confidence which appropriates His merits who hallowed human friendship, and left His own life as our example,—itself adorned with one pre-eminently exalted friendship. There are moments, when the expectation of such a consummation of our friendship seems anything but presumptuous. Our thoughts tend ever on and rest not in the present,—a glorious foreshadowing this of the loftiness of our future life."—Do they not err who are expecting the enjoyments of heaven to be altogether different in their nature from those of earth? Scripture teaches that there is an intimate connexion between the present and the future of our history. It represents the future as the consummation of the present—the produce of seed

we are now sowing. Necessarily we shall carry with us into the future world our mental and moral tastes and habits —for it is to form these we are sent here. Everything therefore that is a proper source of enjoyment to our moral nature here, will be a source of enjoyment there. The contact of mind with mind will be as pleasing and as beneficial. Every earthly Christian friendship will be perpetuated, and of course "receive a nobler stamp." In fact we may infer from Scripture that the bond of intercourse will be mental and moral, rather than fleshly, kindredship.

She proceeds: "I have read Mrs. Judson's life. She was a fine woman. Her biographer, however, has spoiled the book. She was Dr. Judson's second wife, the worthy successor of the brilliant and accomplished Ann H. Judson. She died on her passage from Burmah to America, and was buried at St. Helena. Some of her poetry is rich in simple pathos and genuine feeling. One poem has especially pleased me. It reminds me of Bishop Heber's: 'If thou wert by my side, love.' But the circumstances give it a deeper interest. She was about to part from her husband at the Isle of France; he to return to Burmah; she to seek renewed health in America. It proved a final parting. I will just copy the first and last verses,—the last her fingers ever penned:

'We part on this green islet, love,
Thou for the eastern main;
I for the setting sun, love,
Oh! when to meet again.

'Then gird thine armour on, love,
Nor faint thou by the way,
Till Boodh shall fall, and Burmah's sons
Shall own Messiah's sway.'"

After describing some exciting but unpleasant occurrences, she thus addresses the same friend on July 1st: "Amid all this hurly-burly you will readily believe that I have not

had much time for reading. I have, however, got through Charlotte Elizabeth's 'Personal Recollections,' with which I have been much pleased. I do not award unqualified admiration, but I admire her style, and her deep, earnest endeavours to promote the cause of Protestant truth, of religion and humanity. It is wonderful she accomplished so much with such a barrier to free communication.

"Her deaf and dumb boy is quite a study. It is curious to trace the strange originality of his ideas, and how luxuriant they became, as his kind patron assiduously uprooted the weeds in that moral waste, which became a garden of the Lord. If you have not read it, you would be greatly interested in the progress of his mental powers. From the strange notion that the stars were cut out with scissors, and stuck in the firmament with the end of a thumb, behold him rising to the sublime idea, that the lightning was the opening and shutting of God's eye, and the rainbow the reflection of His smile."

In twenty days thoughts are flowing from the pen for the same friend again: "Don't you know Longfellow is an especial favourite of mine, fantastic though he sometimes be? I should very much like to hear 'Evangeline' well read. I like the 'Spanish Student.' Many of the passages have a great deal of beauty in them. There is a mine of heart-wealth in that reply of the gypsy girl, contrasting her own ignorance with the varied learning of her lover, and clinging to him with all the deep devotion of her woman's heart, while measuring the distance between them she meekly, sadly, but nobly says:

'I cannot reason, I can only feel!
But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.
Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think
We cannot walk together in this world;
The distance that divides us is too great.
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;
I must not hold thee back.'

"Speaking of Longfellow reminds me of the sweet hours I spent with him in the Isle of Wight. What glorious minds we may commune with by our own hearth, while they are carrying on their operations in another hemisphere, or, perchance, in another world.

"And now farewell. The sun is shining, and ere my truants (her mother and a visitor) arrive, I should like half an hour's commune with Horace Smith amid the flowers—those floral apostles, that in dewy splendour 'Weep without woe, and blush without a crime.' I wish you were with me, I would resign Horace for that pleasure most gladly. As it is, however, I must away with my silent companion—

> 'Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column
> Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
> But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
> Which God hath planned.'

How vast and deep the love which God has treasured up in these 'ephemeral sages' for our unfolding!

> 'What instructors hoary,
> For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
> Each fading calyx a memento mori,
> Yet fount of hope.'"

Many times, no doubt, as she had stood beneath Jackdaw Crag, and watched the liquid surface,—now rippled, now "smooth as the polished mirror," but always reflecting the clear or clouded sky and numerous trees—and listened to the mingled notes, sometimes, it may be, of fancied harmony, of the feathered songsters, a full tide of poetic sensibility had rushed through her soul. Would that she had frequently embodied her emotions, alike when her mood had given complexion to the scene and received complexion from it! We have one poetic reminiscence written this summer. She entitled it

A SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE WHARFE.

Here is a refuge for the world-worn heart,
  A quiet nook where peace and plenty reign ;
Where the lone spirit writhing 'neath the smart
  Of bitter wrongs, or crushed affection's pain,
Or fainting in the battle line of life—
  Or struggling with the crested waves which rise
In thundering rage—may gird itself for strife,
  Or arm for patient toil. Here weary eyes
May feast, and pale not, upon Nature's charms,
  And in the shade of moss-grown rock and tree,
Where low-voiced waters run 'neath sheltering arms
  Of crag and bower, the heart may learn on Thee
To lean, Thou all-beneficent ! whose love and power
Are pledged to guard thine own in every trying hour.

There are those who would have us believe that to surrender the soul to evangelical religion is to robe it with gloom, and renounce all self-respect. Let such read the following lines—the breathings of Miss Hessel's inmost heart. They were not the utterance of a momentary excitement. She had first recorded the confessions they contain in her diary, and afterwards, as we have seen, she transmitted them, as an act of reciprocity to her friend in Leeds. With such self-abasement as a vivid view of the infinite majesty and purity of the Divine Nature cannot fail to inspire, there is no gloom, no asceticism, no self-despection. On the contrary there is an expression of delightful filial feeling toward God, a deep sympathy with all that is bright and joyous in nature as being but the dim reflection of His ineffable goodness, and a glowing exultation in the prospect of endless existence. It is an unutterable solace to her dearest friends that one so buoyant—whose conduct had not unfrequently exposed her to the charge of frivolity—should now find cherished sustenance for her higher nature in contemplations so tranquillizing and ennobling.

Eternal Spirit! Thou who reign'st supreme
O'er the wide earth, and the unnumber'd worlds,
On which I gaze enrapt in silent awe;—
Thou who hast hung on high those glorious gems
Spangling the outstretched curtains of Thy throne;—
Thou who art Sovereign Lord of all that is,
Of all that from eternity hath been,
And through immense eternity shall be,—
To Thee I cry: and from the solitude
Of Thy majestic temple dare to raise
My feeble faltering song. And can'st Thou deign
From the unshadowed glory of that throne
Which angels gaze not on, to hear my prayer,
And listen to an erring mortal's praise?
Father in heaven, all things are Thine,—Thy care
And Thy creation,—who Thyself dost reign
Thron'd above all, th' Eternal, Uncreate:
All things are Thine, and all Thy sovereign care,
From the rapt seraph, who for ever stands
Nearest the dazzling glory of Thy throne,
To the minutest thing that doth rejoice
In the young fleeting life which Thou hast given.
And I am Thine! I tremble when I think
Of the great universe Thou dost sustain,
Of worlds that sprang to order at Thy word,
And sink to chaos when Thou dost command;
My heart is bowed within me, and I feel
A cypher 'mid uncounted millions,—
An atom on creation's boundless shore,—
A speck on ocean's vast unfathomed waste.
Yet, All Beneficent! I bless Thy name
That Thou hast made my being like Thyself,—
Immortal. Here, in Thy solemn temple,
Under the lofty dome Thy hand hath rear'd,
Amid the dark woods' twilight solitude,
Alone with Thee, I worship and adore.
O Father! Lord! though wide be Thy domain,
Thine eye pierces my being, reads each thought,
Scans present, past, and future. Oh! I seem
To stand, reading the record of the past,
Beneath the blaze of Thy Omniscience,

The record of my folly, sin, and pride.
Before Thee I confess them all. My soul
In its unfolding bloom, went strangely out,
Questioning things around me of Thy Being,
Nature, essence. But wayward and perverse,
Of Thine I learnt not Thee. When riper years
Built up their meed of folly, I had dared,
Spurning the lessons of thy love, to doubt
Thy care and goodness, and forgetting all
With which Thy love had blessed me, my proud heart
Yearned for the gifts Thou had'st denied—wealth, fame
With clarion voice, and beauty's dower, the rush
Of 'winged words,' the gift of lofty song.
All these hath my young heart desired, in these
Had fancy given to happiness her home.

But now, O Father! wise, and just, and good,
My Father! now I bless thy name for what
Thy wisdom hath denied; and would adore
The goodness which so richly hath bestowed.
I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast tuned my heart
To nature's symphonies; that all its chords
Vibrate with joyous music; and bound high
To join the harmony which swells the deep,
Unceasing pœan of the universe.

CHAPTER VI.

One of the remarkable features of the Bible—J. B. Gough—Valuable lessons learnt from annoyances—Longfellow—Misinterpretations of Providence—"The death of Abijah"—Gilfillan's criticism on "Abijah"—Southey's Life of Cowper—Alexander Smith's Life-drama—John Howe's remark on Pantheism—Nature an educational-agent—"The Ministering Angel."

It is one of the many remarkable features of the Bible, that it supplies materials suited to every variety of thinkers. The philosopher and poet, as well as the divine, may there find large employment for their powers. It is almost as ample a storehouse of themes for the poet as for the preacher. One of its historical events was now engaging the attention of Miss Hessel with a view to a poem. After narrating numerous engagements, she says to Miss N—— on August 23rd: "I did, however, spend the whole of yesterday morning in study. My subject was an interesting one—the revolt of the ten tribes—Jeroboam's accession, with the circumstances connected therewith, up to Abijah's death. The result you may see some day in a little blank verse poem, which is now in progress.

"I suppose you will have heard of our drive to Leeds a week ago. We arrived at the Music Hall at seven, where we met your brother, and managed to find standing room at the extreme end of the hall, where, by the aid of your brother's shoulder, and the kind assistance of a dapper little gentleman from Baines's office, I managed to maintain my equilibrium on the edge of a plank for two mortal hours. But I was abundantly repaid by the eloquent oration of Mr.

Gough. I never listened to a man of such diversified natural talents, nor heard a history so strangely romantic. Totally uneducated, he has been raised from the very depths of social degradation. Stripped of wife, children, and parents; every tie which bound him to humanity wrenched asunder; and degraded, in his own eyes, to a leprous, polluted thing, which it would be an act of mercy to crush out of existence, see him rising at the age of twenty-five; and having startled most of the cities of the Union with his thrilling eloquence, he has come to England by special invitation. Intense study and excessive labour have much impaired his health, but, at thirty years of age, he seems in the full bloom of mental vigour. It requires a more vivid pen than mine to describe his style, since he can apparently adopt any, and be original in all. He will sketch a scene with the most minute and delicate pencilling—burst upon you with a rush of overwhelming eloquence—shrivel up your heart with the most cutting sarcasms, stroke after stroke, each one finer and more pointed than the last—melt you to tears with his thrilling pathos and touching appeals—convulse you with laughter at his life-like descriptions and inimitable mimicry—and finally, after having touched and wound up the master chord of every bosom in a vast assembly, with a genuine child-like simplicity he will acknowledge his gratitude to God for the position to which he is raised, and confess that he holds it only by faith in the atonement, and simple, constant reliance on the strength which God supplies. I wish you could have heard him."

"It seemed something like a comfort," she writes to her cousin at Howden on August 26th, "to see such a respectable letter from you, especially after one had been ignorant of your whereabouts in this round world for some months. I am right glad to hear you have enjoyed yourself so much. You know my maxim is, there's nothing like travelling, and

no mode of travelling like that of steam, whether by land or sea. It is glorious to be one of that 'half a living world,' borne along by the great fire-horse, over valleys and through mountains, running races with the wind and annihilating time and distance. But as I have not got much to annihilate this morning, I must not let my fancy run away with my wits. I will only add that I hope to hear all about your journey from your own lips, ere long."

Her brother, who had now completed his allowed term of ministerial service at Bristol, was naturally wishful to be nearer his widowed mother, and was appointed to the Woodhouse Grove Circuit, to reside at Idle. Miss Hessel, in company with a sister of Mrs. William's, who was on a visit to Boston Spa, joined them on the day of their arrival. It is not surprising that Mrs. William's first impressions were unfavourable. She was not only, for the first time, taking up her residence amongst strangers, and exchanging a city for a straggling irregularly-built village, but the manners of the people contrasted unfavourably with those of her previous acquaintance. And "troubles seldom come alone." Our friend's letter to Miss S. R—— furnishes too just a glimpse of some inconveniences attendant on the life of a Wesleyan minister, and too interesting an exhibition of the writer, to be suppressed. September 6th: "I have sat down this morning feeling very doubtful whether to laugh or cry, but finding the former more agreeable, have had an explosion, and now proceed. I shall certainly not soon forget the experience of the last three days. We found Sarah very low, Minnie very mischievous, and a lazy half-witted woman in the house, who began to be ill on Sunday, and after frightening us dreadfully by most unearthly noises, was dismissed. On Monday we got a little girl. But a troop of events happened before that.

"Fanny went out of chapel poorly in the evening.

During the night she was taken worse, and without light or anybody to get one, we passed some miserable hours. At length matters grew so bad that I was compelled to grope my way in this strange house, and find some matches. Fanny spent the night in sickness and violent retchings. No doctor can be had here. The old one died last week, and the circuit-steward had to fetch one from Bradford. A young Methodist doctor came, very clever, I understand; a preacher's son too, whose sympathies therefore were soon enlisted in our favour. Fanny is much better this morning, but Mr. L—— says she has been very ill, and had not the medicine taken effect, she would now have been in a very precarious state.

"It was an amusing scene to see him standing by her bed-side, she pertinaciously maintaining she must get up, and he,—with his tall figure, good head and eyes, but most remarkably mild and gentle expression of countenance, and low unassuming voice,—saying: 'I will not allow you, though of course I cannot hinder you.' Poor Fanny, she was compelled to submit, notwithstanding the easy manageable look of this undoctor-like young doctor. He has just departed, and I hope we shall have no callers to-day. Fanny is to nurse, and if I were to tell you the diversity of my employments yesterday—the incessant toil, yet infinite variety, which kept me at it from four o'clock in the morning until ten at night, you would think it almost incredible. William and I had many a laugh over it.

"I have philosophized on these matters with some advantage I hope. I have learnt that a thing may be noble or ignoble, according to the spirit in which it is performed—that labour is dignified when it is rightly estimated, and that usefulness is more honourable than that false refinement which despises it. There are two sides to every subject, and the brightest is best worth looking at. It is not quite easy, I admit, to accomplish this, but it is possible;

and the effort is valuable apart from its results. But my egotism must come to an end."

On the 19th she writes to the same friend: Since I came home I have begun to study a little, but I have no results worth communicating at present. I feel sadly deficient in mental energy. My mind is painfully exercised sometimes. I have an increasing conviction that my duty lies in the direction I have previously intimated to you, and though my efforts at present must be humble, I feel convinced that the great truths which take firmest hold of me are unpalatable to the mass of religious readers in the present day. I have many disadvantages, and my poor head is sometimes racked with thoughts which few could understand. Occasionally I feel a desire to quench the aspirations of this intellectual life within me, but I dare not. However little of happiness it may bring, and however much of mental toil it may involve, I feel that my motto must be 'onward and upward,'—*must* be, because there is a moral obligation resting upon every human being to do what he can for God and his fellow-men.

'Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

'Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.'

"I was charmed with a remark made by a lady to Mrs. Stowe, at Maine, Longfellow's birth-place, the forest of which is described in his introduction to Evangeline. Reading his poems amid the scenery which has given such life-like beauty to them, she remarked: 'He must have learnt his measure from the sea; there is just its beautiful ripple

in all his verses.' After hearing this, the singular music of Evangeline has a double charm. One or two passages are now lying before me that strikingly illustrate its truth. There is something exquisitely beautiful in the truest poet of nature setting the sweet fresh poetry of his heart to the music of the waves.

"I envied you the honour and pleasure of an introduction to Mrs. Stowe. May-be that happiness is yet in store for me, though a world of waters will soon lie between us. There is a very good explanation of 'Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness,' in her tale: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Her health improved so greatly during this summer, that a hope of protracted life began to dawn. This was welcomed not so much for the sake of realizing enjoyment as usefulness. Though this involved conflict, as she well knew, she deemed that no reason for not desiring or attempting it. She writes on October 8th: "More than seven months have elapsed since I made an entry in this book, and in reviewing the last record, I have been struck with the change which has slowly, but steadily, been working in my mind with reference to life. I feel a growing anxiety to do something for God and my fellow-creatures before I leave this world, and for this reason my desire to live has become ardent. I think I am right in the conviction that my chief medium of usefulness must be my pen. Often have I spread this matter before God, and while endeavouring to cultivate the talents He has given me, I have been sustained by the hope of His blessing on my toil. Temptations of a painful nature have assailed me, and I have sometimes almost yearned to quench the aspirations of this intellectual life, and to shake off my responsibilities to God for the talents He has bestowed. Oh! the mental conflict I have endured! But, generally speaking, my thoughts on this

subject have been of a more pleasing character, and I have been thankful that my lot has been cast amid circumstances favourable to the development of my mental powers."

Early in this month she paid a visit to her uncle at Howden. A letter, in an unusually sombre strain, is addressed to Miss N—— on October 19th. "I always notice," says she, "that when one sad memory takes possession of the heart, it is like a magnet, it attracts dozens more, until the 'chambers of imagery' are hung with sable, and every picture of light and beauty is hid in the dim folds of its drapery."

Two days afterwards she says to Miss S. R——: "I am now about fifty pages deep in the life of Sir Fowel Buxton. I am reading it with great interest and some care. You know that I generally stumble upon books in a very accidental way. I have had the curiosity to mark of late the character of such as I have thus met with, and with a grateful observance of the minute arrangements of Providence, I am led to think that an unseen hand has supplied those best fitted to prepare me for the life I have chosen. The last five words are spoken in faith, for truly sight cannot penetrate that life, and distant indeed, even to my faith, does the realization of my wishes appear. Still I am doing something, though it be but girding on my armour."—It is the delight of the devout, as it is the duty of all, to observe "the minute arrangements of Providence." For the sake of young readers, however, it may be needful to utter a caution against misinterpretation of the designs of Providence. For the same reason that the Almighty prohibited the tempting fruit of a tree He himself planted in the garden of Eden, He requires us to avoid many tempting books placed in our way. A twofold purpose is clearly intended by all the occurrences of life. One is to reveal our character, the other is to aid in its formation. It is needful for the invigoration of virtuous principle that it be sometimes exercised in acts of resistance. Whenever there-

fore the agreeable becomes the practicable, a call arises for the enquiry: Is this to be accepted or rejected? And that question is to be answered solely on grounds relating to the Divine will.

Gratifying as it is to find Miss Hessel thus recognizing Providence, there is much less cause for surprise in the fact to which she adverts than at first view might appear. She was not likely, in the circles in which she moved, to meet with books unsuitable for her perusal. The ever-increasing supply of literature renders it increasingly important to exercise discretion in our choice. Solomon's aphorism: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed," is worthy the earnest consideration of all readers.

She proceeds: "I am dotting down thoughts in a very medley style, and I believe my first humble effort will be a short paper for our 'Miscellany,' addressed to the young, on the importance of making life a useful and honourable thing.

"I could not in a letter, nor indeed in any other way, tell you a fraction of the temptations or perplexities which assail me—of the racking thoughts which find no anodyne but prayer. Again and again have I to say to myself, as I would say to those who may have patience enough to follow my 'thought-tracks:' True, God has not called you to the lofty task of writing upon that blackened monument of a nation's disgrace, the American slave law, the sentence of destruction, holding it up for every nation of the earth, Christian and Pagan, to arise and ratify. But because you are not one of those master-spirits which sometimes alight upon the world as pioneers in its great moral reforms, pointing the nations to the dawning of that day of Millenial glory which shall surely come, have you no part nor lot in this matter? no trophy to win 'in the world's wide field of battle' for Him who won eternal life for you? no work in the vineyard which your Saviour's blood hath purchased, and which He hath given to His church to cultivate?

"Many practical subjects start up before me, to which I feel almost irresistibly drawn. I wish to clothe my thoughts upon them in appropriate and concise language, and to enforce them by short earnest appeals to reason and the Bible. Some of these are founded on passages in our Lord's sermon on the mount. How much I should like to personify the spirit of sectarianism which exists in the present day, and hold it up to receive the condemnation of the gospel of Christ."—This was not a sudden and therefore transient feeling. Hers was a truly catholic spirit. From her inmost heart she said: "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Will not every reader join in that supplication? How unutterably to be regretted that difference of opinion in matters of creed or polity should constitute a barrier to heart-intercourse amongst the followers of the same Saviour—the expectants of the same everlasting home! Shall the servant adopt a more rigid standard of requirement than the Master? Shall we exclude from our fraternal regards those whom we believe He not only accepts but approves and honours? Is not this essentially an anti-protestant, as well as anti-christian, spirit? Is it not virtually to deny the right of judgment to others? Nay, is it not the incarnation of presumption and pride, by arrogating to ourselves the capability and right of determining what is to be held and practised in matters for which persons are accountable to none but God? Let those who cherish sectarianism hold themselves prepared to give substantial reasons for it. And especially let those who fraternize more cordially with those who differ from them on points they hold to be vital, than with those who differ on points held to be secondary only, ask themselves how they can justify such conduct.

"My dear girl," she proceeds, "your sphere of action is a vastly important one. None but an infinite mind can grasp the results of your labour in that one department of

your toil for God and man—the Sabbath school. Oh! when we get to heaven, and trace influence in all its infinite ramifications, we shall wonder that we allowed any opportunity to pass of sowing seed—seed which may bear such mighty produce, and which never can return to the sower unfruitful."

After a very pleasant visit of nearly six weeks she returned to Boston Spa, and on Dec. 1st assures the same friend "it would be charity of the very noblest kind," if she would come and spend a week with her. Three weeks after, however, she makes known the tribute she can levy from disappointment even: "You may imagine how disappointed I felt that you did not come. And yet the anticipation was more dreadful than the reality. Is there not always more intensity of feeling in the anticipation of a thing than in the reality? I think I have always found it so in sorrow. There is a natural adaptation of the mind to circumstances, which is in itself a blessing of no mean order.

"I must borrow from Bishop Heber, and say, 'If thou wert by my side, love,' here, on this matter-of-fact sofa, I think we should discuss a few things 'in particular' with some earnestness. I have thought a great deal about 'you and yours,' although 'I and mine' have engrossed so much attention lately. I have just cut up into spells the first draft of a paper which is now on its way to that mysterious personage, the editor of a London periodical. 'Tis a very humble effort, but it has gone to a very unpretending magazine. I was too intensely dissatisfied with it to dress it up as neatly as might have been. There is but one thought which prevents me eschewing pens, ink, and paper for ever, —it is the imperative duty of trying to be useful. How easy it is writing to you! Were it but as easy to write for the public, it would be mere child's play—a simple pouring out of the soul through the pen as natural as a child's confidences to its mother, and as easy.

"I am somewhat of an invalid, neither poorly enough to lie in bed, nor well enough to be of any use up. I have suffered a great deal from mental depression for the last few days. This has been partly from natural causes, over which I had no control, and partly the result of my sedentary habits, which, of course, I could have controlled."—There is more in this brief statement than some readers may see. To regard it as simply explanatory of her own case, is, no doubt, to extract all the meaning she intended, but certainly not all it admits. How many instances of mental depression, of bodily affliction, of death, even, are there, of which it may not be affirmed that the cause was partly beyond, and partly within, control? Science may now be said to have demonstrated that human health is just as much the subject of law as animal or vegetable health. There is the same propriety in attributing exhaustion from toil, or feebleness from fasting to Providence, as lost health. They are all results. It is provided by the All-wise Ruler that those who neglect physical requirements shall sooner or later experience physical suffering. Ignorance is no shield from the penalty of transgression in Divine, any more than in human, administration.

One of her young friends, now resident in the metropolis, had elicited the promise of a poetical composition. After informing Miss S. R——, now on a visit to that friend, that she was but little improved, and that medical aid had been procured, she apologizes for the delay. Jan. 20th, 1854: "Give my love to Miss Elizabeth, and tell her how vexed, mortified, and ashamed I am, to delay the fulfilment of her request. My ears did burn furiously, and on that veritable Friday evening too, so much so, that I really wondered whether anybody was talking about me, and I repeated: 'Has a strange mysterious feeling' &c.,—you know the rest. I leave the fact for you to reflect upon, perhaps until

you bring to light a principle more subtle than animal magnetism—a spiritual telegraph, to whose messages our attention is called by ear-burning instead of bell-ringing. Ah! there are indeed 'more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.'

"I enclose you 'Abijah,'" she says to the same friend on February 5th, "which I have just finished, after a fortnight's cessation from all care and thought, at least of a literary kind. I am better now, and have derived great benefit from a fortnight's romping with Minnie, my little niece, who has been here with her papa and mamma. She has grown a sweet child, and such a lively little creature that books and work were almost laid aside for her. Indeed her Imperial Highness did not admit of such a division of her subject's attention, but took them from me and scattered them.

"I must beg you to return the enclosed as soon as possible. I have only this copy, and don't yet know its destination. I cannot write about it what I want you to know. Do your best to find fault with it; that is, give me the benefit of that judgment and taste which you know I value, but which you have hitherto abstained from furnishing on your friend's productions. You know I don't want eulogy."

"Abijah" was duly returned, accompanied with commendatory comments. "Your criticism, alas! is too friendly to be taken for a specimen of a public one," she replies on the 20th. "I am a better hand at finding fault with it than you." The reader shall have the opportunity of judging of its merits. Its proper title was

THE DEATH OF ABIJAH.

I Kings xiv.

FAST fell night's shadows on the lofty towers
And gorgeous palaces, that reared their heads
Like the creation of some sorcerer's wand,
In Ephraim's mount. Sunlight had faded from

The valley, where in sullen gloom, o'erhung
With draping mist, cold Jordan urged his way
To the deep silent lake, where lay engulph'd
The cities of the plain. The golden light
That linger'd on Mount Gerizim grew dim,
And the tired antelope upon its brow
Sought a still resting-place; while in the plain
Ten thousand songsters hush'd their warbling notes;
Ten thousand blushing flowers that fondly turn'd
To the sun's slanting beams, now slowly clos'd
Their velvet petals, till his gentle kiss
Should softly wake them on the coming morn.

All Nature, with her vesper-hymn of praise,
Her matin-song, her noon-tide offering,—
Her ceaseless fealty to the God of Heaven,—
Protests against man's vile ingratitude.

In a rich chamber of the regal halls
Of Shechem, twilight threw its pensive shade;
And Israel's new-made monarch silent sat
In royal misery. Fierce passions rent
His guilty soul. But ever and anon,
As his eye rested on the couch where lay
His dying son, the father's heart was stirred,
And even as a child the strong man wept.

That morn, in the full flush of kingly power
He had led Israel forth to sacrifice
Unto strange Gods in Bethel. In a new
And gorgeous temple Nebat's impious son
Stood by the altar, and before high heaven
Utter'd a nation's base apostasy.
Signal and swift had been th' avenging sign
Of the insulted Deity. Israel fled
Before that heaven-arm'd prophet at whose word
The idol sacrifice, with all its pomp,
Was as the chaff before the angry wind:
While he, the self-made priest, stood stricken there
A monument, one moment, of the just
And holy law of God,—the next, a pledge

To a backslidden nation, that in wrath
He would remember mercy, and forgive
His chosen people's sin. They who came forth
With dance and song on that bright morn, now fled
Back to their homes in silence and in fear.
And he who, in his guilty pride, "had made
"Israel to sin," sat in his palace home,
Waiting the dread fulfilment of that curse
Wrought by ambition and the lust of power.

Abijah slept.—And Jeroboam bent
To hear the deep-drawn breath and murmur'd prayer
Which ev'n in sleep his child was off'ring up
To the true God.
The slumberer woke and rais'd
To his hot brow a thin, white hand, and cried
In a faint, passionate tone, "My mother!"

"Thy mother hasteth, child! She brings for thee
"From Shiloh, the glad boon of health. The sun
"Is hid behind the mountain, and her steps
"Are nearing home. Look up and greet her, boy,
"With a fresh smile and pleasant! She has laid
"Her queenly robes and royal state aside
"And journey'd far, as a poor wayfarer,
"To bring the cooling balsam for thy brow;
"And the sweet word of promise from the lips
"Of him who first did hail thy father 'King.'
"To-morrow the rich glow of health shall rise
"And mantle on thy cheeks; and thou shalt chase,
"Ere long, the wild gazelle upon the hills,
"And mount, with thy free bounding step, the rocks
"Where the young eagles dwell, and gather flowers
"Spangled with morning's diamond dew, to twine
"In the dark tresses of thy mother's hair.
"Thou smilest, boy! and thou must live to wear
"Thy father's crown,—the sire of a long line
"Of Israel's kings. Posterity shall hear
"The far-resounding echoes of thy fame,
"And nations know thy prowess and thy might.
"Look up, my son!"

He raised his bright, dark eyes,—
Which, like two restless, fiery orbs, had roll'd
Unceasing, till a heavy slumber quench'd
Their scorching light,—making the father's heart
All tremulous with hope.
"Father, I know
"That thou dost love thy child. But I must go.
"And God hath given me strength ere I depart
"To speak to thee. Nay, Father, hear me!
"It is even so. And Shiloh's prophet
"Hath confirm'd the word unto my mother.
"I saw her in my dreams with her pale face,
"And way-worn step, before the man of God,
"Bowing her head, and clasping her fair hands
"Upon her heaving bosom, as a wild,
"Sad wail of anguish rent the air, press'd out
"From her cleft heart. My precious mother!
"All vainly hast thou striven with thy strong love
"To o'ermaster Death. I shall clasp thy neck
"No more,—and twine my fingers in the curls
"Of thy rich glossy hair,—and hear thee sing
"Thy low, sweet evening song—no more! no more!
"Father, the cup is bitter! but the hand
"That holds it to *my* lips hath mingled love
"With the fierce chastisement, and my heart bows
"In meek submission. Thou and thy people,
"O, my father! have provoked Jehovah,
"And stirred up His wrath. Israel's God is just,
"And holy, hating sin,—a jealous God,
"Whose glory cannot be divided, nor
"His honour yielded. Therefore hath He sworn
"To smite the nation,—as a frail reed shook
"By the strong rushing waters,—and cut off
"Thy seed for ever. Forgive me, father!
"If, in aught, thou deem'st my words unfitting
"The deep reverence I owe to thee. But God,
"Who speaks in visions, and in dreams reveals
"Even to babes His will, hath shewn to me
"Something of sin's dread curse. The majesty
"Of His dishonour'd law must be avenged
"By a just retribution. I could die,

"And e'en with gladness pour out my young life
"An offering for my people, if my death
"Might stay the curse, and bring back Israel
"To repentance."
A deep groan burst forth
From the proud heart which even yet rebell'd.

The shadows deepen'd o'er that dying couch,
As with strange energy two clasping hands
Were raised in fervent adoration; while
A tremulous voice pour'd forth in prayer
The o'erflowing heart:
"Thou dread Jehovah!
"God! *The Almighty God!* Maker of worlds!
"Father of spirits! mine doth humbly bow
"Before Thee! *God alone!* I worship Thee!
"And recognise Thy laws as holy, just,
"And good. All power, dominion, empire, rule,
"In the Great Universe are Thine. Thou art
"*The One true object of all sacrifice;*
"All homage, praise, and prayer. All things are Thine.
"And to Thy sovereign care, I, a frail child,
"Commit myself; into Thy gracious hands
"Pour out my spirit."
The uplifted arms
Fell powerless. Quickly the rose-tint faded
From the soft cheek. On the half-parted lips
A sweet smile play'd, as a cold, icy hand
Gently seal'd up the quivering eyelids;
And the rich, jetty curls lay motionless
On the white drapery,—for death in all
Its still sublimity was there.
The king
Gazed silently one moment on the face
Of the fair sleeping boy. But as the strong
O'ermastering tide of grief rose high, and swelled
His heaving breast, he turned, and with bent head,
But firm, unfaltering step, passed through the throng
Of gather'd courtiers. His stern nature sought
Silence and solitude to wrestle with
Its mighty sorrow.

Across the threshold
Of the rich marble hall a woman came
With eager step, and floating hair unbound,
And dress all travel-stained. Wildly she scann'd
The dusky group, as each uncovered head
Bow'd reverently before her; then passed on
To the dim, silent chamber, and knelt down
By the still sleeper. Her crush'd heart held woe
Which had no speech, or language, and for which
Tears were no utterance.

All Israel mourn'd,
In tent and city, with funereal pomp,
A Nation's hope cut off.
But He who set
Before His people "good and evil," with
The "blessing and the curse," read the dark page
Of each unhumbled heart, and bade the scourge
Track closer in the steps of Israel's sin.

She subsequently informs her friend, that yielding to earnest solicitation, she had submitted this poem to the criticism of Gilfillan. "You will be surprised to hear that Mr. J. E—— and I have struck up a sudden and rather intimate literary acquaintance. I sent him 'Abijah,' and requested he would mock me by doing ditto. He has since called, and was very communicative. We discussed poetry, reviews, great men, ourselves, &c. He criticized 'Abijah' rather freely; said some pretty things about it, and then after a pause, said in his abrupt way, 'You shall send Abijah to Gilfillan!' I stared, gasped, protested. Gilfillan, who lashed the Athenæum the other day for their review of 'Balder,' in such a terrible style that every stroke makes even a spectator writhe! One cut of such sarcasm would annihilate me. I should be a little bird in the talons of an eagle, a trembling prey in the grasp of a lion. 'Nonsense! you must send it, or I will. Now that's settled—you'd better do it.' So after many a sigh, and many an expostu-

lation, a note was written begging the favour of the Rev. George's criticism on the pet child of my fancy. He seized it lest I should repent and not post it. The answer I will copy: 'Your poem is very touching and natural—really a sweet description of a sweet and sad passage of life. I would advise, however, a little more careful finish. A good many of the lines are too short, and don't scan well. This, however, is a fault you can easily remedy.'"

On receiving her friend's observations she replied: "I believe you are right about Gilfillan. But you see I'm such a queer mortal. You remember that sweet little story in that very naughty book of Goethe's, of a child found in an ivied ruin playing with the paw of a lion which was laid half dozing, winking his great eyes with a sort of delicious consciousness as the child sang a sweet plaintive song. The lord of the forest forgot all his terrible strength and ferocity while listening to that child. Well, when I first read Gilfillan's note I complimented myself by feeling very much as that child must have felt, could it have reasoned on its own act. But then I twisted the words until they meant nothing; and at last suspected him of being something less than a lion. You say truly—'incongruous mortal!'"

"I am just wishing, dearest Sarah," she again writes to her Leeds friend on March 13th: "that I could give you in Cowper's own words, his apology to Mr. Newton. I adopt the thought however, and tell you that if you wish to be remembered by me, you are never more effectually so than when I am in your debt. I think of you continually, and one reason why I have commenced a task to which I really felt averse, is, that I may not only think of you less, but think of you with more pleasure. I have written so many letters since I saw you, that I have really hated the sight of a pen for the last few days, especially as I have been suffering all those qualmish, languid feelings which

generally oppress me in early spring. I feel ashamed however that more than a week has elapsed since I parted with you, and my promise to write is only beginning to be fulfilled.

"I have just read Southey's Life of Cowper, and am now revelling in his letters. How melancholy his life has made me! and yet that last sentence which closes Mr. Johnson's account of him, almost makes one exult. 'From that moment,' (his death) 'till the coffin was closed, the expression with which his countenance had settled, was that of calmness and composure, mingled as it were with holy surprise.'"

"Alexander Smith has a few gems in his book," (Life Drama,) she writes to the same friend again on April 22nd, "as many as I expected in so short a poem. Some of his thoughts are very beautiful. He does not however touch the lyre with such a master-hand as Philip Baillie. Making due allowance for the difference in the length of the poems, there are richer pearls strewed more profusely in Baillie's poem than in Smith's. Baillie is more truly, deeply, intensely, a poet. How subtilly Smith distorts truth to uphold a heterodox opinion, or to favour that mystic refined infidelity which poetry has so metamorphosed and tricked out that the Devil might be pardoned for not knowing his own child. Listen:

> 'Love is a sanctifier; 'tis a moon,
> Turning each dusk to silver; a pure light,
> Redeemer of all errors.'

Again:

> 'Walter, dost thou believe
> Love will redeem all errors? Oh, my friend,
> This gospel saves you! doubt it, you are lost.'

This reminds one of many a gospel truth, and at first sight it does not look unlike the sweet truth which our Saviour uttered concerning the penitent and pardoned Mary Magdalene. But ah! how unlike. What a gem that 'glorious

guide' of Walter's 'proud boyhood' must have been! Hark!

> 'He loved all things,
> From God to foam-bells dancing down a stream,
> With a most equal love.'

In plain prose he was an innocent fool; or more charitably, a man with a warm heart, but very ill-balanced judgment. To love foam-bells may evince peculiar poetic sensibility, but to love these with an affection 'equal' to that cherished towards God is impious."

After a criticism on the same work addressed to Mr. F——, she writes: "A gentleman told a friend of mine the other day that he believes 'Festus' to be an inspired book, and did not hesitate to reckon it another revelation. I confess I am horrified at such things, and I tremble for the youth of the land, even the religiously educated youth. There is so much in this rationalism or subtle modification of it, which ministers to intellectual pride, and offers incense on the altar of human vanity, that it becomes highly dangerous. Where open infidelity would be cast off as a viper, it

> 'Creeps through the chambers of the soul,
> Like a foul toad, polluting as it goes.'

I do not ask Mr. Smith's pardon for such an application of his slightly altered lines. He would not grant it if I did. John Howe, the brightest star of divinity in Cromwellian times, flashed the light of his unclouded intellect on this subject in one sentence. It was scarcely known in England in his day—this same doctrine of God in every thing, and no personal presence any where. 'It amounts to the same thing,' said he, 'as infidelity. The one proclaims there is no God, the other leaves no creatures to worship him.'"

Early in April she learnt from her sister-in-law that her brother was taken alarmingly ill while attending a meeting

of the committee of the Woodhouse Grove School, and that the nature of his complaint rendered it unadvisable to remove him for some days or possibly weeks. "Your letter this morning made us all sad," she promptly replies, "but I am pleased to find your own spirit is so hopeful. I thought of writing you to-day, not having the least idea you were in distress. We feel thankful that William and yourself are in such comfortable quarters, and have such kind attention. Tell me if I can do anything for you, or be of any service to you in any way. How well to be prepared for all the contingencies of life."

In a letter to Mr. B.——, she says: "I am alone this evening, and have been standing for some time by the window watching the silvery snow as it was driven by the fitful wind in blinding showers, to the discomfiture of many a luckless wight who had dared its fury. I have enjoyed a long walk this afternoon to the Paper-Mill Bar. The landscape presented a charming and novel appearance, and as I looked across the valley in which our village is situated, I almost felt as if it had become a purer clime. Like every other beautiful thing in nature, it not only bears a mysterious analogy to our moral nature, but as a silent monitor it has its own language interpreted in the answering echoes of every human heart. For—

> 'Like the many fair hopes of our years,
> It glitters awhile—then melts into tears."

"'The world is full of types,' says Cheever; 'it is an education by types and analogies. The reigning constitutional ideas in the soul of man are counterparted, as it were, in the forms of nature. The constitution of our globe has been arranged for their development.' Lord Bacon has remarked, he says, 'It is the glory of God to conceal a thing, but of man to find it out; just as if the Divine Spirit were wont to be pleased with the innocent and gentle sport of

children, who hide themselves that they may be found; and had chosen the human soul as a play-mate out of His indulgence and goodness towards man!' This is a lovely picture of divine condescension. But it is not for our enjoyment merely that we are lured on in the search. There is combined with this gratification of the instincts of our nature a beautifully perfect and unique system of education for our moral and spiritual being. Alas! that we should be so insensible to the great truth that man was not made for the world, but the world for man.

"Until, however, the rudely blasted image of the Divine original is in some measure restored to man by the renewing power of the Holy Spirit, the visible forms of nature, as agents for his education for eternity, are unmeaning and void. True, there are in unrenewed minds instinctive yearnings which bring them into fellowship of an elevating character with the silent utterances of Jehovah. But this fellowship in its indistinct and but partial development, only proves that there still linger around our fallen humanity traces of primeval grandeur and beauty—faint and faded rays of the reflected glory which adorned the brow and encompassed the moral nature of the first man in Paradise."

"The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed
If Thou the Spirit give, by which I pray:
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
Which of its native self can nothing feed.
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
Which quickens only when Thou sayest it may.
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it, Father! Thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread.
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly!"

Though not published till a subsequent period, the following was composed by this time. It was entitled

THE MINISTERING ANGEL.

"Are they not all ministering Spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—HEB. i. 14.

I saw a vision. 'Neath a lowly roof
I marked a maiden young, with streaming eyes
And hands uplifted, bend as if in prayer.
Amid her raven tresses, and the folds
Of her deep sable robe, there beamed a face
So sadly fair, it seemed unearthly; while
Her slender form was fixed as sculptur'd marble.
But I gazed 'till thrice her swelling bosom
Heaved convulsive, and her quivering lips
Thrice strove to bear the burden of her prayer,
Yet seem'd unable. Then I nearer drew,
And still'd the throbbings of my heart, to hear
The fulness of her laden soul burst forth
From those blanched lips.
"Father in heaven!" she said,
And paused; while o'er her features came the deep,
Dark shadow of a mute despair. It pass'd.
And then, as hope triumphant rose, she clasp'd
Her tenuous fingers, and in one wild burst
Of passionate prayer, exclaimed, "Father in heaven,
Be thou the orphan's friend!"

I saw a seraph;
One who had fulfilled a high commission
From th' Eternal Sire, and now returning.
With lightning speed, his shining form pass'd
Through the ambient air. He paused. His face
Beam'd sympathy and love. Could angels weep,
He would have wept; but bending low, he caught
The echo of that prayer. Then, quick as thought,
He plumed his radiant wing, and upward flew.
I traced his flight past suns and systems, worlds
And planets in their course. Still onward, through

Vast white-robed ranks of angels, countless hosts
Of cherubim and seraphim, and all
The blood-bought souls of the redeemed, onward
And upward still he flew; nor drooped his wing
'Till at the star-encircled throne he bent
'Mid the cloud-curtained glory.
Heaven's high song
Was hushed, and music slept upon the strings
Of every golden lyre.
From the white throne,
Whose dazzling radiance, all unveil'd, no eye
Of man or angel might behold unscathed,
The Almighty Father spake.
Swift as if borne
On wings of light the obedient seraph flew;
And I beheld him pour the healing balm
Into the heart of that young mourner: yet
She saw him not, but in her inmost soul
She heard the whisper of that "still, small voice."
Quickly she rose, and with uplifted hands,
And smiling lips, and joy-lit eye, exclaimed,—
"I thank Thee, O my God!"

Then back to realms
Of cloudless day the minist'ring angel pass'd,
And joined the myriads of that happy band,
While fresh strung harps swell'd out the bursting song
Of "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord!"

The radiant vision pass'd away. I woke.
But still the strains of that exultant song
Hung softly brooding o'er my lowly couch,
Filling my wond'ring soul with holy joy;
While still there floated in my listening ear
That "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord."

CHAPTER VII.

Life of Dr. Chalmers—Rev. Gervase Smith—Bazaar at Eccleshill—Her model of a woman—How hidden strength is brought out—An Incident turned to good account—Mrs. Stowe's Sunny Memories—An interesting Italian—Phases of inner life—The Employments of Heaven — War—Perils of her early mental history—Parker Willis—Female authors—A Spiritual anodyne—Nearness to Christ—Talfourd's Memorials of Charles Lamb—An Affectionate appeal to an unconverted friend—"Lessons from flowers."

Miss Hessel had less leisure for the acquisition of knowledge than would be supposed. The whole household duties were performed by the mother and her two daughters, the younger of whom, in consequence of delicate health, was unable to take her share. The service rendered by Miss Hessel to the "Sewing Society" was considerable—often beyond what prudence warranted. Her large circle of friends entailed an extensive correspondence. Nearly four hundred letters have come into the writer's possession, most of them containing eight, and many twelve, or more pages of note-paper, closely written; and these are but a selection. The value placed upon her society involved the consumption of much time in paying and receiving visits. In addition to the active service rendered to her own religious community, she engaged this summer in a general canvass of the village for subscribers to the British and Foreign Bible Society. Supplementary to all this, she frequently assisted efforts in distant places to promote philanthropic and religious projects. A bazaar about to be held at Eccleshill, a village in her brother's circuit, to promote the erection of a new sanctuary, was now taxing her ener-

gies. "I rise between five and six," says she, "sometimes at four, and seem to have my hands quite full during the day."

Her thirst for knowledge was unabated however, amid these pressing calls of active duty. "Though I am fully employed," she says to Miss S. R—— on June 12th, "I manage to read a little. How, I can scarcely tell you. But I am fixed in my determination that this last blessed boon of my life shall not be wrested from me. My library at present consists of 'Geology of the Isle of Wight,' 'Tasso's Life,' and 'Jerusalem Delivered,' the last number of the 'London Quarterly,' 'Naomi, or the Last Days of Jerusalem,'—a good tale of the siege, with which you would feel interested—and lastly, I am fascinated beyond measure with the 'Life of Dr. Chalmers.'"

"It is Sabbath afternoon," she writes to the same friend a fortnight later, "a stillness almost oppressive reigns within and without. The rain is falling noiselessly. It has quenched the music of all but one or two daring songsters, whose clear shrill notes are the only sounds which occasionally disturb the unusually audible tick-tick of the time-piece. While I write the rain suddenly descends in noisy torrents, and the courage of my feathered minstrels is fairly quashed.

"Well, at this hour for thought, I review the past, and with a feeling of pensive gratitude record the loving-kindness of my Heavenly Father. The deep cloud under which I had been walking for some time, when I last wrote you, had a silver lining, and soon after my letter was despatched it turned outward a little fringe of light, which has been deepening and widening ever since. One sometimes wonders in the retrospect that the trial should have been felt so keenly. When the deliverance has been wrought out, we see how much more patience we might have exercised, and how many fears we might have quelled. We could have done this if we had forseen the issue. Oh! how this

rebukes our unbelief! How lamentable our want of faith in the power and wisdom and love of our Father! Oh! this cursed unbelief—this millstone around our necks, which prevents our aspirations after growth in grace from being realized. May you and I be delivered from it!

"I am getting on with the second volume of Chalmers, and am deeply interested. I like his views on faith exceedingly. They harmonise most beautifully with the teachings under which I found the way of salvation, and, as I of course think, with the Word of God. I very much admire his letters to his sister Mrs. Morton, when passing through that stage of her religious history where she saw 'men as trees walking.' Here is a precious passage which has abounded with comfort to my own mind: 'The sun in the firmament is often faintly seen through a cloud, but the spectator may be no less looking to him than when he is seen in full and undiminished effulgence. It is not to him who sees Christ brightly that the promises are made, but to him who looks to Christ. A bright view may minister comfort, but it is the looking which ministers safety.'

"I am wishful to close my long letter as nearly as possible to-night. To morrow we are going to Tadcaster to their Missionary Anniversary, so that I shall not have much time.

"We have had a blessed Sabbath; an excellent sermon from Mr. Hudson this evening from 'Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord, that I am God.' He spoke of individual witnessing for God amid the dishonour cast upon the holy name by those around us; of witnessing as a Christian people against Sabbath desecration; and of witnessing as a nation against the infidelity and indifference manifested towards God. Some of his remarks on individual testimony for God were very striking. Oh! how we undervalue our own influence! I feel very deeply and painfully on this subject sometimes. I think that I too readily imagine that in using my pen in the service of God I am exonerated

from the more difficult, and to me particularly distressing, duty of witnessing with my mouth."—The reader, not personally acquainted with Miss Hessel, will wonder at this concluding statement. The wonder will be dispelled when it is stated that she had an impediment in her utterance. It was contracted in her girlhood by the circumstance, it is believed, of a domestic being thus afflicted. That it had a nervous origin is evinced by the fact that when she became interested in a conversation, it would nearly, if not entirely, disappear.

She proceeds: "I had intended finishing my letter yesterday, but our cab came sooner than I expected, and I had no time for writing in the morning. We had an excellent meeting. Gervase Smith surprised me. I had only heard him preach once. There was nothing in what I then heard to warrant the expectation of such a speech as last night's. His rapid utterance, though it makes the general effect of his speech more brilliant, leaves you no time to enjoy the detail, or more properly the component parts. He passed through almost every system of religion in the world, giving a strikingly concise epitome of each, showing its mutability because it was man-made, and that it was only preserved from speedier ruin by the admixture of truth which it contained. And then, taking the Gospel, he led it to every country of the world, and showed its adaptation to the peculiarities of every nation and people, beautifully sustaining his proposition by quotations from the sacred volume. Imagine yourself standing on a lofty Alpine summit, the panorama around is but dimly seen through the mist and darkness; suddenly the lightnings begin to play; they leap from rock to rock, from mountain to mountain, and you catch a vivid but rapid glance of each fire-illumined point, till you have gone through the whole scene in succession. Thus did Gervase Smith lead us over almost every nation of the earth, flashing the light of the Gospel upon each. I wish you could have heard him."

To her cousin, she says on June 28th: "I should have written yesterday, but we had a party of seven came in to tea quite unexpectedly,—Mrs. W—— and three daughters, two ladies from North Shields, and one from Bilston in Staffordshire. They were a pleasant party, and we quite enjoyed their visit. Judge of my tremour however, when one of the ladies from North Shields, a fine, intelligent-looking woman, in parting with me at the station, told me that she was so glad to have met me, that she had read some of my pieces, and had had a great wish to see me before she left Yorkshire; giving me also some very encouraging counsel. Her husband is a ship-builder; and she told me how familiar she was with ignorance and wretchedness, which she could but slightly alleviate; said how hardening a tendency the constant witnessing of such scenes had; and added, 'You who write for religion and humanity, whose sympathies are not blunted by familiarity with suffering and degradation, have a work to do, in keeping alive the flame of benevolence in us, who are too apt to pass by as remediless what we are so accustomed to witness.' You may imagine how surprised I felt. Yet after the train had whirled them out of sight I felt thankful; first, that I was unconscious of this until we were just parting; and secondly, that I had another motive furnished me to work, one which I had never before so vividly realized. It brought before me the sweating sons of toil wearing away their lives in the dock-yards and collieries; and the responsibilities attaching to their employers for their moral and intellectual culture.

"Do not forget, dear Mary, that it is your privilege to say, 'Being justified by faith, I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' That peace will possess your heart just in proportion to your faith in Christ. As you are found looking to Him you will realize this more fully. The experimental doctrines of Christianity are very simple and concise,—faith in Christ producing love to Christ; love to

Christ producing obedience to His commandments; a perfect faith and a perfect love ensuring a perfect obedience. At this we should constantly be aiming. The Bible sets it forth as the standard to which we should be conformed."

The 8th of July finds her in a railway carriage whirling her way to Idle to assist in preparations for the bazaar. This done, she has to take some prominent part in realizing the desired results. To these, her "Death of Abijah" contributed. Though anonymous, interested parties wisely deemed it good policy to whisper the secret, and the writer became of course an object of attraction. A letter to Mrs. S—— reveals a little of what transpired. After a few jocose remarks on the failure of her correspondent's predictions concerning her future history, she writes on August 11th: "Well, here I sit in this quiet parlour your same old friend, perhaps a tinge or two of age on my brow since you saw me. R—— says it is all nonsense. I look just twenty-two, and am not to look a bit older for some time to come. I believe I have brightened up a little the last week or two, for do you know my presence at this bazaar was quite like re-entering the world. I have led almost the life of a recluse since Sophia went to Bristol,—my own thoughts being my chief companions. I was quite unprepared therefore for the homage paid me. This reminds me of the cause, and I enclose you a poem which was sold, and which became pretty generally known to be mine on the second day. It was a running secret the first. I am not going to entertain you with the rather exciting and novel position in which I found myself. Suffice it to say that I passed unscathed alike through careless flattery and serious compliments."

After an absence of nearly six weeks she returned to Boston Spa on Wednesday Aug. 16th. A portion of the Sunday following was spent in reporting some of her experiences to her friend at Leeds: "This afternoon as I knelt on the

old familiar spot, it seemed to me that I had scarcely realized the devotion of the closet from the time I last knelt there on Sabbath afternoon. Amid the distracting, disturbing events of the last six weeks, that subtle insinuating dogma of Carlyle's has presented itself to my mind a thousand times, 'Work is worship.' Truly if I could believe that, I might esteem myself almost a saint. But no engagements however pressing, no work however honourable, that causes me to think less of God, or to restrain prayer, can be acceptable in His sight, who has commanded us to sanctify every word and work by prayer.

"I have not yet so learnt the art of self-culture as that my mental and spiritual growth may be mutual and proportionate. I never had a season of unusual mental exertion but to the serious neglect of spiritual, domestic, or physical culture, and vice versâ. I think this subject one of great importance, and in my aspirations after my ideal of a woman, nothing presents to my mind a greater difficulty."—The Scriptures set forth a very practicable method of vanquishing this difficulty: "Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." If, in every pursuit, we seek to serve and honour Him, we shall avoid the evil she laments, and secure the good she covets. The student, the tradesman, and all others, should know that anything short of this is not Christianity.

"I must combine expansiveness of view with concentration of purpose," she proceeds, "in order to that beautiful harmony of character so desirable in woman. It is true that for a man to excel in anything, for all the purposes of life, he must devote himself to some branch of science or business. I mean, I would have him to follow one business and excel in it. But woman's mission is somewhat different, at least, that of most women,—for there are exceptions to every rule,—and my model is perfect in every thing that comes within the sphere of a virtuous, intelligent,

domestic woman;—so perfect that it is no easy matter to determine in what she most excels."

After some prefatory remarks, she writes to Mr. B—— on Aug. 26th: "I marked a rapid development of character when I last saw you, but I do not wonder at that. There is nothing like sorrow and trial for unfolding a budding character. God often uses the rough blasts of adversity for developing and maturing hidden strength. I noticed the same results in Anna. Again and again I was reminded of Mrs. Hemans:

> 'There is strength
> Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck
> But little, till the shafts of heaven have pierced
> Its fragile dwelling.—
> Must not earth be rent
> Before her gems are found?'

Earnestly do I pray that the sorrows which have fallen with such a crushing weight upon yourself and your beloved sister, may drive you nearer to Him who alone can lighten the burthen, and teach you to derive all the benefit which He has designed. . . . .

"Much as I admire poetry, and the adornments which a poetic imagination may fling around a subject, I think the efficiency of a discourse is often marred by a too free use of figures and the flowers of poesy. Oh! my dear friend, do avoid making these your staple commodity. It would not do for an ambassador charged with the important interests of a mighty nation, to clothe the purport of his mission in language which the people would simply admire. An ambassador of the King of Heaven has business to transact for his Sovereign of the highest importance, and it becomes him to set forth the nature of that business in language clear, perspicuous, and forceful. In making this your first study,

do not understand me to mean that you are carefully to exclude all ornament."

"I think it one of the most pleasing features of our friendship," she writes to Miss S. R—— on Sept. 10th, "that some of the best and holiest emotions of our nature are those we most eagerly seek to share, in the full confidence that they will be appreciated and sympathized with. She is a friend indeed whose spiritual presence I can take with me, and make the companion of my heart of heart communion—a sense of whose soul-presence I would rather not shut out when I close the door against every earthly thing, and shut myself in with God. Such a friend are you. And thus it is, that on a Sabbath afternoon, when I am always alone, I seek communion with you.

"My thoughts are somewhat dreamy and vague. I was at chapel this morning and heard Mr. W——, but this same dreamy mist on the senses prevented me deriving much instruction through the ear. A little bird which had flown through an open window, preached a more intelligible sermon to my heart through my eyes. The little terrified prisoner sought to escape through a circular window nearly at the top of the chapel. Vainly did it spread its little wings and flutter against the crystal walls of its cage. And as other little birds skimmed through the air on joyous wing, or nodded and sang on the leafy branches of the trees close by, the weary captive grew more and more impatient, and fluttered and pecked with greater intensity, until its strength was quite exhausted, while beneath were abundant opportunities of speedy and safe egress. Do we not sometimes, like that little bird, find ourselves encompassed with snares and perplexities? Our souls are in a prison house. Around us we see fellow-christians on buoyant wing, soaring away under a bright sky, and we make many a fluttering effort to join them. We are resolved to effect our freedom,

strike out our own path, and overlooking the only practicable and safe mode of deliverance, we exhaust our strength in efforts, which, like those of the little bird, only raise a dust about us, and darken the light that beams upon our captivity. But we have to descend before we can soar. Our enfranchisement has to be effected upon our knees. The door of our prison opens too low to be recognised from the lofty height where we thought to wrench the bars off our grated window, and thus effect our escape.—You will pardon the incompleteness of the simile, and forget, for a moment, that it does not go on all-fours, for the sake of the instructive lessons supplied by the one or two analogous points."

Three days afterwards the incomplete epistle receives a large addition: "I have just finished 'Sunny Memories,' which I bought on the strength of your very encouraging criticism! Said criticism haunted me half way through the book, and I half believed it to be true. But I now go a long way beyond even your last conciliating and modified critique. Mrs. Stowe is a gem of a woman when she gets away from the foreign atmosphere of English aristocracy, and the bewilderments of Stafford House. I have followed her with increasing delight amid the sublime beauties of Alpine scenery, continental painting, and architecture. She is a woman after my own heart, with strong and genuine emotions of love, pity, and admiration or disgust. There is an intensity in her feelings which I relish exceedingly, and not the least interesting manifestation of it is in that higher phase of life which she designates fun. To borrow and modify a thought of her own, this mood of her mind is, to me, analogous to that attribute of the Divine nature which we see expressed in flowers. It does not in the slightest degree 'disenshrine' her with me, no more than the commonest and most useful every-day creations of God, or the bright laughing flowers with their fragile, fading, passing beauty, make me say of their Creator: He is less a God of majesty

and power than I thought Him to be when I looked on the mountain, the cataract, and the avalanche. I have a few more thoughts on this subject which I must reserve for another day.

"I have been thinking a great deal to-day of that case which the Spirit of God has fastened upon my mind. I think I never mentioned it to you. It is attended with no alternations of hope and fear, because I am shut out from all knowledge of the workings of his mind. But I am shut in to the promises of God's faithfulness, and I have lately been conscious of a remarkable test of my faith in these promises. A new view of the subject was suddenly started in my mind one day. I thought, I have been praying every day for more than six months for the conversion of Mr.——; if my eye be single in this matter I shall be willing that my knowledge of the result shall be deferred until 'the day shall declare it;' and I shall be willing to pray on, trusting only in the word of God. 'I am willing,' was the prompt reply of my heart. Let him be but the first fruits—the wave offering—of that glorious harvest of his land, and I am content to go down to the grave with only such a knowledge of the fact as I gather from the passage, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name it shall be given you.'"

—An interesting phase of character is revealed in this paragraph. The gentleman here referred to was an Italian, whom she met with during her visit to the Great Exhibition. He was an inmate of the same boarding-house in Charterhouse-square. His large intelligence, refined manners, and great affability, deeply interested her, but the decisiveness with which he expressed his disbelief in Divine revelation deeply affected her. He avowed utter surprise at finding her a believer, declaring that the conduct of the priests in his country made it palpable that they believed religion to be a fable. Little would he imagine that the stranger-lady would make his spiritual welfare a daily

subject of presentation at the throne of grace. What reader will not hope that her disinterested solicitude may issue in blessed results?

Are we, however, to regard the Divine Being as promising that our prayers for the conversion of particular individuals shall be specifically answered? That would be to misapprehend the nature of moral government. Undoubtedly His Spirit strives with persons in answer to prayer, and we may hope for those strivings to prove effectual; but we have no promise on which to exercise faith for such a result. The passage quoted, and all that class of passages, relate to spiritual blessings sought by the suppliant. The Almighty, we must ever remember, does not act toward men as machines, but as moral agents.

"I rejoice," she proceeds, "in that field of labour which has opened to you, and almost wished I was gifted with your talent for visiting. Let me be thankful however, and cultivate the talents I have. I have three. The work of my hands I offer willingly; the work of my head, poor as it may be, is at the disposal of God and His church, and the cause of humanity; and though my prayers are feeble, I feel conscious of an awakening to the value and power of prayer which I have hitherto failed to realize. Oh! my friend, the thought has sometimes almost overwhelmed me, if the prayers and pleadings of a life-time should result in an event whose final issue might prove the evangelization of that land 'where Satan's seat is,' would it not be a glorious consummation of even a long life of unceasing self-denial and prayer? Alas! I must have more personal holiness before I dare hope for such an answer. But the thought that such results might ensue were I possessed of the necessary qualifications, is one of such magnitude and importance, as sometimes bows my spirit to the dust. Only to you could I have written thus.

"18th. I am rather amused when I glance over my

eulogy of Mrs. Stowe. You must not suppose that I mean by my admiration of earnestness of feeling, a woman whose life is a series of volcanic eruptions. In general I prefer a quiet forcefulness in the expression of feeling. I felt quite pleased that we differed in our opinions about the book."

Her brother's continued debility consequent on the attack previously mentioned, rendered his removal to a southern climate imperative. Miss Hessel aided their preparations, and this exertion following close upon the toils of the bazaar, made too large a demand upon her physical resources. On the evening of Sunday September 24th she writes to Mr. B——: "I am a prisoner to-night. The influenza of which I spoke in my last has not yet left me, and I am under medical attendance. I have some reason to apprehend a winter of trial in this respect. But I trust I am willing to suffer. Mr. S—— does not discover any organic disease; but I am weak, and have suffered greatly from the air-vessels of the lungs having become clogged, and thus causing me pain in breathing.

"I have spent half-an-hour in intercessory prayer to-night, in which I have had near access to God. As my circle of sympathies has widened beneath the genial influences of the Sun of Righteousness, I have been enabled to plead with fervour for those whose weal is near my heart. I have prayed that you may become a faithful minister of the New Testament, and dispense the word of life with power and effect. I cannot tell you how near I have sometimes come to the mercy-seat of late. I sometimes feel impressed with the conviction that I have not long to bow before it. The other morning I felt my whole soul pervaded with this thought, but along with it there came such a sweet assurance that my Father's house was open to receive me—that my crown and mansion were waiting only for my fitness to wear and inhabit them—that I was led to plead for that holiness

which is the only preparation for the enjoyment of heaven, as well as the only title to it. To-night I have had similar yearnings and assurances.

"My state of mind is very fluctuating. My indisposition has quickened some susceptibilities I would fain have had to slumber. I feel a morbid sensitiveness, which I know from past experience is the result of weakness; and I have moments of deep depression—seasons when my eye of faith scarcely sees the Saviour by reason of the clouds and darkness which intervene. But my hand of faith when stretched out has never failed to grasp Him; and thus I have an abiding sense of safety even when joy is withheld.

"How often we forget that we are saved by faith, not by joy or peace or any other fruit of the Spirit. I feel a willingness to leave myself entirely in God's hands with reference to life or death. Sometimes I feel like a wearied child, that would fain go home to her father's house. At other times, when the weakness is partially removed, I feel as if I had a work to do for God before I go hence. And then the feebleness and worthlessness of all my working oppresses me, and I feel as if God could remove me without loss to His church. Then again I sometimes think, God may take me hence, and when I have put off this mortality, with its trammels, infirmities, and sinfulness, He may use me still, with my enlarged and unencumbered faculties, in promoting His glory, perhaps in accomplishing those very results which I have been most anxious to accomplish here. How much the disembodied spirits of the glorified share in the work of promoting Christ's kingdom on earth we cannot tell. All my musings on this subject end in the prayer: 'Thy will be done in me and by me.' I feel, even when trying to decide what I should really prefer, it is utter ignorance clinging to infinite wisdom—perfect helplessness leaning upon Almighty power.

"There are other phases of my inner life I should like to

mention, but cannot now. I make no apology for troubling you with anything so personal. I know your sympathies, and that you will understand my feelings.

"Do you not often speculate on the employments of heaven? Shall we not carry with us, and find means of exercising, our most refined intellectual tastes there? Surely we shall. We read of no change passing upon the spirit—upon its tastes and faculties to prepare it for a different order of existence. Take a soul wholly purified from sin—made holy after the scriptural standard—and when that spirit has dropped its earthly tabernacle, it needs no added faculties, no altered tastes, to fit it for the enjoyment of heaven. I often think there are certain subjects of research which will be especially interesting to me, from the fact that I have here struggled to comprehend them. Then the enlarged faculty will be free to pursue its investigations, with no impassable barriers to its progress."

Her patriotism constrained her to rejoice in the intelligence of the fall of Sebastopol—false, as it afterwards proved—circulated early in October, but her philanthropy constrained her to mingle sorrow with her joy. "I was in York on Monday," she writes to her sister-in-law, "when the news arrived about Sebastopol. The Telegraph Office was besieged by a gaping crowd. Little strips of paper with the despatches on, were being circulated with incredible swiftness. Commercial men brightened up, and everybody met you with the news which everybody seemed to take in good faith. The bells sent forth their merry peals, and the booming cannons shook the old city to her very walls. I walked about with a choking sensation in my throat, and a suffocating feeling in my heart. It seemed as though the dying agonies of the soldiers, and the bitter wail of thousands of wives, daughters, sisters, and mothers, were concentrated in one stifled, unutterable groan, close to

my very ears. I thought of the fervent prayers in which my whole soul had joined: 'Give success to our armies, send us a decisive and glorious victory;' and then I thought of David, who said: 'By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation.' As a nation we have prayed, and God has answered us by 'terrible things.'

"I don't know how I should get on if I lived in Portsmouth; for here, where I hear little news of the war, the demand upon the emotional part of my nature is quite exhausting. There must be a fearful breaking down of bravery among the troops when the fever-heroism of battle is over, and the dead and dying are missed from the ranks. There is nothing strange to me in the hero of Waterloo saying, with tears in his eyes: 'There is nothing more terrible than a victory except a defeat.'

"As we rode home from York on Monday evening, it seemed impossible to believe that such a glorious and harmonious brotherhood of stars as looked down upon us from their eternal dwellings of love, were ever intended to smile upon any world where peace did not reign. The little towns and villages had caught the enthusiasm of the old city, and all their bells were ringing out their modicum of joy at the news. I sat silent, and wondered, when the heirs of God should have the mysterious roll which contains the secret of His moral government of the world unfolded to them by the angels, with what eagerness they would question these eye-witnesses as to all the anomalies which must oft have puzzled them. Leaving the subject until 'the day shall declare it,' I felt content to reason with Longfellow:

'Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred;
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Should wear for evermore the curse of Cain.'

And then a bright picture presented itself, and with a faith borne aloft on the strong pinions of the poet, I repeated:

'Down the dark future through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace."

Peace! And no longer from its brazen portals,
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies;
But beautiful as songs of the Immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.'

"Perhaps I ought to apologize for troubling you with these sentiments, but if opinions are worth anything they are worth circulating; and when every human mind shall be imbued with the conviction that Peace is the heritage of the world—the legacy of our ascending Saviour, who had died to purchase it—and that war is opposed to the spirit and letter of the New Testament—then the world's jubilee will have arrived, and people will talk of war as we talk of the mythology of the Greeks.

"'Aye, say some, but your sentiments are in advance of the age. They can be realized only in the far-future.' Of course not. But then they are pioneers and heralds of that future. They are tending towards its realization. It can never be reached without them. Let the principle of peace impregnate the mind of the masses; let England, for instance, and the western world, hold them as national truths, and what an influence this would exert on the rest of the world. Let the nations of Europe also partake of the same spirit, and you are on the eve of a universal peace. Every individual who cherishes and tries to disseminate these principles, is helping to bring about this era. All honour

to such men as Elihu Burritt! An unbelieving world may scoff at their fanaticism; but they are pioneers in the world's great moral reforms. They are strong in faith, believing the promises of God, and aiding, as every believer in revelation is bound to do, in their fulfilment."

The importance of depositing sound doctrinal truth in the minds of children, is forcibly illustrated by a brief statement relative to her own history in a letter to Miss S. R—— dated October 13th: "Many thanks for your letter. I was dressing when it arrived, and the train of thought I was pursuing was singularly analogous to the sentiments contained in your first sheet. I was looking back on my past mental history, and tracing the workings of my mind in its vague but earnest search after truth. I remember the time when all the elements which form the ground-work of that cumbrous system of pantheistic philosophy which has gained such hold on the mind of the present age, were struggling to form themselves into a settled creed in my own mind. Fortunately, I knew not then the existence of such a philosophy. Books of that nature were inaccessible, and in my circle of acquaintance the system was unknown, or at least unspoken of. Had it been placed before me, it would have acted like a magnet on the chaotic mass my mind had accumulated, and I should at once have embraced it. Thank God, a better light has dawned ere the fascination of its shadowy mystic twilight was suffered to pass before me. I believe neology originated in pride of intellect.

"Thank you for the amusing reminiscence of the budding of my 'young ideas.' I have set up a few intellectual way-marks since then for which I am thankful, but I am ten thousand times more grateful for the moral way-marks I have had to rear.

"This intelligence of carnage and bloodshed has made fearful demands upon the emotional part of my nature, and

I began to feel that I must dismiss the subject from my mind. I believe I should have tuned the lately unstrung chords of my lyre to this subject, had not Longfellow expressed my thoughts and feelings so much better. Our friend Parker Willis says it is one of the highest intellectual pleasures to find our own thoughts and emotions well described by another. I quite agree with him.

"I am amusing myself with his 'Pencillings by the Way.' Poor Willis! we have loved him like a petted and wayward child. He has delighted and annoyed us a thousand times. And now he is dying of consumption. I am sure you will join me in fervent prayers that his lyre may swell the music of the angels."

By the middle of October she appears to be greatly improved in health, as she certainly was in spirits. "I have just been reading an article in a periodical which has amused me greatly," she says to Mr. B——. "It is on 'Female Authors.' Its purport is that an unmarried woman once fairly convicted of literature, must never expect to sign her marriage-contract, but may make up her mind to solitariness in the world she presumes to create for herself. Miss Landon is the only scribe recognised 'who was ever invited to change the name she had made famous.' All married literary women, it is asserted, 'wore orange-blossom, before they assumed the bay-leaf.' It is enough to frighten one if matrimony were the great end of our existence. But as I believe that a life of usefulness in the fullest and best sense of that word—universal usefulness, if you will admit the term—is the highest good of woman, I think that matrimony even should be subservient to this end. And where it would clearly impede the development of certain peculiar talents for a sphere of usefulness more extended than even that high and holy one of domestic life, it may properly be dispensed with. All honour, say I, to the noble-minded women who

have toiled for the good of the million, and denied themselves the sweets of those dear domestic charities! I shall have another laugh at the absurdity of treating you to my thoughts on this subject.

"I was pleased with your letter and can fully sympathize with your thirst for knowledge. Let us be careful to grow in holiness as well as knowledge. We are in danger of forgetting to sanctify our mental acquisitions—of neglecting our spiritual, while nourishing our intellectual, life. May God help us to watch!"

In a strain that will gratify every Christian reader, she writes to Miss S. R—— on November 5th: "What a precious religion is ours! How it abounds with consolation to the believer under all circumstances! Here is an anodyne just suited to my case to day: 'For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.' I awoke this morning with a slight indisposition, and a degree of mental prostration which has made me an easy prey to temptation. I have felt my inability to command my thoughts through the day. A torrent of such as are vain and worldly has been rushing through the mind. I have prayed to be delivered from them, and have had sweet glimpses of higher and better things,—alluring but brief manifestations of spiritual beauty and glory which my spirit pants to grasp, and which seem to beckon me and say, 'Come up hither!' Then there have been fierce conflicts—lightning flashes which have revealed to me the deep, deep depravity of my moral nature, and almost overwhelmed me. Through such sudden revulsions of feeling have I been passing all the day, and now, with a subdued heart, I turn to Christ my righteousness, and behold in Him a High Priest who sympathizes with His suffering follower. I think I have felt fellowship with Him in suffering to-day. I never experienced so deeply as of late that the Christian's life is a conflict.

"I feel it very difficult to speak of my spiritual state satisfactorily. I don't think I could convey, even to you, a correct idea of my past week's experiences. I have felt sensibly nearer to Christ. I have had clearer views of Him and of my own heart. The result of that nearness to Him has been greater tenderness of spirit and conscience. Those indications of the carnal mind I have heretofore but slightly noticed have been quickly observed by me, and instantly repented of. And oh! what a fulness of love has appeared in the heart of my Redeemer! Every moment I have seemed to try it,—a sinful thought, a hasty or foolish word, has occurred; but there has been with the quick consciousness of sin, an instant looking to Christ, and the sweet feeling of renewed forgiveness. You have seen a little child who is learning what it may, and what it must not, touch. It has arrived at an age when a stricter obedience is required. It is yet partially ignorant of the higher requirement, and through this ignorance and thoughtless waywardness, is constantly transgressing. But the moment it is made conscious of the fact, the instinct of filial love prompts it to seek its mother's face, and in its tender expression, it reads forgiveness. Just so have I felt while endeavouring to meet the requirements of that law which has lately appeared in a more vivid light. Hence I have had clearer manifestations of the loving, patient, long-suffering, and sympathizing heart of my great Redeemer."

Large as was the circle of her friends, a welcome addition was made this autumn. Mrs. W——'s excellencies soon elevated her to the place next only to Miss Hessel's long-tried friend in Leeds. In reply to an application for occasional contributions to one or two favourite periodicals, she writes to her on Nov. 22nd: "There are times when I almost sicken at the sight of a pen. Were it not that the resolution to do something for God in this way was born of

the agonizing prayer and the tearful enquiry, 'Lord! what wilt thou have me to do?' I would gladly abandon it. My present circumstances are somewhat trying. I seem neither to be writing nor working. But I endeavour to be contented. There are processes of thought and phases of experience going on which I doubt not will be of after service to me. I long to see you, to ask your opinion of some of these perplexing experiences. I find it difficult to communicate them, and sometimes doubt the propriety of doing it."

A letter to Miss S. R——, Dec. 7th, reveals the practical tendency of her aims, but gives mournful evidence of the over-taxation of her powers: "I am at home to-night, a prisoner from a cold and sore throat, and so have taken up my pen to have half an hour's communion with you. I have been taking out tracts this afternoon, visited the school, and attended the teachers' prayer-meeting. It has been in some respects a very pleasant and profitable Sabbath. I think I am getting hold of a more excellent way of living. I spent last Thursday with Mrs. W——, and I am sure the visit did me good. She has got hold of the right method of making life a noble and useful thing, and in studying her character I find many things I deemed impossible to me coming within the range of possibility. May I have grace to carry out the purposes I have formed to weave my web of life into a better and more useful texture!

"I have suffered great mental depression lately, and I begin to see now the folly of my conduct. I have been anxious to complete a little narrative. I have had only the evenings for writing. The labours of the former part of the day have been arduous and mostly sedentary. I have gone out very little, and often 'with fingers weary and worn,' and sometimes 'with eye-lids heavy and red,' I have sat down to elucidate a passage of Scripture, or commit to paper my thoughts on some doctrinal point. After many a fruit-

less attempt, worn out in body and mind, I have retired to rest, confessing, sometimes with tears, that I was altogether an unprofitable servant, and did nothing for God, but only seemed attempting something. Harassed by such thoughts, I have risen the next morning from a fitful slumber to drag through the same weary round of duties, and tell the same mournful tale in the ear of evening. I see now that I have been charging too much upon myself, more than I can perform, and hence my present prostration. I long for some change. I look forward to my visit as a weary desert-traveller looks towards the distant oasis."

This letter remained in her portfolio till the 12th. She then adds: "I have just finished 'Talfourd's Final Memorials of Charles Lamb.' They make me very sad. What a lovely character he would have been had he possessed true religion! I never read anything, nor do I ever expect to read anything, so sweetly touching, so nobly sublime, as his devotion to Mary. One circumstance narrated nearly upset me for the day. It was the picture of Lamb and his sister met by a friend, hand in hand, wending their sorrowful way to the Asylum, both weeping bitterly, like children. Affectingly does he say to Coleridge: 'Mary has gone from home again. These terrible visitations cut large slices out of the time we shall have to live together.' At last he refused to part with her when she was attacked, and he says so lovingly: 'When she is not violent, her rambling chat is better to me than all the sense and sanity of this world.' She herself was accustomed to prepare for the attacks; and when they came, Charles asked leave of absence at the East India House for a few days pleasure! that he might take her to the Asylum. What a mockery! She used to pack the strait-waistcoat herself when they took their little country excursions. The book contains some very clever sketches of Coleridge, Haydon, Hazlitt, Dyer, Goodwin, and others, from the pen of the Sergeant. It is very interesting; but

a sad and sorrowful picture of two lives—for Mary is interwoven with all he says and does—which needed only religion to make them the most sublime specimens of living martyrdom the world ever saw."

"Those people are a puzzle to me," she writes to Mr. F—— on Dec. 21st, "who talk of time hanging heavily upon their hands. It glides over my head like a swift fleecy cloud, and I am constantly marvelling at its rapidity. I never seem to get a day's work into the day. I believe my busy head maps out too much work. You will wonder to what such an introduction can be the prelude. It is simply to explain how it is that your valued letter has not been answered sooner. It is all true, nevertheless, and not a mere colouring to a lame apology.

"I am glad to hear that the ladies of my uncle's household are so laudably employed. My mother, God bless her, is ready for every good work. I expect her reward to be apportioned by the Great Master in that lofty eulogy of Mary, 'She hath done what she could.' Might I have such an utterance, I should have nothing higher to wish for."

The deep interest she took in the spiritual welfare of her cousin, created a similar interest in behalf of this gentleman, her cousin's most intimate friend. Well worthy of being pondered, and not read merely, are the sentiments she proceeds to record: "I was pleased to hear that you bore the tedium of confinement to the house with such exemplary fortitude during your illness. To gentlemen, such a disciplinary lesson in patience, must be rather trying. I am glad your philosophy sustained you. How much should I have rejoiced, had you stated that a higher consolation was experienced. Excuse me, but I cannot feel happy to despatch another letter to you without mentioning this subject. I don't know that an apology is requisite, or that you will deem it so. Perhaps my own conscience demands satisfac-

tion of another kind; apology is not the word to use in that case. I have done violence to my sense of duty in excluding religious topics from my letters to you. I have even gone further, and omitted them in my letters to Mary because you would see them; though Mary and I have talked freely on these matters.

"I fear lest you should suspect me of dictation. But why should you? If I possessed some earthly good which was accessible to you, and I recommended it as a thing that I experimentally knew to be good, you would not deem me impertinent or dictatorial. If religion be a good at all, it is the highest good, and I cannot give you a stronger proof of my regard for you, than by evincing my anxiety that you and my beloved cousin should be its possessors. You have many sources of happiness. They are innocent, lawful, and commendable, but they do not satisfy. The joys of social and domestic life, of intercourse with nature, of association with great and noble minds, are all pure and rich; but even in their highest realization, they proclaim we were created for something nobler still.

"I can speak confidently on this subject, for I have drunk of the purest streams of earthly enjoyment, and my spirit still yearned for higher good. I have struggled through many tangled mazes of error—subtle and dangerous because they ministered to my spiritual pride, and I have asked many times with Pilate, 'What is truth?' I have sought it amid the thousand voices that have clamoured to be heard with Babel-like confusion, but I found it only when I threw aside the flimsy systems of men, and the false theories my own brain had created, and came to the Bible with the trusting faith and simple inquiring spirit with which I first spelled out its wondrous tale of love at my mother's knee.

"Do you ask what religion has done for me? I answer much more than I can ever tell. It has satisfied my soul's

yearnings. It has given me peace, and an assurance of safety. It has secured to me all that is really good for me in this life, and it points to the highest bliss which even an Almighty Donor can confer as my inheritance in the life to come. These are only some of the benefits it has conferred. Ought I not to recommend it? Can you feel annoyed at my doing so? I am sure you cannot.

"Could I persuade you to give this subject but one hour's patient, thoughtful, and prayerful consideration—to weigh the claims of religion with as much earnestness and care as you would an important mercantile transaction, and then act upon your convictions, I am sure you would become a Christian. Believe me, it would not adulterate the springs of your present enjoyment. It would ennoble all your intellectual pursuits, and make your life happier, nobler, and more useful.

"I should be glad to know your views on this matter. I have introduced it thus because I believe you regard it as a subject for calm, rational investigation. You must excuse me if I have said anything offensive. I did not intend it. I know Mary would rejoice in the knowledge that you had decided to live for God. And she is prepared to join you in the decision."

"The neighbourhood in which Miss Hessel resided is exceedingly lovely," says one of her literary friends, "and there is no wonder that a mind sensitively constituted, and appreciating beauty in all its forms and adaptations, should there find much intellectual felicity. Agreeable walks over a fine limestone terrace, dotted all over with a most varied and exquisite flora, the rush of rapid waters between wooded banks and romantic crags, splendid views of outlying pastoral country, with rustic cottages embowered on the slopes of the upland, or half hidden in the rural valley—all these had charms for her which she felt intensely. This love for

beauty in nature had increased as her powers became developed—it gave zest to every walk—the summer insect with its ephemeral life—the early spring flower, promise of lovelier blossomings—the glowing, glorious tints of the autumnal trees—the song of birds, the bleat of lambs—the thousand voices, scents, and sights of the country, all became her companions and teachers. She held communion with them, they were

'The consecration and the poet's dream.'

Whilst she observed she felt and learned—recognizing a Father's hand in them all. In drawing lessons from such objects as attracted her, she aimed pre-eminently at being useful—deriving some comforting or strengthening devotional thought from them."—The latter portion of this statement is verified by a production of the preceding summer, written in fulfilment of the promise to her London friend. On transmitting it, after a suitable apology for delay, she says: "However I did what Dr. Chalmers recommended his students at St. Andrews to do—instead of waiting for the inspiration, I sat down doggedly this morning resolved to write something. And here it is fresh from the mint, as new as, or rather, newer than this morning's *Times*. I am only sorry it is not more worthy your acceptance. I wish I could send you the bouquet which suggested the lines, all dripping with dew as I gathered it in the early morning. It would speak to you with a silent though living eloquence that my pen would fain rival but cannot."

LESSONS FROM FLOWERS.

"Instruct us, Lord,
Thou Father of the sunbeam and the soul,
E'en by the simple sermon of a flower,
To live to Thee!"

He careth for thee! He, who bade these flowers,
In dew-gemmed beauty, cluster round thy path,

Hath traced, in the exquisitely veined leaf,
And the soft pencilling of bud and flower,
The lesson of a Father's care for thee.
These are the o'erflowings of His goodness,—
These the outgushings of His generous love.
Art thou His child? and when He speaks, can'st thou,
With the heart-instinct of a child, reply,
"*My Father?*"
Then behold His autograph!
And read on every petal of these flowers,
A special message of paternal love.
Each floral gem a lettered obelisk
May be to thee; each calyx studded thick
With hieroglyphics, whose rich wealth of lore
And mine of wisdom men pass by; but thou
May'st take from thy own breast the alphabet,
God hath endorsed it, and decipher there,
'Mid rainbow-tinted glories, some new page
Of effluent love, which shall refresh thy heart,
Gird up thy spirit, and renew thy strength.

CHAPTER VIII.

A social picture—Coleridge's Aids to Reflection—Martin's Last Judgment, and other paintings—Letter to a friend on reaching his majority—National sins—Coleridge's Ancient Mariner—Reason, faith, and unbelief—Gilfillan's Galleries of Portraits—Bigg's Night and the Soul—On the condition of disembodied spirits—Death of her Uncle Campbell—Rev. B. Gregory—Joy amid sorrow—Dr. Channing—Gay parties—Vinet's Gospel Studies.

THE year 1855 opened auspiciously on Miss Hessel. It brought facilities for a long purposed visit to her friend at Leeds. On Jan. 22nd she endeavours to enable Mrs. W—— to realize her social felicity. "Imagine our little coterie; good, sober, sterling Mr. R——, and his excellent wife, with a beautiful soul, sanctified and ennobled by a deep and vigorous piety, who throws all her energies into the service of her Redeemer, and might say with Elijah, 'I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts,' for she is the champion of the religion of the Bible against all innovations. Then comes my gentle, high-souled, deep-thinking friend Sarah, whose inner life, with its calm depths of thought, is penetrated by few even of her friends, but in the sanctuary of whose heart I feel I have a place, won only by years of reciprocated sentiment and feeling. How much I owe to her, I can know only in eternity; but I thank God for such a friend. Then there is Mr. H—— with his marvellous faculty of turning everything into fun, and who entertains us with wit, satire, and puns in endless variety; and little T——, who was made to be teazed by H—— and sis., and who seems to think that rather unfortunate. Add to this

the occasional society of a Miss G——. She is an Irish lady; has been educated by her papa as if designed to graduate at Cambridge, and is quite scientific.

"Our employments are pleasantly diversified. We are taking Coleridge's 'Aids to Reflection' on the Homœopathic principle, that is, in infinitessimal doses, and endeavouring to digest it. It is a wonderful book. Many of the aphorisms were quite familiar to me, but I did not know they were Coleridge's. I should like to send Mr. W—— some extracts, but have not time to copy them twice, and writing is a mild form of living martyrdom this cold weather. You shall see them when I return. We have little snatches of Miss Bremer's 'Homes of the New World,' a very graphic description of a tour in America, from the pen of a sensible, observant, unprejudiced woman. I like the work much better than her novels. We have a memoir of a young Mackintosh to read. The book is called the 'Earnest Student,' and Mr. H—— says it reminds him of my brother John. Then Mrs. R—— and I read spicy bits of 'Vinet' together, and she drinks it in with an earnest sympathy which quite delights me. And lastly we have slices of literary gossip from the 'Critic.' Gilfillan's 'Portrait Gallery' is reviewed in the last number. He pleases me greatly by announcing a change of sentiment respecting Thomas Carlyle and his school. He now denounces them as the worst enemies of Christ and His religion. I wish he would take up his pen against the whole coterie in a work of some size and pretensions. He classes our friend William Macall in the same category. Macall repudiates the charge in highly indignant terms, in a letter to the editor of the 'Critic.' Nevertheless I think Gilfillan right.

"I must tell you of a treat we had last Friday at the Music Hall. We went to see Martin's celebrated pictures, 'The Last Judgment;' 'The Plains of Heaven;' and 'The Great Day of His Wrath.' I wish I could tell you all about

these wonderful creations. The first is perhaps the most elaborate conception. There is the battle of Armageddon. The scene is laid in the valley of Jehoshaphat. The armies of Gog and Magog are assembled, and immense lines of railway carriages, with the names of European cities upon them, are transporting vast numbers of troops to the scene of conflict. The perspective is wonderful in all the pictures; and the idea of vastness in numbers and space astonishes you. Suddenly the blast of the Archangel announces the judgment. The destroying Angel—the boldest, grandest conception in the picture—floating on a black sea, appears with the lightning in his left hand. From between the closed fingers it darts forth in forked fiery lines on that startled host, who fall in wild confusion on the plain. The judgment throne is set; the books are opened; the angels attend; the dead are judged. The figures in the foreground are all representatives of a church, a system, or a class. The woman arrayed in purple and scarlet, and a female figure fallen by her side, with a golden-clasped Bible fastened to her girdle by a string of pearls, to represent a vain attempt to unite religion and the world, are magnificently painted. Close by are numbers of false teachers, &c. On the opposite side are the good. Many of the faces in the foreground are authentic likenesses. We recognized John Bunyan, Luther, Wesley, and many others. The shadowy outline of the New Jerusalem forms the background of the picture; and innumerable companies, led by the shining ones, are trooping up the avenues that lead to it. One startling object in the foreground is a broken bridge between heaven and hell. On the right side are two or three so perilously near the precipice that it makes one think of being saved by the skin of the teeth; and we involuntarily shuddered. The sun darkened, and the moon turned into blood, are magnificently executed; at least the latter is. The colouring is gorgeous.

"'The Plains of Heaven' has wonderful beauty, but it is to me most unsatisfactory. The foreground is a scene of sylvan beauty,—shady avenues, luxuriant foliage, still waters, and flowers too gorgeously tinted. Cleverly enough the young angels are sporting amid these spiritualized earthly enjoyments, while the more intellectual are wandering in avenues which seem to lose their materialism, and melt into spiritual glory. In the background is a shadowy outline of that wondrous land which 'eye hath not seen.' We tried in vain to decipher those dim outlines. Art had done its utmost, and so over the whole was thrown an exquisite glow of softened glory. I wonder how the artist felt while painting that picture. I could fancy him struggling to bring out on the canvass those visions of beauty and grandeur which were only half revealed in his own soul, and throwing down the brush, saying, as I said while gazing on his work: 'I think I feel as if I had courage to pass through that shadow of a coming life which men call death, that I might explore what lies beyond.' Oh! how unsatisfying did that picture seem with all its glowing, wondrous beauty!

"'The Great day of His Wrath' was terrific. The blackness of darkness; the lightning-cleft rocks; the multitudes hurled down the abyss; fair, womanly forms, associated with one's most vivid ideal of guilt and depravity! One face was terrific. It seemed lit up by internal fire, and the mouth and nostrils emitted a fiery sulphurous breath.

"Farewell to thee Martin! my spirit has held strange communion with thine while gazing on those wondrous conceptions of thy genius. So I said as I left the Music Hall.

"Critically considered, these pictures have some defects. But they are minor ones. Some of the figures are perhaps necessarily grotesque, and the grand and fanciful are sometimes in too close proximity."

Her friend Mr. B—— was thus greeted on January 31st: "Good morning! A bright and happy anniversary morning of your birth-day! Believe me, a thousand good wishes attend you. This most important birth-day, to which so many longingly look, will perhaps excite in you very different feelings from those generally experienced. I fancy I see you the subject of many-hued thoughts. The changing expression of your countenance indicates that there are broad and long lines of ebony inlaid with the gold. I wish my letter, like some good fairy, might come and whisper in your ear of hope and joy. Truly the sunshine is coming. There is a promise of better days. It is good for us patiently to wait sometimes. Ah! we learn lessons during this 'patient waiting' we could learn in no other way.

"God has greatly honoured you by the careful discipline to which He has subjected you. He is not less careful in polishing His jewels, than man in the cutting and setting of precious stones. Because these gems are to deck the mediatorial crown of the Redeemer, He seeks to bring out their hidden beauties. Let us only be as passive in His hands as the diamond in those of the lapidary, and He will finish the work with a master's skill.

"I am thinking what an Ebenezer you will have to raise to-morrow. How it will be covered from summit to base, and all round, with inscriptions of gratitude for sustaining power and delivering mercy! How you may crown the whole by singing

> 'Thy hand hath safely brought me,
> A way no more expected,
> Than when Thy sheep, pass'd through the deep,
> By crystal walls protected!'

What new phases of our Heavenly Father's character, and our Redeemer's love, do we sometimes discover in a great trial! It seems as if many of the representations He has made of Himself in His word are like a folded flower—concealing much of its fragrance and beauty. The scorching

heat we dreaded in the season of our suffering is intended to unfold the flower. We have other pages of love in the great heart of our Redeemer opened to us, of which we saw little and deciphered nothing in the hours of prosperity and joy. Have you not proved it so? I have. This twenty-first birth-day is a land-mark of no common kind. May the future towards which it points be one of rich and copious blessing—the blessing of a life crowded with high and noble action!"

In the early part of February the pen is made the medium of another outflow of her heart to Mrs. W——: "The cold is intense; the frost more severe than ever; but we may bid defiance to it ensconced in this pleasant drawing-room. I look round on the elegant refinement, the cheerful fire, the bright faces, the forms of beauty which almost breathe from the pictured walls, and then on the brilliant panorama without. The sun has just burst forth with amazing power. Looking at the sky, you might fancy it one of those gorgeous days in early autumn, when the clouds build up such graceful domes and turrets of fleecy light on the azure vault of heaven. How I love to watch these ever changing visions of beauty! I call it cloud-architecture, but Sarah laughs at me, and perhaps you will do the same. The smoke has rolled off *en masse* from the town, and revealed spire and tower, and those ugly long chimneys—which, nevertheless, are suggestive of the wealth and enterprise of a great people—and far away in the distance rises the blue outline of Middleton Hills. Patches of snow glitter and sparkle in the dazzling sunlight, and we have just come from the window with feelings akin to those of Bishop Heber, when he sang:—

'O God of good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy beauties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man;
How glorious must those mansions be,
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

There are depths of thought associated with the last two lines; and I have been asking myself whether I have preserved that lively perception of the unseen world amid so much that ministers to my enjoyment, which has been my wont in the retirement of ordinary life. I fear I have not. Often have I whispered to myself:

> 'Whatever passes as a cloud between
> The mental eye of faith, and things unseen,
> Making that brighter world to disappear,
> Or seem less lovely, and its hopes less dear,
> This is our world—our idol, though it wear
> Affection's impress, or devotion's air.'

A scene like that I have just been contemplating stirs the depths of my soul. I have often thanked God that the voices of nature speak to my heart in more commanding tones than the most powerful utterances of human eloquence. In gazing on this landscape I half unconsciously exclaimed, 'This is fair and good, but there is a fairer and better world.' That fact would avail me nothing, however, but for another. That better world is my rightful inheritance—my true fatherland. I wonder what it is like! I ought to be cultivating such tastes, and following such pursuits as will qualify me for enjoying it with zest. If the purity of my moral nature is to form the chief element of my happiness in heaven—if that is to fit me for the employments and fellowship of the redeemed—with what earnestness and care should I now be cultivating it! Heaven is the true home of the regenerated spirit, and when musing on its society and engagements I have experienced a feeling analagous to home-sickness; that yearning of the heart we sometimes feel, when, at a distance, we picture to ourselves the home circle, the gathering round the hearth where we feel we have a right to be. I don't know whether it would be salutary always to experience such feelings. They visit me only occasionally, when the unseen becomes for a moment

visible by one of those lightning flashes which reveal so much to the mental eye. But they elevate and give a higher impulse to the soul.

"We visited the Academy of Arts on Saturday, and saw nearly seven hundred pictures. Among them was one gem. A small picture of a young female just dead. Truly death in all its still sublimity was there. A spasmodic twitch of the parted lips seemed just setting into a smile of triumph. The dew of death was upon the brow, and the closed eyes were sunk in the forehead. A figure in the abandonment of grief was embracing the corpse, while the last rays of the setting sun illumined the face of the sleeper, and glanced over the drapery of the mourner. Just above rose the evening star. The motto of the picture is, 'The sun shall no more light thee by day.' It is an exquisite thing. Religion, poetry, and painting, had each contributed to make it a perfect gem. I never remember to have felt the emotional part of my nature so deeply moved as by the contemplation of this picture. I felt sorry in turning from it that my eye caught in the deep shadow of the apartment a cross and a string of beads, laid down, as if in haste, when the soul had just fled. After all, it is the atonement which the cross symbolizes that must save us, and faith in it has doubtless landed many a spirit in heaven, which has been the victim of an erroneous creed."

Having spent nearly a month with her friend, she joined her mother, now on a visit at Howden. "What a pleasant thing it is," she says to Miss B——, on February 24th, "to come into the midst of a circle of old friends; to have a warm, joyous welcome from those who know you too well to make you fear they have formed a false estimate of your character. There was such a home feeling about everything here that I felt the unnatural frostiness, which I had unconsciously acquired while passing through the ordeal of Bradford and Leeds criticism, thaw and vanish almost as rapidly

as snow flakes on a running stream. I begin to feel a strong repugnance to artificialness. I like those best, as friends I mean, who understand me best. I think nature and I are becoming more intimate, a friendship I mean to cultivate."

This friend had been called to pass through scenes of deep sorrow. With true-hearted sympathy Miss Hessel proceeds: "I experienced some spasmodic twitches at my heart when I thought over the past. You seemed to me almost like an exile, but never mind that now. You are a noble girl, and I hope and believe you will fight your battle of life bravely. We must be tried, sometimes severely tried, before the fortitude, enduring patience, and submission, which our Father designs to perfect in us can be brought out. Many a time has that sweet text been like a rainbow of promise to me: 'I will cause thee to pass under the rod, that I may bring thee into the bond of the covenant.' May you be blessed with a sweet abiding assurance that you are chastened in love and tender mercy!"

> "A sacred burden is the life ye bear,
> Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
> Stand up and walk beneath it stedfastly;
> Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin;
> But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

The calamities experienced by our noble troops in the Crimea at this period had provoked her brother, then resident at Portsmouth, to expose, in a letter to "The Watchman," the Sabbath-breaking sanctioned by our Government in the dock-yards. Our national sins, it was forcibly argued, might well bring down upon us the indignation of the Almighty. Writing to her sister-in-law on the Fast-day—March 21st—she says: "I think the church of God is fearfully responsible in the present day, and I hope William's appeal will rouse the ministers of our own church to sound the notes of alarm in our sanctuaries to-day. The

law of God is trampled on in our high places, and while our legislators are acting thus, they impiously appeal to the God they dishonour for protection and aid. And the church has been winking at this—shunning to declare the whole counsel of God, and to pronounce the thunders of His law in the ears of the transgressors. The disasters of our army are opening our eyes, and woe unto those Gospel-ministers who, having opportunity, preach not the law of Sinai in the palace and the court as well as in the sanctuary. I feel thankful that William has sounded such a decisive note on this subject. God is calling the attention of the nation to her crying sins—Sabbath-breaking and drunkenness. The increased light she is receiving is fearfully increasing her responsibility, and it is at the peril of her position among the nations that she disobeys this call of God to arise and put from her these accursed things. Tell William I sympathize in his labour, and pray that his efforts in this noble movement may be crowned with success. God give him patience, prudence, boldness, and faith."

"The first page of your letter sparkles with wit and puns so brilliantly," she says to Miss S. R—— on April 6th, "that I was almost dazzled by it, and my poor intellect only discovered all its separate gems after several readings. If I were to fix my own position, it would not be among your 'new order of young angels,' but where Carlyle places Samuel Johnson, in the rank of 'Seraph shoe-blacks.' I don't know whether I am complimenting myself, for I don't know what he means, but I know what I understand by it.

"While at Howden, I read in an old number of 'Hogg's Instructor' of 1849, an article on Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' which pleased me much. It gives an interpretation of the hidden meaning. I can give you one or two of the ideas. The shooting of the Albatross seems a trifle to the woes it entailed, so did the eating of an apple to the

ruin of a world; so must it always appear unless the magnitude of the law which that action violated be comprehended. The only other point on which I must touch refers to the change wrought in the heart. You remember the Mariner looked on the rolling sea and the slimy things, and everything was horrible and hideous in his eyes. He tried to pray, but 'a wicked whisper came and made his heart as dry as dust.' But a change is working in his soul. Suddenly he blessed them unawares. That very moment he could pray; and to his vision now they were God's good creatures —things of beauty. The change was in himself, for sure

> 'The gentle sleep from heaven
> Had slid into his soul.'

And now

> 'I moved and could not feel my limbs:
> I was so light—almost
> I thought that I had died in sleep,
> And was a blessed ghost.'

You remember the verse—

> 'He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.'

I have not time to note the more minute points of this wonderful poem, and could not do it correctly if I had."

She writes to the same friend on the 27th, commencing in a mournful strain: "It is a glorious morning. I wish you were with me. I would abandon my desk, and we would wander forth as of old, and interchange the pent-up thoughts of our hearts. Surely it would dispel the sadness of my spirit to tell you all I have felt and suffered for the last month. Perhaps I may succeed in dragging some of these mental burdens to light. Many-hued though they are, they may not relish black and white, and so decamp while

I am writing. First then I experience a most deplorable lack of physical and mental energy. I think out many subjects, but feel inadequate to commit any of them to paper. I am weak and irresolute about the merest trifles—such as writing a letter, taking a walk, or making a call. Mother's indifferent health causes an undefinable apprehension of evil.

"I have been wandering through 'Gilfillan's Galleries of Portraits,' and some of them seem to haunt me as Rizzio's eyes did Mrs. Hemans, though with a far deeper and more melancholy meaning. Poor John Sterling! is he not the type of a large class of the youth of this country? You and I know something of that dark, tangled, and terrible path he trod. Oh! when we clasp our Bibles to our hearts, and thank God that at length we have come back to the simplicity of our childhood, and have received power to believe what we vainly strove to comprehend, ought we not to pity and pray for those who are yet inquiring, 'What is truth?' When we pray 'Thy kingdom come,' should we not remember those who are inquiring for that kingdom, but to whose lofty ken it is all too lowly and simple—whose eye of reason is clear and bright, while their eye of faith is dim and almost visionless?"—Miss Hessel's experience constrained her to sympathize with those who are wandering in doubt and groping after truth. And their critical condition certainly claims intense sympathy and regard. Her suggestion that Christians should remember them in their prayers richly merits attention. Let not the confirmed sceptic however indulge the soothing persuasion that power to believe is given to some, while to others it is denied;—that the unbeliever is to be pitied more properly than blamed. In the case of every intelligent person faith and unbelief are moral facts—they denote a state of heart. Docility and desire to do the will of God,—submissiveness and surrender to the Divine teaching—are the proclaimed essentials to the peace and joy of Christian faith. To all exer-

cising those virtues these results are pledged. "Light is sown for the righteous; and gladness for the upright in heart." "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." Mental habits and idiosyncrasies will affect the duration and severity of the process, but a glorious issue is sure. Confirmed unbelief indicates pride of intellect or perversity of will.

> "Without or star or angel for their guide,
> Who worship God, shall find Him. Humble Love,
> And not proud Reason, keeps the door of heaven.
> Love finds admission, where proud Science fails.
> Man's science is the culture of his heart,
> And not to lose his plummet in the depths
> Of nature, or the mere profound of God."

Nor can we permit the confirmed sceptic the undisturbed enjoyment of the notion that faith and reason are antagonistic,—that to believe is to renounce reason, while to follow the dictates of reason is to discard faith. The notion is utterly erroneous. Christian faith is altogether rational. She has the strongest warrant for her acts. She accepts what indeed reason is unable to explain, but she accepts it only on testimony satisfactory to reason. Faith is the structure, reason the basis. She quits reason only as the spire quits the foundation of a building. And surely the glorious Being who has given us reason, may justly require faith!

Should this passage come under the eye of a doubter of Revelation, the writer would beg to offer this counsel: Study the Book itself. This is the most certain way to obtain satisfaction. Read it carefully through,—the New Testament especially. Read the Gospels again and again. Spend not days but weeks over it. Shall the scholar ungrudgingly spend weeks or months in testing the genuineness of some ancient document, and shall that time be deemed too much in a matter of vital and eternal importance? We are utterly inexcusable if we do not thoroughly examine the Book that asserts such claims on our attention as the Bible.

She proceeds: "Sorrowfully have I looked on the aspect of modern literature. Our gifted and rising poets—Bailey, Massey, Yendys, Smith, and Bigg are all tinctured more or less with the mystical creed of Carlyle and Emerson. They are very hopeful, certainly. Sincere and earnest souls like these must be threading their way through all the tangled meshes of error to the eternal city of truth. But in the meantime the gorgeous temple of mystic falsehood they are rearing is attracting many votaries. Truly does Gilfillan say our pulpits are silent when they should possess tongues of fire. I feel impatient for his promised work on this subject. His character as a critic, the paternal relationship in which he has stood to some of the young poets I have named, and his genuine admiration of the genius of Carlyle and Emerson will cause him to be heard.

"I can scarcely tell you what I think of these portraits as a whole. I believe them to be honest—true to the author's impressions. Perhaps every individual reader will find fault with some one or more of them, as personal friendship or admiration or taste shall direct. Sometimes, as in the case of Chalmers, he contrasts the sitter with twenty other men to whose distinguishing characteristics all his were vastly inferior, until you conclude that not one particle of originality was possessed, and then you are astonished to find that the finishing touches of the pencil make him not only a good and earnest, but a great man. I cannot always reconcile the bright and shady belonging to the same subject; not because of ignorance that inconsistencies are mingled in the loftiest minds, but because his characteristics appear to me sometimes destructive of one another.

"There are some gems in Stanyan Bigg's 'Night and the Soul.' Some of the songs are exquisite; but there are more solid beauties which I should like to transcribe. A magnificent passage of nearly two pages looks temptingly at me. The author seems, in the last page, to have worked out the

soul-problem of the 'Ancient Mariner'—to have learned to love and pray. He

> 'Saw all seeming eccentricities
> Were but the playing of the wider laws,
> While law itself was systematic love.
> The passing winds sang vesper hymns to me,
> And the old woods seem'd whispering, "Let us pray."'

How I wish we could revel together in this magnificence!

"I have looked regretfully for some minutes at a very beautiful passage. It is a shame to mar its entirety. I don't want to write any more, but can't resist.

> 'Love is the key to knowledge—to true power,
> And he who loveth all things, knoweth all.
> Religion is the true philosophy!
> Faith is the last great link 'twixt God and man.
> There is more reason in a whispered prayer,
> Than in the ancient lore of all the schools:
> The soul upon its knees holds God by the hand.
> Worship is wisdom as it is in heaven.
> I do believe! help thou my unbelief!
> Is the last, greatest utterance of the soul.
> God came to me as truth—I saw him not;
> He came to me as love—and my heart broke;
> And from its inmost depths there came a cry,
> My Father! oh! my Father, smile on me!
> And the great Father smiled.'

Are they not golden proverbs? fragments, not of a rude rock, but a polished and glorious column. And yet the same volume is darkened by sad, almost hideous, visions of the world and the soul of man."

On April 31st she communicates to Mr. B—— her views of Gilfillan's speculative notions of the condition of disembodied spirits. "Have you read Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses? I had just finished them when I took up Gilfillan, and was not a little pleased to see that the same

thoughts had occurred to my humble self and the great critic as to the fallacy of some of the arguments. The following suggestive theory in his portrait of the doctor struck me forcibly. You will remember that Chalmers' heaven is a very material one; that he makes the ingredients of its happiness but the refinement of the happiness of a sanctified spirit here, and supposes we shall be cognizant after death of all the material universe around us. Gilfillan suggests that we shall pass into a purely spiritual state at death, or at least, that the grosser phenomena of matter will be then as invisible to us as are now the microscopic worlds. This conviction, he says, came upon him two years ago, with a startling force, which he felt more than enough for his own mind. He afterwards met with some striking corroborative passages in Edgar Poe. I long to ask him the following questions: Does not the spirit pass at death into the presence of its Redeemer, who bore to some locality a veritable human body? But supposing a disembodied spirit to exist in a purely spiritual state, must not materialism necessarily be visible to it after its re-union with the body? I can imagine the grosser phenomena of matter invisible to a disembodied spirit, but a 'purely spiritual state,' and 'purely spiritual scenery,' exclude such a spirit from the presence, or at least from the recognition of the God-man. What is your theory as to the state of disembodied spirits? Every theory I have met with is unsatisfactory.

"You may possibly have heard that William has published his Fast-day Sermon, by request. The 'Watchman' has a review of it, which says: 'We would recommend it as at once a storehouse of material on the greatest national question of the day, and a model for its popular treatment.'

"You remember that sweet little poem you gave me from 'Night and the Soul.' There are hundreds of gems equal to it in the book. I will give you one. A lover is standing over the grave of his mistress on a stormy evening, just as

'The tawny twilight creeps into the dark
Like a dun, angry lion to his den.'

Listen to this gloomy music :

'The clouds like grim black faces come and go,
One tall tree stretches up against the sky,
It lets the rain through like a trembling hand
Pressing the fingers on a watery eye.
The moon came but shrank back, like a young girl
Who has burst in upon funereal sadness.
One star came. Cleopatra-like, the night
Swallow'd this one pearl, in a fit of madness.
And here I stand, the welt'ring heaven above,
Beside thy lonely grave, my lost, my buried love!'"

Remote from latitudinarianism in her views of truth and duty, Miss Hessel avoided a blind adherence to prescribed human standards. Speaking of young friends, whose views she thought too restricted, she says to Mrs. W—— on May 10th: "I think I succeeded in impressing upon them the important truth, that religion does not always walk in that precise line which our notions have drawn, and in no other —that 'the river of the water of life,' according to Cheever, and the Bible too, winds hither and thither, and always will —that the tree of life bears twelve manner of fruits, and always will—and that we are not to say of any but the immoral, that religion has no place in their hearts, however much its brightness may be dimmed by the fogs of earth.

"And now for your interrogatories. Were I to begin to answer them one by one, I fancy my replies would sound very contradictory. I thank you for them, nevertheless. They are valuable as helps to self-examination. Your dear good husband, who is 'jealous over me with a godly jealousy,' pointed out the danger which he thought my course of reading incurred. I could but partially agree with him, for I thought I had been regaled with a very wholesome medley lately—the 'Literary Portraits,' Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's

Progress,' your friend Mr. (now Dr.) Cairns' translation of 'Elijah,' the 'Letters of Junius,' and the Memoir of an American Missionary to Turkey—Mr. Hamlin.

"With reference to Gilfillan, I will tell you its effects on me as far as I know them. His portraits of Emerson, Carlyle, John Sterling, and George Dawson, are those which have most deeply affected and impressed me. I have read, paused, and wept. I have clasped the Bible to my heart with a deeper, a more intense love and reverence for its blessed, soul-saving truths. I have thanked God with a more fervent gratitude that, though I wandered long and wearily on the borders of that dark forest of negations in which poor John Sterling all but lost himself, His infinite mercy led me forth to the sun-light, and gave me the child-like noble faculty to believe instead of further question. This has led me to pray as I never prayed before for the thousands of my young and gifted countrymen and women, who are sincerely seeking the truth, but seeking it, alas! with the lamp of reason only instead of that of faith also—in whose souls there is a deep and exceeding bitter cry, 'I would believe, but cannot.' Read Gilfillan, and you will understand my feelings. The pulpit is silent on a subject on which our ministers ought to speak with tongues of fire, especially in our large and intelligent congregations. The battle being shirked by it, the press must take it up. But at present Gilfillan seems, like David, the sole champion of Israel against this fearful Goliath. But surely there are many upon whose foreheads God has set a mark, who sigh and cry unto Him daily that He may rebuke the waves of this soul-engulphing sea, and bid her 'give up her dead,' that they may live. This, and kindred subjects, have been the burden of my heart since I saw you."—Our friend here furnishes evidence of participation in a common frailty. It is well known that whenever a subject occupies exclusive or inordinate attention for a lengthened period, a morbid feel-

ing is excited, and the equilibrium of the judgment is destroyed. Within the circle in which she moved, Gilfillan was probably the only writer known who assailed the evil she deplored. But there were other writers who were as vigorous, and in the opinion of many, as efficient combatants, with whom we may justly wonder she was not acquainted. Nor can we allow her opinion on the silence of the pulpit to pass unchallenged. Perhaps it may have spoken out less frequently and fully than some desired, and than was really desirable. The extension of its prevalent range of topics would no doubt be a public benefit. There are topics connected with Theology however, for the adequate discussion of which the press supplies a more fitting medium than the pulpit, and it may be queried whether this is not one of them. Her deep solicitude for what she held to be vital truth and her sympathy with those who are "feeling" after it, shall win our admiration however, if, on this occasion, her feeling somewhat disturbed her judgment.

"As to my more immediately-personal experience," she proceeds, "I can only say I am like a little bark on a tempestuous ocean, gathering up my strength after the shock of one breaker to prepare for the next—conquering one difficulty only to make way for another. But still I think I am making headway. The struggle is 'not for nought.'

"With reference to those more public duties you so often urge upon me, I have to report no better success. Sometimes when my feelings have been wrung and tested to the utmost I feel like the poor Scotch woman at Chalmers' communion: 'I cannot speak for the Saviour, but I think I can die for him.' Returning from a struggle of this nature in which I had been defeated, I have laid my panting wearied soul at the Saviour's feet, and cried: 'Take me hence! I would go home. Let me serve thee in thy temple above, or minister to the little ones of thy kingdom, free from the clog of this diseased mortality.' And then,

when the troubled waters of excited feeling have subsided, I have said, 'Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.'" —Then follows the passage given on page 13.

"But enough of this. What am I now, contrasted with what I was, and with that darker picture of what I might have been but for the grace of God and the holy influences of maternal and fraternal love? Contrasted with these, I have indeed need to thank God, and a thousand chords in my heart vibrate notes of gratitude whenever I think of it. But that brighter picture of what I might have been! Oh! I have need to bow my head—to weep, and pray to be forgiven. Many thanks for your letter, for your generous friendship, for all I owe you."

On Tuesday May 22nd, an occurrence transpired which caused grief and consternation at Boston Spa; how much more at Howden? Her uncle Campbell died without a moment's premonition. The catastrophe was heightened by the fact of his absence from home. "My poor uncle," Miss Hessel writes on the 29th, "had gone over to Ashly-Grange in Lincolnshire, to look over an estate which he had purchased. He was in perfect health and excellent spirits when he left home on Monday morning. On Tuesday, after dinner, he was about to leave the Grange, and was sat chatting. He stopped in the middle of a sentence, and before any one could reach him was a corpse.

"To me it seemed a sad and sorrowful dream. I had a vague idea of something awful having happened, but every attempt to realize the fact seemed unavailing until yesterday, when my cup of sorrow was filled to overflowing. To-day the vision, with its awful distinctness, has passed away, and I thank God for it. I never had such views of the Divine Being as during the last few days. They have been quite new, and somewhat perplexing. I have felt to lay my poor aching heart at the foot of the mercy-seat; the

radiance of divine tenderness and compassion has shone towards me, but I have seen, though turned from me, the pillar of cloud—of divine and inscrutable justice. As I have gazed and wondered, there has been a firm but kind voice heard in my soul, 'Be still, and know that I am God;' and thus, though I have mourned, and wept, and writhed beneath the blow, I have entertained no hard thoughts of God."

After communicating the sad intelligence to Mr. B——, she writes on June 7th: "We had great difficulty in putting ourselves into presentable attire by Saturday evening, when we went to Tadcaster to spend a few days. Such a change seemed absolutely necessary after the shock we had experienced. Their missionary anniversary services were being held. Mr. Lightwood of Leeds preached two beautiful sermons on Sunday. The Rev. B. Gregory was at the meeting. He is a wonderful man; not an orator, but a genius; casting forth pearls as the wind shakes drops from a tree after rain. His person is scarcely more than the figure of a man—a specimen of etherialized humanity. At the chairman's call he rose and said—'I have often visited Tadcaster in imagination, Mr. Chairman; I have often longed to visit it in reality. It has long been identified in my memory with two names—those of Entwistle and Hessel. Mr. Hessel's earliest and last days were, I believe, spent in this locality.' So unexpected was the sentiment that I nearly started from my seat, and burst into tears. Unfortunately I was visible to the whole congregation. It was a touching but precious tribute to that loved and gifted brother whose eloquent tongue, had he lived, might have been heard even there advocating the claims of that vast empire for which his noble heart beat to the last,—India. But that head which might have been lifted up among the noblest there, now wears a crown, and that tongue has been baptized with fire from the altar of the heavenly temple,

and its sanctified eloquence is heard in the highest court of the universe. Ah! he had to die that he might teach thousands how to live. This thought stills my rebellion, and quenches my vain regret. God grant that we may emulate his holy zeal and earnestness of purpose! I supped with Mr. Gregory, and spent a delightful evening in listening to him."

Mrs. Hessel, whom the sad bereavement had summoned to Howden, returned home an invalid. Ere she had quite recovered, her younger daughter was seized with an alarming illness. "She had a gathering in her ear, and suppurated quinsey in the throat, attended with high fever." Considering her own infirm state of health, we do not wonder to find Miss Hessel "tried to the utmost of her powers of endurance." One day she "sat down and burst into tears." What sudden alternations, however, occasionally cross our path! The Alpine traveller does not pass more suddenly from vegetable life and beauty to the barrenness of "eternal snows," than we are sometimes called to pass from "gay to grave and grave to gay." While she was giving vent to the overflowings of her pierced heart, the postman was wending his way to her with unexpected and peculiarly joyous intelligence. "A double knock on the muffled rapper" announced his arrival. The handwriting of her cousin is instantly recognized, and the assurance that kind sympathy will be conveyed by the unconscious messenger urges to the prompt rupture of the seal. "In three minutes" every feature of the countenance is changed—the heavy heart bounds with joy. What can be the intelligence which produces such effects? It is such as only a spiritual mind could have appreciated. Her cousin, whom she had often urged to a practical recognition of the claims of Christ, had, after long hesitancy, become decided. Her decision brought to maturity the half-formed purposes of the gentleman to whom the earnest and affectionate appeal on page 175

had been addressed. Fully occupied though she was, not a post was lost in acknowledging this communication. "Your letter came to hand," says she, "most opportunely this morning. Joy welled up in my heart,—a joy too pure and hallowed for anything but secret tears, and prayers, and praise. I retired to my room to thank God, and to entreat His blessing on you both. May He in very deed bless you! Oh! how my heart rejoiced! I have no words that can express my gratitude.

"I have wondered that Mr. F—— never answered or in any way noticed the letter I wrote to him in winter, but I have never regretted sending it. I have often prayed that in some way or other God would lead him to that decision of character which would add so much to your mutual happiness. I tell you this because you know what alternations of hope and fear I have suffered with regard to some whose salvation has lain near my heart. And though I am far from arrogating to myself the smallest credit for this delightful result, I could not come before God without saying—'Father I thank thee that thou hast heard me.'

"For yourself, dear Mary, I have long been thankful that the Lord has gently opened your heart, and that you have been led to say—'I call the world's Redeemer mine.' Give yourself fully to God and His church. Aim at a high standard of Christian experience. Let religion be an all-pervading principle, bringing into subjection your will and entire affections. I shall be glad to correspond freely with you on these matters. I have experienced something of the warfare on which you are entering. Do not faint or grow weary in it. It is a glorious warfare.

"I shall look eagerly for any further information you feel at liberty to send me about Mr. F——, and especially should I prize a communication from himself. I can fully appreciate his delicacy in speaking about this matter, but I think if he knew how much I have longed to see this day, he

would not shrink from making me the partaker of his experiences. Is there not encouragement here for those Christian labourers who are discouraged because of their non-apparent success? 'Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.'"

Miss Hessel's reading, it will have been observed, was multifarious. There was no department of literature which was not laid, more or less, under tribute. Through the kindness of her numerous friends there was scarcely any work of note to which she had not access. The writings of Carlyle and Dr. Channing became accessible about this time. Report had been conflicting concerning the merits of both these writers, and she was glad to have the opportunity of judging for herself. Had the gratification of a morbid curiosity been the object contemplated in their perusal, the writer must have employed a tone of condemnation. But improvement was sought, and, it is believed, secured. She possessed, in an extraordinary degree, a delicate, instinctive sense of the just and true. "She had the happy art," says an intimate friend, "of deriving good wherever it was to be found. Her nice discrimination has often surprised me. Both Carlyle and Channing contributed to her spiritual as well as mental benefit. She saw with the quickest perception, where they deviated from the truth." What intelligent mind could come into contact with the prodigious vigour of the Scotchman, or the lofty and quickening sentiment of the American, without benefit? Before any one quotes Miss Hessel's authority, however, for the perusal of such authors, let them not only exhibit her qualities of head and heart, but contemplate her object. While it may be successfully contended that breadth of view can only be obtained by intercourse with those who differ from us, we ought to have some well-examined principles by which to test new opinions. An excursionist

should not only have a home, but sufficient geographical knowledge to determine the relation of his present locality to it. An invalid must not plead the example of a healthy man as a reason for his exchange of what is easy, for what is difficult, of digestion. To the gentleman who had lent her, somewhat reluctantly, the works of Dr. Channing, she writes: "I have read the ordination address entitled, 'Unitarian Christianity.' Don't be alarmed when I say, that though I felt as if the ground under me was giving way, by turning to the premises with which he sets out, I was soon re-assured. They are something to this effect: that God, in making a revelation to man, does it in language comprehensible to his intellect,—that such a revelation appeals to his reason,—and that it is his bounden duty to exercise that reason upon every part of it. Hence Channing constructs a beautiful system, supported to a wonderful extent by quotations and inferences from Scripture. Vinet writes beautifully on the use of reason, the mysteries of our religion, and the impossibility of a revelation from the Infinite to the finite, which should contain no mysteries. Since it is a mathematical demonstration that a smaller circle cannot contain a larger, I am content to believe that a finite mind cannot grasp the infinite, and that a revelation from God, which relates largely to himself, must of necessity have many mysteries. Stanyan Bigg says—

> 'Could reason scale the battlements of Heaven,
> Religion were a vain and futile thing;
> And faith a toy for childhood, or the mad.'

St. Paul, the prince of strong and original thinkers, sitting on the threshold of that wondrous temple of divine truth into which his eagle eye pierced further than any other mortal's, exclaims: 'Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, believed on in the world, received up into glory.' I prefer him to those who will receive only what is comprehensible.

"By the bye, there are two things I wonder at. Channing admits the entire harmony of the revelation of nature with that of the Bible. The one he regards as a greater, the other as a lesser, revelation. Did he find the lesser lay open all her secret laws and mysteries to his reason? If not, how presumptuous to expect it of the greater! And then did his reason comprehend how that 'first-born of God,'—the next intelligence in the universe to the 'One God,' who, he admits, dwelt in the bosom of the Father,—became the babe in the manger, the man of sorrows?"—Though Miss Hessel was not utterly unequipped for this controversy, it was not to be expected that the reasonings of this writer were to be disposed of thus summarily. To a mind of her order, for which danger has fascination, they would be sure again and again to recur; and we shall subsequently find that she became unsettled in her views on the subject of Christ's proper divinity, and continued so for some brief period, only, however, to be more firmly because more intelligently established in that all-important truth.

An agreement had recently been entered into with Miss S. R——, that a paper on some prescribed subject, should occasionally be exchanged. A subject had been mutually accepted. Timely information of failure on her part is sent in the accompanying note. Would not the feeling of disappointment be counterbalanced by the nobility of character exhibited? "It must come—the humiliating confession that I cannot master a given mental task. I have battled with this enemy and find him too strong. I have striven to conquer, because I knew such a conquest would be the prelude to many more, but it is in vain. This once I am vanquished, and I fear weakened by the defeat.

"There is another subject however on which I have dotted down a few thoughts, but I cannot write a paper by

Monday. Then what is to be done? Prove yourself the noble, generous girl I take you to be, and send me your paper at the time appointed. I will send you mine when it is done. No! I feel it is too bad of me to say that, I will put the proposal in another form. If you don't send it, I will think of you as I have ever done. If you do, I will exalt you to the very pinnacle of my standard of goodness, and from my lowliness admire you henceforth and for ever. Now I leave it with you."

No unbiassed reader will believe that Miss Hessel would divest life of enjoyment. The fact that the Creator causes the earth to produce flowers as well as fruits appeared to her full of significance. Her sprightly temperament prompted to great sympathy with the young in their quest of enjoyment. Her views on some of the sources from which it is sought may therefore justly claim consideration. A friend had solicited her opinion on the propriety of attending "gay parties." "My views on this matter are very decided," she replies on July 17th. "'Is it not tempting the tempter?' you ask. I think it is. And what a solemn mockery to pray, 'lead us not into temptation,' when we deliberately walk into it! Do you remember Mr. Jay's startling address to his young people on the subject of balls, concerts, gay parties, &c.? 'If I saw the devil running away with some of you, I could not cry "Stop thief!" You trespass on his territory and thus render yourself his lawful prey!' That is a solemn fact, stated in striking, though to refined ears, perhaps inelegant terms. *We walk on enchanted ground when we wander into places of worldly amusement.*"—Let those who have had experience ask themselves whether the moral atmosphere of such places is healthy? And let those who have not had experience profit by those who have. Gratification purchased at the cost of mental or moral dissipation is surely too dear.

After expatiating on several topics she tells Mr. F—— on August 9th, that with his talents and energies, he "may rear a noble structure, a monument of usefulness which men and angels shall behold with pleasure and satisfaction. Is it not a stimulating thought that these happy intelligences are watching our struggles, perhaps often aiding us, and warding off unseen danger? Surely amid the many lofty subjects they are permitted to contemplate, that process of discipline by which man is restored to holiness has no mean place. Intimately associated as it is with the glory of God, possibly it holds the highest rank among the subjects they delight to contemplate."

Writing of an invalid who had evinced some reluctance to forego a personal gratification for the sake of another enjoying it, she characteristically says: "I tried to put the thing in a right light, and set forth the blessedness of living for others, of sometimes forgetting ourselves in our endeavours to promote another's happiness. Persons who have had much affliction are apt to get the notion that their sole enjoyment consists in being ministered to. It is a great mistake. There are few virtues the exercise of which brings with it such a rich and present reward as that of self-denial."

"I have got Vinet's 'Gospel Studies,'" she writes to one of her friends on the 15th. "You know what a favourite he is of mine. One of the lectures is on 'the believer completing the sufferings of Christ,' Col. i. 24. He furnishes what I consider a satisfactory explanation of the passage, and gives to the sufferings of believers a higher sublimity than is derived from the notion that they are merely disciplinary. He puts it in something like this form. The church is Christ's successor and representative on earth, she continues His work, part of that work was suffering, and this is the badge of successorship—her distinctive glory. Christ is carrying on His work by the church, suffering, so to speak, in His church, not for the completion of His personal sufferings

for the world's atonement—they were complete at the hour of His crucifixion—but for the completion of those which He is to endure to the end of the world in the persons of believers. I think Scripture will bear out this view of the case. The word signifies not only to finish but to correspond. Is it not an ennobling thought that by suffering we are 'filling up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ, making our life to correspond with His life, not only suffering for Him, but suffering with Him, sharing His humiliation as we hope to share His glory?"

The Wesleyan Conference was held in Leeds this year, and during its sittings Miss Hessel spent a few days with her friend, at whose home one or two Wesleyan ministers were entertained. "She enjoyed her visit most thoroughly," that lady says. "None were more light-hearted than she. The society she met was just to her mind, intelligent and cheerful, and she was often quite brilliant. I often wished for a Boswell to record those conversations.

"One day when the Rev. B. Gregory was here, as we were rambling in the glen, the conversation turned upon Emma Tatham. We had just heard of her death, and Eliza was much affected by it. She remarked that we must set about working for God more zealously, since He was removing those who would have worked so well. She then determined to know more of the mind of Christ, and serve Him more faithfully. How well she kept this resolve, those know best who were most intimate with her. I was a constant witness of her increasing faith and love; and was often astonished at her amount of religious enjoyment. I much regret my inability to recal those conversations, for apart from their brilliance and beauty, they revealed much of her inner self. And she was indeed, as Carlyle says of John Sterling, 'a beautiful human soul.'"

CHAPTER IX.

Thoughts on her sainted Brother—Her views of duty not coincident with those of some of her friends—Increasing love for the Bible—Thomas Carlyle—The duty of Christians in relation to the morally degraded—Counsels to a recent convert—A valuable sentiment from Coleridge—A soliloquy—A scrap of mental history—The Eclipse of Faith—Spiritual egotism—Happy toil—Illness of her cousin at Howden—Another scrap of mental history—Her cousin's death—Life under a new phase—Visits Congleton—Dr. Kitto—"The Leper."

HAVING to spend some days in Leeds during the month of August, the biographer determined to visit Boston Spa. The promptitude and cordiality with which Miss Hessel received him into her friendship, the frankness with which in a long walk, she made him acquainted with the more important passages in her mental and moral history, together with the interesting characteristics of that history, invested the intercourse with a peculiar charm. How little did the writer think that ere three summers had elapsed, he should be mournfully employed in embalming her memory.

In a letter received from her a few days afterwards she says, August 16th: "As I wrote the date at the top of this letter, the recollection flashed across my mind that this is the anniversary of dear John's birthday. He has been nearly seventeen years in heaven. Seventeen years of uninterrupted progression in knowledge, in holiness, in bliss, with a mind unfettered in its researches and a soul unencumbered by infirmity or sin in its aspirations! How incomparably nobler he must be now than when he first entered

his heavenly mansion! I did not tell you how of late years the idea of him has strangely interwoven itself with my inner being. I have rarely spoken of this; but I fancy you will not deem it foolish or visionary, possibly you may sympathize with it—may have yourself realized a similar feeling.

"I have no sympathy with the theory of Gilfillan, that we pass at death into an entirely spiritual state, into a region where the forms of matter are as invisible as the microscopic worlds now are. It is a fondly-cherished thought of mine that the beloved brother who is enshrined in my memory and heart as the fairest unfolding of a truly noble character, has not forgotten, in that higher state of being, the objects which interested him on earth,—that his loving eye has often rested with interest on that wondering child whom he used to take into his arms and talk to about God, and to whom he explained the phenomena of, thunder and lightning. I have a vivid recollection of this latter circumstance. He took me with him in one of his rambles, and we were overtaken by a storm. I was a mere child. He folded me in his arms, and as he sheltered in an old hut, talked to me about the cause of lightning and thunder, and the greatness of the God who controls the mighty agents of nature. I well remember the feeling of security which crept over me as he spoke, the soft pleasure which the tones of his voice diffused through my little soul, and the wondering awe with which his loftiness of thought and expression impressed me. I have a persuasion, of which I think no reasoning could rob me, that as a ministering spirit he has watched the mental struggles through which I have passed, and that through all those anxious years when I was revolving the all-important question of Pilate's, 'What is truth?' he had some agency in guiding my inquiries to a right issue. One of my most pleasing anticipations, next to the thought of meeting my Saviour and God in heaven, is that of seeing him, and enjoying his society.

"I should ask pardon of any other than yourself for thus writing; if indeed it were possible for me to write thus of him to any one else. I know that to you

'There is nought
Like the tried friendship of the sacred dead.'

My own very slender recollections of his interest and affection are unspeakably precious because that affection

'Cannot hide its face, it changeth not,
Grieves not, suspects not, cannot pass away,
But as a seal upon the melted heart
'Tis set for ever.'"

It is no wonder to the writer that her sainted brother should be enshrined in her memory and heart. Few sisters are honoured to have a brother, who at the age of 24, has become the depository of such "mental and moral excellence," and bequeathed to the world such a legacy of quickening thought. It was the writer's privilege to be his most intimate friend for several years, and to prepare his "Memorials" for the press. Some notion may be formed of the estimate put upon them when it is stated that five thousand copies have obtained circulation. As to the agency believed to have been exercised by him in guiding her inquiries to a right issue, some doubt may be justly entertained. The notion derives no sanction from Holy Writ. And would not its acceptance involve the unscriptural Romish dogma of prayers to saints?

Referring to Mr. Dunn's letters in answer to the religious inquiries narrated in Chapter Third, which she had lent the writer for perusal, she proceeds: "I have often wondered what you think of them. The last time I read them I was inclined to doubt the truth of some of the statements with reference to faith. It did seem to me that these Scotchmen had a special mission to unfold the nature of saving faith, stripped of all theological encumbrances and mystifications.

Truly the common people heard them gladly, and signs followed everywhere. They took it for granted that when people asked, 'What must I do to be saved?' they meant what they said; and without replying by questions about the nature and amount of their penitence, they straightway bade them 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.'

"Have you 'Vinet's Vital Christianity?' Perhaps you remember what he says of faith in his second lecture (I think) on 'This is the work of God that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.' He makes a beautiful and clear distinction between the faith of the intellect and of the heart, showing that if either would avail, God was unjust, since He bestowed salvation at two unequal prices, so to speak."

Few persons who endeavour to promote the general interests of society have been less annoyed by misapprehension of aim, or misinterpretation of motive than Miss Hessel. Her sympathy with whatever was benevolent was so unequivocal, her readiness to give practical exemplification of this sympathy so cordial, and there was so much genuine frankness in her nature, that she was as little liable as most persons to this kind of annoyance. It would have been marvellous, however, if the course she prescribed was invariably approved. She informs Mr. B—— that her duties at this time were not viewed in the same aspect by herself and some of her friends. Her explanation enforces the duty of caution against pronouncing on the conduct of persons of whose circumstances we have not a full knowledge. "Some of the good people here seem to think me anything but a worker because I do not work in their way. They would force me into work for which, by constitution and habit, I am totally unfit, and from which I shrink most painfully. They see and know nothing of the mental labour I perform, nor at what cost I accomplish it. That part of the day which to me would be invaluable for reading and writing is necessa-

rily occupied with domestic duties. Then I have laboured unusually hard for 'the Basket'—a very questionable duty with me now that so many others press upon me."—Who will hesitate to coincide with the view she takes as to the questionableness of this duty? By her needle she was undoubtedly benefiting the locality, but by her pen she would have been benefiting mankind. The former could have been done as efficiently by many others—not so the latter. So far from doing too little of what passes under the name of "work," she did too much. The strain upon that frail frame was too great. In a few days after she says to the same friend: "I have a great deal of work before me, and I sigh heavily sometimes, for it oppresses me."—Would that there had been some one who had heard those sighs, and uttered a timely and effectual remonstrance! Let no one, however, from the blow struck at her health by over-exertion in the cause of benevolence, seek refuge from a similar disaster in the bowers of indolence. Let all who find no higher object than gratification for which to live, mark well what follows: "Nevertheless it is a thousand times happier life than one of idleness; and I have lately felt it to be one of rich enjoyment."—Here is valuable instruction for the victim of ennui. Active and engrossing service in the cause of benevolence is the cure for that dire disease.

> "Labour is life! 'Tis the still water faileth:
> Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
> Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
> Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon."

"I thank you for your letter," she adds in a postscript. "I think your test of any new doctrine, or new presentation of an old one, admirable. The tendency of all that the Divine Teacher taught was man's elevation, moral and intellectual. May He be your guide through the labyrinth of intellectual research, and may you come forth girded for the

fight—armed with the whole armour of God! Be a student of the Word! Untold wealth lies in it."

"With reference to both practical and devotional reading," she says to Mrs. W——, "I have found that the Psalms of David and the teachings of our Lord furnish the best. They are to me inexhaustible well-springs, always fresh and pure. I have resolved to study the ethics of the New Testament with greater diligence. The book of Psalms has long been my daily manual of devotion. Among the recent rich additions to my happiness I rank this as the most precious: an increasing admiration of and love for the Bible, and more especially for the record of my Saviour's teachings. My head and hands are always full of work, so full that I sometimes feel oppressed, and would fain redeem the time by taxing my energies severely for a while. But this I find bad policy, and my health invariably suffers for it.

"Upon the whole what a life of rich enjoyment is mine! Some of the choicest blessings of friendship have fallen to my lot. Chief among them I must rank hers whose loftier nature like a loadstone drew me to my proper centre during those years of doubt and perplexity through which I passed."

After expressing her apprehensions that increased acquaintance with her would result in diminished esteem, she says to the biographer, on October 2nd: "You know well that pantings after the noblest intellectual and moral excellence may exist in connection with very insignificant attempts and very serious defects. I tell you this merely that you may understand me, but as I detest cant and mock humility, I shall not indulge in this strain. You have offered me your friendship; I have readily and gratefully accepted it, and I mean to turn it to some good account,—to convert it into stepping-stones to aid me in the realization of that standard whose outlines have latterly been assuming a distinctness which has at once encouraged and humbled me.

"Since I wrote last my time has been very much occupied with visitors and visiting, and a press of domestic duties. Still I have managed to get a little reading done, and have nearly finished Channing. What Carlyle says of the Koran is eminently true of this and some other books, his own not excepted. 'Read it through—leave it behind, once get clear away from it, and out of the mass of error you may select many gems of truth, may perceive that the man had a meaning and one worth finding out.' Of Channing one may say more than this, and even out of this Unitarianism of his, I have got something good, such a view of Christ as my exemplar as I never had before—such a deep conviction that the divine man of Galilee is a veritable humanity to be earnestly studied and closely copied.

"Have you read much of Carlyle? I have penetrated a little through his shaggy garb and rough exterior, and have been wonderfully attracted. I was introduced to a more intimate acquaintance with him through his 'Heroes and Hero-worship.' I am now reading his 'Past and Present.' I do not feel competent to pronounce upon him until I have read his 'Life of John Sterling.' I greatly fear I shall be compelled to withdraw much of the admiration I now feel. What I have read would lead me to hope and believe that he is a real earnest truth-seeker, and I have great faith in a glorious issue to all such seeking. That he is a genuine and deep thinker I do not doubt, but you must be prepared to love him before you can expect to understand him. Again and again I have been repelled by his phraseology, his rude and rugged utterances, but that they were meaningless, 'I, for my part,' to quote his words, 'could at no moment, under no form, in the least believe.' He has a wonderfully deep insight into men and things, a faculty of discerning evils, weaknesses, shams, &c., and also an eye for and appreciation of the noble and good. But alas! he supplies us with no panacea for the ills he so nobly exposes.

His 'Gospel' is in truth a very meagre one. He seems half ashamed of it himself, and only lets it peep out here and there. 'Know thy work and do it' is his latest revelation, 'to know thyself thou wilt never be able.' Ah! there are cycles of human wretchedness which he has an eye keen enough to detect, but for which this gospel is unremedial.

"This morning I read the 'Sermon on the Mount' before taking up Carlyle. What a wondrous compendium of the sublimest morality! What a clear dissecting and laying bare of the shams of Judaism in that reiterated 'Ye have heard that it hath been said!' And what transcendent wisdom and grandeur beamed out upon the world in those majestic teachings of God-like authority announced with the impressive, 'But I say unto you!' In reading this unique sermon, one begins as Coleridge says of philosophy, 'in wonder, and ends in wonder; while admiration fills up the interstice.' Did he but recognize that truth which is able 'to purge men's consciences from dead works,' I believe Carlyle would be the most valuable writer of the day. He seems to linger so wonderingly around the life and death of Jesus—to halt and muse with such a trembling, half-believing, half-doubting, conciousness of the divine mystery of redemption wrapped up in Him, that one hopes he will ere long recognize the glorious truth."

A letter to Miss S. R—— on October 11th, supplies an illustration of the way in which light reading was made subservient to high moral purposes. "Yesterday, Bulwer's 'Eugene Aram' came in my way, and spell-bound me until too late for post. You will not wonder at this, seeing I have never met with it before. It is a dangerous book. What a fascination he throws around the criminal! But some things in it have set me a-thinking. Is the world to be made better by the good casting forth the evil to neglect and the defilement of their own pollution? How we

shrink from contact with guilt! How we say in effect to the degraded wretch who chances to cross our path, 'Stand by, I am better than thou.' Do we not share the same humanity? May-be we have been alike tempted, and who maketh us to differ? May-be we were not tempted; should not we therefore pity rather than loathe?

"I have been thinking also about the church in its relation to the guilt and woes of the world. Ah! did she go forth in the spirit of her Divine founder, how mighty would be her conquests! Who of us can estimate, as He did, the guilt, defilement, and terrible consequences of sin? Yet He shrank not from contact with that degraded wretch whom the Pharisees would have stoned. Truly the world needs a more Christ-like remedy than Christians in general administer."

"With reference to the subjects we discussed in that memorable moon-light walk," she writes to the same friend on October 31st, "my mind is comparatively at rest. I have resolved, by God's help, to weave my web of life as best I can out of the materials around me. I have had some weeks of rich enjoyment both intellectually and spiritually. I have been living in a higher atmosphere than heretofore. My time has been fully employed, indeed crowded with work. I cannot tell you about my reading, only just to mention the books: second volume of Channing, 'The Eclipse of Faith,' Kingsley's 'Village Sermons,' and his 'Phæthon,' David Thomas's 'Crisis of Being,' and the 'Progress of Being.' The last two I should very much like you to see. You would be delighted with them. Mr. Thomas is editor of the 'Homilist,' a few numbers only of which I have seen. It appears a valuable periodical.

"I am to go to Howden soon, but I will come back by way of Leeds, if only for a night. In the meantime, my friend, let us try to be living for a high and holy purpose. I feel increasingly, I think, the littleness of every thing

earthly, except as it is connected with the future. I do not care to form another friendship; would not, indeed, if I could not confidently look to its perfecting in heaven."—She had communicated the formation of a valuable literary acquaintance with Mr. W——t. The biographer has been favoured with some letters addressed to him, which will be read with deep interest.

She proceeds: "I am reading Luke's Gospel with care. What abundant internal evidence of authenticity it contains, and how strikingly evident is the superior education and medical knowledge of 'the beloved Physician!' I have been deeply impressed with the remarkable beauty of that narrative of the woman who came and washed the Saviour's feet with her tears. How startled must that proud Pharisee have been by the Saviour's address, 'Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee,' and the revelation of his secret thoughts! I find the Scriptures to be an increasing treasure —'a well-spring of deep gladness.' I regret deeply that I have hitherto read them in such a desultory manner."

Some appropriate and excellent counsels were addressed to Mr. F—— on Nov. 9th: "Many thanks for your letter. I thank you especially for the confidence you have reposed in me, and the freedom with which you have communicated your views and feelings on religious matters. Mental conflicts are, as you suppose, by no means uncommon to young Christians. There is a great propensity in human nature to seek in itself what can be found only out of itself. I mean that a renewed heart is apt to look into itself for consolation and comfort, when it should be looking to Christ. It is by constant and steady looking to Christ that we are to be 'changed into the same image.' I am quite aware of the duty of self-examination, but I am also aware that Satan employs its practice to gain an advantage over us. I have sometimes felt a sort of bitter pleasure in searching for secret sins and deficiencies, and have at length discovered

that this was diverting my attention from Christ, by looking to whom alone I could be delivered from these evils.

"Oh! my dear friend, you have entered upon a warfare, but fear not; it is a glorious warfare. You will gain strength in the conflict. Your moral nature will have its true and proper development; and many an oasis will spring up in the desert to gladden your heart and refresh your eyes. But what I want especially to impress both upon your mind and my own, is the necessity of 'looking unto Jesus'—as the source of spiritual blessings—as 'the author and finisher of our faith'—and as our exemplar. In this last character we cannot study him too closely.

"I rejoice to know that on many points our views are consonant, and I am sure you will endorse the sentiment I am about to pen, that the highest object of our religion is not to endow us with the rewards of heaven, but to assimilate us to the Divine. How is this assimilating process to be carried on and completed? Simply by 'looking unto Jesus.' You find this difficult you say, especially when you feel that you have most need to practise it. I know the difficulty. It is one thing to think of Jesus, and another to look to Him so as to realize Him as a present Saviour. But then we have a resource. Prayer always secures His attention and help. That fervent 'Lord, help me!' was never uttered sincerely in vain.

"Will you join me in the study of the Life of Christ as narrated by the Evangelists? I think we should find it profitable to exchange our thoughts. It would be well to read with the special view of impressing upon our hearts those features of His character we are called to imitate. And in how many of the relationships of domestic and social life does he present a noble and perfect copy for our imitation! I am reading Luke first, and enjoying the Gospel very much.

"I will give you a brief extract from Coleridge's 'Aids

to Reflection.' You may apply it to spiritual as well as intellectual pursuits: 'All things strive to ascend, and ascend in the striving. And shall man alone stoop? Shall his pursuits and desires, the reflections of his inner life, be like the reflected image of a tree on the edge of a pool, which grows downward, and seeks a mock heaven in the unstable element beneath it, in neighbourhood with the slimy water, weeds, and oozy bottom-grass that are better than itself and more noble, in as far as substances that appear as shadows are preferable to shadows mistaken for substances?' No; it must be a higher good to make you happy. While you labour for anything below your proper humanity you seek a happy life in the region of death. Well saith the moral poet—

> 'Unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!'"

In a glowing strain she writes to Miss S. R—— on Nov. 26th: "I have just turned slowly and reluctantly from a gorgeous scene. The rising moon 'in full orbed glory' emerging from a pavilion of white fleecy clouds, to enthrone herself amid the splendours of the star-galaxies. And those stars! How they stir my spirit to its profoundest depths! What are they? For what purpose were they created? Do our loved ones, who have gone before, dwell among them? Do the footsteps of angels echo there? O for a glimpse into their lofty mysteries! Thought flutters its wings and vainly beats the walls of its prison-house, seeking to burst forth and explore the mystery; and then like a long-struggling captive bird folds its weary wing and sinks to rest. But O! 'Ye bright mosaics on the floor of heaven,' I—a child of earth, in sisterhood with the clods of the valley—I shall live 'glorious and glad and free,' when your fires have waned and gone out—shall live to explore your mysteries, to read the wondrous tale of your creation and accomplished destiny, millenniums after you have finished your appointed course!

"The universe! Eternity! Ourselves the denizens of both! O my friend, what a glorious gift is that of being —immortal being! Strange thoughts have been stirred within me to-night. In one I have exulted. I cannot by any possibility cease to exist. The eternity to come is mine by inalienable birthright. I have said to my fluttering yearning spirit: Be patient; the future is thine. Thy inheritance is mighty, unspeakable. But thou must prepare for its possession. The realizations there, are dependent upon what is accomplished in thee and by thee here. Let the contemplation of that kingdom of which thou art surely the heir, issue in something better than mere childish longings for its possession. Thou hast noble work before thee. Thou art called to write upon the tablets of time the proofs of thy fitness to enter upon thy higher regal destiny. This and another assembled world will be called upon to read the record. Perhaps more worlds than these. See thou write it well!"

> "Build thy great acts high and higher, build them on the conquered sod,
> Where thy weakness first fell bleeding, and thy first prayer rose to God."

"What a wonderful elasticity there is in the human mind," she wrote to her cousin, who had returned to Howden after spending five happy weeks at Boston Spa, "and what a blessed faculty of adapting ourselves to the changing events and circumstances of life! Your leaving me was really a dreaded event. You don't know how much pain the anticipation cost me. No sooner were you gone however, than I turned hopefully and cheerfully to the future, and began to inquire what duties lay before me. Work is a blessed relief. Our mental and physical organization are alike benefited by it."

To Mr. W——t she writes on Dec. 1st: "It is not to

every friend I should deem it worth while communicating the little scrap of mental history to which it has just struck my fancy to treat (?) you. Some months ago I became greatly interested in the question of the relative merits of Congregationalism and Methodism. I was thrown much into the society of ministers where Methodist polity was freely discussed. I need not trouble you with details. My mind was a good deal disturbed, so much so that it proved a rather serious interruption to my studies. You remember the first evening you took tea here. On the following one my friend Miss S. R—— and I paced the lanes for hours, in the glorious moonlight, discussing these important matters. I smile at our earnestness and enthusiasm now as I think of it. Well, after some weeks more of mental disquietude, which I do not now regret, for the discipline was salutary, I began Carlyle's 'Past and Present.' I did not for some time relish it much. But now I feel under almost infinite obligation to him and it.

"I know you are wondering what the sequel of this strange story may be. The present issue is for me a very happy one, I assure you. Carlyle seemed in that book to have a message for me, and it ran something like this: 'Leave this question of religion, and the forms of it, of which to say truth, in these unspeakable days it is chiefly profitable to keep silence. Thou needest no new religion; no nor any new form of it. Thou hast already more of both than thou makest use of. This day thou knowest ten commanded duties, seest in thy mind ten things which should be done for one that thou doest. Do one of them, and this of itself will teach thee that the rest are do-able. Know that religion is no Morison's Pill from without, but a re-awakening of thine own self from within. Find thy work and do it; thou wilt then find true blessedness. Oh! my sister, is there no thistle in thy path which thou canst dig up, so that a blade of grass or corn may grow there

instead? Look around thee. Seest thou not a noble army of workers—heaven's aristocracy—with a divine patent of nobility! Thou too so needed in the host! It were so blessed, thrice blessed for thyself, to be one of them. Come my sister, perchance thou may'st make one little nook of God's earth a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God. Thou may'st make some human hearts a little wiser, happier, more blessed, less accursed. Bethink thyself. Thou art so needed in the host.'

"This is the substance of that message which seemed to ring through the chambers of my soul. It was for me a re-awakening of my whole nature. I resumed the work I had given up most cowardly. I did one thing. I found another and another do-able. I found my work, and with it blessedness. I need not tell you that these previously all-absorbing questions dwindled into mere specks on the rim of my mental horizon. I do not say boastingly but thankfully, that lately I have worked hard. I have endeavoured fairly to test the theory, the truth of which I never really doubted, and I pronounce it to be 'no inane fatuity.'

"I take the liberty of sending you a book which I am sure you will read, although I know you have not much taste for biography. I do not send it merely or chiefly on account of the special interest it possesses for me—for alas! I have never been able to read it myself, but because its subject was a student. It is the mental history of an earnest student that I recommend to you—one who had lived for a noble purpose, and reared no mean life-monument at an age when the generality of young men are only beginning to live. Pardon this eulogistic testimony to the memory of one whose loss I realize more and more vividly every year of my life."

On Dec. 3rd she writes to the biographer: "I have just recollected that it is the time appointed for my writing to

you, and I have laid aside the 'Eclipse of Faith,' to which I am giving a second reading, to take up my pen. I need scarcely tell you I am deeply interested in it, and shall probably read it again, as that seems to be the orthodox number with all my friends who have read it.

"My admiration of Carlyle increases, and now that I have read through his 'Past and Present,' and some portions of it many times, I am really disposed to place him much higher than I ever thought it possible I could. I have resolved never again to judge an author without reading him. I had formed a curious opinion of Carlyle, chiefly from what Gilfillan says about him. He pets and abuses, caresses and kicks him, with a waywardness which is both amusing and perplexing. I have read Carlyle's Johnson, and much as I admire it, I am disposed to think some of the passages in 'Past and Present' will take higher rank. You are aware it is one of his earlier works, published thirteen years ago. I met with little that interested me in the first half of the book; but 'The Modern Worker' stirred my soul to its very depths. I cannot convey an adequate impression of the effect it had upon me. I have always believed in something like this, I said, as these earnest thoughts in their fire-clothed utterances rang through my soul, I will now test this theory of work fairly. And so turning to my desk I took out some unfinished manuscripts long ago discarded. I selected one and finished it. I had proved that thing 'do-able,' and I attempted and did another. Visions of other 'do-able' things rapidly presented themselves, and all the subjects lately perplexing me soon dwindled into mere specks. Class meetings became more profitable when I could record purposes of higher action, moral conquest, and real progression, instead of telling of my happiness or misery. In fact I have found my happiness take better care of itself than I, by any direct effort, could ever take of it. And all this I owe to Carlyle, whom

I have misjudged and feared. Still all you say of him may be very true. I fear, alas! it is."

If Miss Hessel derived great benefit from Carlyle, of course she did right to acknowledge it, and her biographer would not be justified in practising concealment. No surprise need be experienced at the fact. Her powers had become so mature, and her knowledge of religious truth so extensive, that she was well able to sift the chaff from the wheat. To all persons similarly qualified he might be safely recommended. It is to those of strong susceptibility but immature judgment, or but ill-versed in the teachings of the New Testament, that he proves injurious. And the injury is often great. His "never-pausing stream of thought with its rich freight of vivid imagery" transports such readers. By partially exhibiting truth, and exhibiting it chiefly in its gloomy aspects, he gives grossly exaggerated and distorted impressions. His references to Revelation are usually in a tone of unequivocal disparagement. Discontent, therefore, misanthropy, and even scepticism are the natural result.

Like other men of strong idiosyncracy Carlyle has converted most of his acquaintances either into zealous panegyrists or bitter detractors. An exaggerated estimate is formed of him by some, by others he is greatly under-rated. Equity, it appears to the writer, requires a medium estimate. His warmest admirers cannot justly deny that his style is often grotesque, and on first acquaintance repulsive; that many of his passages are bombastic; that his denunciations of "shams," "wind-bags," "unveracities," and "ineptitudes," and his exhortations to "be true," and "find out your work and do it"—the staple material of his avowed teaching—are the repetition only of what the Great Teacher spake in language suited to the common people—to whom Mr. Carlyle's books must ever be sealed;—and that his contemptuous designation of the Holy Scriptures as "old,

worn-out Hebrew clothes" is as ungrateful as it is false and wicked, since he owes almost every valuable sentiment he utters to his early indoctrination into their truths. His impugners must at the same time acknowledge that he is characterized by freshness, force, suggestiveness, vividness, and grandeur. It is almost impossible for a person of ordinary intelligence and susceptibility to read some passages in his writings without admiration and wonder. His prodigality of thought and diction is often marvellous. He is unquestionably a power in the literary world—whether for good or evil depends on the discrimination of his reader.

"I find I have plenty of work," she proceeds. "Never did I feel so much need of the divine admonition, Watch and pray. I ought indeed to keep my heart 'with all diligence.' I find sin in such subtle and refined forms ready to enter at so many avenues, that my keenest vigilance is sometimes baffled. God is teaching me by these things my need of entire dependence on His grace. I am prone to trust to my own understanding. I do earnestly pant after holiness,—God-likeness. I could fill some sheets about these matters, which it would be a relief to my heart to unbosom."

"I don't feel well to-day," she writes to Mrs. W—— on Dec. 9th, after having stated that she had had a very animated discussion with a theological friend on the preceding evening. "I did'nt sleep at all well. I had too much food for thought, and my poor brain could not rest. One subject we discussed intensely interested me: The powerful motives by which angels are established in their continuous allegiance to God. What must be the moral grandeur of that Being who holds such glorious free-agents in undeviating loyalty to Himself! We both agreed that were our intellectual powers more fully exercised on that moral glory, and our souls entirely smitten with its supreme loveliness, the

doctrine of final perseverance would become a verity indeed."—The consequences of transgression as witnessed in the punishment of fallen angels would doubtless prove a new and mighty barrier to further defection. Curiosity as to the consequences, which probably contributed in some degree to the result, was divested of its power for evil. This barrier would be strengthened by the punishment of fallen man. The multiplied and enormous evils resulting to our race here and hereafter, are perpetually augmenting its strength. It may be regarded as a moral impossibility for creatures possessing their knowledge and experience to become disloyal. There is now no motive to it of adequate force.

"I have much to say to you about my religious experience," she proceeds. "I never was busier, and never happier in my life. But for some time past I have had no temptations as of old. How is this? Is the answer which always presents itself a sufficient one, 'Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe?' Or are my altered views ministering to a state of mind which he deems quite safe? I sometimes ask myself these questions; for the thing is a novelty in my experience."

On the 27th she writes to her brother: "I have been spending nearly a week with Mr. and Mrs. W——. The visit was very pleasant, quite refreshing to my spirit. Our evening conversations were most interesting. I went with Mrs. W—— to visit several poor families. I wish I could emulate her noble and useful life. Such unconsciousness of self, such all-absorbing interest in her Master's work, I have rarely seen. It is this getting out of one's self that is so difficult. It is cursed egotism that makes me prefer contemplating even my own unfitness, unworthiness, &c., rather than the work that is before me, until its grandeur and importance absorb all my thoughts. How I hate it, but still it cleaves to me. I verily believe there is a great deal of

selfishness and egotism which we call sensitiveness, refinement, and fifty other misnomers."—Her belief was probably well-founded. Whether she was right in attributing her feeling to that cause is doubtful. Not wishing to appear in the character of advocate, however, the biographer leaves his readers to form their own opinion on that point. Doubtless the reason why one person is absorbed in the work occupying attention, and another haunted and harassed with thoughts of self is, in many cases, attributable solely to a difference in the nervous system. Nervousness however may be extensively overcome. The spiritual in our nature is mysteriously endowed with a large dominion over the physical. A vivid sense of the presence of God causes that of man to be held of small account. The faith that enabled timid Moses to enter undaunted the presence of Egypt's haughty monarch and demand the emancipation of his countrymen, will give vigour to the most timid Christians. By a similar faith, thousands "out of weakness have been made strong."

Here we have a series of disclosures of her inner-self. They are all instructive, and some of them indicate much self-knowledge. She writes in her Journal on Jan. 4th 1856: "In spite of my watchfulness I feel my mind prone to dwell too much upon itself. It is not by the contemplation of myself—by continual gazing into the depths of my own spirit—that I am to make true religious progress. What is the highest end of my being? Christ-likeness. How shall I attain this? 'By looking unto Jesus.' Looking, always looking, in the sunshine and in the storm—in the hour of my joy and in the hour of my trial—looking until I am changed into the same image.

"I am still apt to measure my attainments by my enjoyments. It is a false test. What moral conquests have I achieved? What active virtues have I carefully exercised and cultivated? In what degree is my whole nature brought

into subjection to the obedience of Christ? Do I seek to purify myself because He is pure? The answer to these questions is the true gauge of my spiritual state.

"I can settle one question satisfactorily. I aim at glorifying God in all things. But I often fail. I often find myself thinking thus: I repressed that hasty word; I checked that uncharitable thought; I exhibited that moral heroism; and then pride creeps in.

"I have learnt within the last twelve months to understand more fully the meaning of the words conflict and victory. I thank God for the need of strife. Victorious conflict elevates the noblest part of my nature. I have felt to glory in tribulation, to count the suffering all joy. If here I catch such glimpses of the value of a disciplinary process, what will be my gratitude when all its glorious results are enjoyed? To be 'perfect through suffering!' Who can tell the blessedness of such perfection!"

13th: "This has been in many respects a happy Sabbath. It has been a very laborious one. I have been twice to school. The girls were attentive this morning, and I had freedom in speaking to them. They begged so earnestly that I would teach them again in the afternoon, that I could not refuse, as they had no teacher. I was able to speak freely and pointedly to one or two of them on the love of Jesus, and His claims on their love and service. The starting tear and the eager attitude attested their interest. I have felt happier in this work to-day than I have ever done before.

"How I have dreaded being thrust into any prominent position in the church! There has been a shrinking from publicity there the intensity of which, those of my friends who know me best would hardly credit. During the week I have been forced into the office of secretary for a bazaar to be got up by May. I did not feel myself called to this, and strenuously opposed it. My opposition was over-ruled however. I had arranged some studies which I deemed

imperative, and some visits which will be disarranged, but strange to say, I now feel thankful I have accepted the work. I dread the thought of what my feelings would have been had I obstinately refused, and yet I fear I am not equal to the post. But I must methodize my labour. I must do one thing at once, and each for God's glory, with a direct reference to Him. I must pray daily and many times a day for strength to perform the duties aright."

"I am sorry you don't like my friend Thomas Carlyle," she writes to Miss S. R—— on January 23rd: "Somehow all his bad and nonsensical things slip away from my memory, and I retain only the good and noble. How much I owe him! Almost daily I find myself stirred up by the memory of some of his words of fire. In many a moment of apathy and desponding inaction I am roused by his startling summons: 'This day thou knowest ten commanded duties for one that thou doest. Do one of them; thou shalt find the next, and the next, do-able.' There is an orthodoxy of the head and an orthodoxy of the heart. Formerly he was a powerful teacher of the latter. What he is now, alas! I cannot say. I would he knew himself."—There is reason to believe Miss Hessel is here in error. A writer in that excellent shilling quarterly entitled "Meliora" informs us, in the fourth number, that Mr. Carlyle studied theology at the Edinburgh University, and "delivered at least one discourse in presence of the professor and students." He soon relinquished the purpose of entering the ministry however, and at the request of the subsequently celebrated Edward Irving, became one of the masters of the Grammar School, at Kirkaldy.

The shadow of a deeply mournful event was projected across Miss Hessel's path in the early part of 1856. Her much-loved cousin at Howden developed symptoms of a

rapid consumption. In reply to a communication from Mr. F—— she writes: "The intelligence respecting Mary was a great shock to us. I did not apprehend anything so alarming as her present state. I feel that to address you in the poor common words of courtesy would be a 'very mockery of your grief.' God comfort you, my friend, for He alone can, in this your saddest, bitterest trial. It is needless, and would be selfish of me to speak now of my own sorrow. You know how I love my precious cousin. How much deeper, more tender, and sacred our attachment has been of late! But God designs to draw us closer to Himself by these things. If He takes our priceless gems to set them in His own crown, He intends that they shall attract our faith and love to that place, which is our truest home. He knew human nature well who said, 'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' There are moments, —I wonder if you realize them as I do,—when my spirit views this painful dispensation from such an elevated point, that I see it to be entirely the best for dearest Mary—when the present 'light afflictions,' and the future 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory' seem to have a light from the throne of God shed upon them, and I can say: 'It is all right. What can it matter? This little struggle of life will soon be over with us. God is garnering up our treasures in heaven to await our coming. He does not snap affection's chain. He is but drawing another link out of our sight; burnishing and lengthening the chain whose first and last links centre in His throne.' O that your faith and mine could sustain this elevation! But alas! mine too often droops her wing, and the sad realities of the present life come upon me with overwhelming force.

"I feel thankful for the comparatively subdued tone of your letter. Oh! my friend, let us strive earnestly to derive all the benefit from this bitter trial which our wise and loving Father designs. To be purified by suffering is one

of the highest privileges of the children of God. Not all the followers of Christ are called to fellowship with Him in suffering in the same degree. The deeper our affliction, the closer it is designed to draw us to Him of whom it is said, 'That in all our affliction He is afflicted.' Let us try to realize these additional bonds of union to Him whose veritable humanity has made Him our loving brother as well as our all-powerful Saviour.

"Do not think, my dear friend, that I lack sympathy. You would not if you could read my heart, and knew with what intensity of feeling I have prayed that the pitying Redeemer would sustain you under this heavy blow. But I should like if possible to lead you to those heights which I have been struggling to reach, to look beyond that future which you say is 'indeed dark,' to that other future a little beyond, but a little, where it is all bright; where re-united hearts are never severed; where there is no sin, and consequently, no sorrow, and where affection can anticipate no adverse changes.

"Our beloved Mary has lived for a noble purpose. Her brief life has been marked by that blessedness which is 'twice blessed;' and her removal may prove the seed of yet more abundant blessing. I cannot tell you how anxious I am to see her.

To Mr. W——t she thus eloquently writes on Feb. 14th: "Thanks for your letter. It came at a time when I needed sympathy. Since then dear Polly has rallied considerably, or we should now have been at Howden. Another medical man has been called in, who has given a shadow of a hope to her anxious friends. I fear it is but a shadow. But it is wonderful on what a slender fragment of hope the heart will lean in such a case. I find myself clinging to it with a tenacity which sometimes quite startles me, and already visions of returning health for our beloved one crowd my fancy. She is so very dear to me—dearer than ties of

consanguinity could make her. We had been much together in childhood. She was left an orphan in infancy, and adopted by my aunt and uncle Campbell, and was the little companion of my brother John in his long visits to Howden—the little Mary whom he mentions in his letters. These things, and her own intrinsic worth and gentle piety, have made her very dear to me, especially of late years.

"It seems selfish to mourn the early departure of those whom the Great Father has been making meet to dwell in His presence, and I have been trying to realize the thought lately that He burnishes our jewels, and sets them in His crown, that our thoughts and affections may more frequently and continuously rise to Him. If heaven is continually attracting to itself the beautiful and the good, is it not that our hearts, whose treasures they were, should be allured heaven-ward, as well as that they should be safely garnered where the spoiler enters not?

"Thanks for your little scrap of mental autobiography. The history of mind is very interesting to me. I pondered over it long and somewhat sadly. It suggested thoughts of poor John Sterling which I cannot now embody in language. Seriously I do think that the gift of mind—your class of mind I mean—is a fearful and perilous thing. I know a little of those labyrinths of darkness which you describe. Precisely the same subjects may not have occupied me, but I think similar ones have. I have a vivid reminiscence of pacing the long garden walks of my old childhood's home in the cold moonlight, revolving questions from whose fearful magnitude a girl of sixteen might well have shrank. I remember sitting down on the ground, and, clasping my hands, uttering in a voice, the deep passionate earnestness of which startled me: 'I would gladly die this moment to solve that problem.' In later years I have repeated again and again these incidents of my mental history, but the racking thought has terminated in some-

thing better than a cold, chilling sense of my own impotence and ignorance. It has generally ended in a feeling of exultation of which this is the expression: Be still my soul! Fold thy fluttering, wearied wing, which has beat too long the bars of thy prison-house! Be patient! Know'st thou not that the breath of Omnipotence which made thee a living soul, made thee also immortal? Of this thy lofty birth-right, no man, nor fiend, nor high angel, can rob thee. Thou art a denizen of the universe, and belongest to God's eternity. Progression in knowledge is as much thy birthright as immortality. And when this little term of infanthood has expired, and thou art unwrapt from the swaddling-bands of thy fallen nature, and received into the communion of spirits made perfect, thou shalt read off the grand hieroglyphics of nature and revelation over which thou hast pondered so long and fruitlessly here. The highest intelligences of the universe shall give tribute to thy mental stores. Thou shalt press nearer and nearer through eternity to the steps of His throne from which all knowledge flows, and shalt drink from the fountain of all wisdom such draughts as thy infant capabilities could not now receive. Mourn not thy impotence. Rather rejoice in the grandeur of thy destiny. Thy manhood shall dawn to-morrow, and its powers shall be developing, expanding, and filling for ever. Be patient a little while, thou hast a noble heritage.

"I know not whether you could thus calm the fevered throbbings of your soul when all its powers have been wrought up to the highest possible tension, and there has been that fearful recoil which leaves such a restless, wild, helpless yearning for a resting-place for the sole of your foot; when, like Noah's dove, you have found none amid all the dreary waste of surging waters across which your mental pinions have failed to bear you. Let us thank God in such an hour of soul-darkness for that one ark of safety —for that 'life and immortality brought to light through

the Gospel.' Is it not sweet to anchor there? To find one immovable rock beneath your feet when you have proved so much to be shifting sand?

"I heartily endorse the closing sentiment of your paragraph on this subject. Ah! Faith walks free and unreproved in lofty temples, through whose portals Reason cannot enter. With what eagerness we set out in search of truth—newer crusaders for the Holy Land! But alas! we often take forbidden paths, and then a cold, dreary night closes around us, and—

> 'We find we are alone upon the sands,
> Far from all human aids and sympathies;
> While the black tide comes roaring up the waste.'

"Once more the sad, sorrowful vision of John Sterling's death-bed rises before me. 'Hitherto but no further' is inscribed on many a gateway at which reason knocks. But faith and love meet no such barriers. 'Works of faith and labours of love!' Truly you have the right key, the only true remedy for that noble 'disease' of which you speak. Use it with an unsparing hand as He did who went about doing good, and who, though He might have revelled in the retrospection of that glory which He had left, and fed His mind on the grand truths whose fragmentary glimpses sometimes awaken and absorb our souls, yet was oftenest found by the shores of Galilee's lake and in the cottage at Bethany, teaching to the common people the simple gospel of their salvation. May that future which lies before you be calm and bright with the radiance of humble faith, holy love, and good works! It will be a peaceful calm indeed after such a storm.

"But it is approaching the 'witching hour of night,' and my brain has been muddy ever since I began writing. I have such a press of engagements now that I have to steal time for writing.

"It is rather refreshing to hear of 'falsehood running mad.' She so often walks with trim decorous mien on that debatable ground which lies between her own territories and those of truth, and flits about on the border-land of both, that one is puzzled what to make of the witch—at one time a most saint-like personage; at another, a very fairy with all sorts of elfin tricks.

"I heard Mr. —— last Sunday evening. I shall eschew his presence in future if I know it. I could'nt help fancying him a red-hot geologist, and myself some rare specimen which he was compelled to contemplate at a respectful distance, but of which he was quite longing to make a closer inspection."

Various causes had delayed her visit to Howden. On the 21st of February however, she reached the bed-side of the dying relative. On the 27th she wrote to Miss N——: "Dear Polly has been telling me this afternoon that she is quite willing to die. She leaves herself in God's hands and knows it will be all right. 'Nobody could have a stronger desire to live than I had,' she said, 'when I first began to be poorly. Oh! how I prayed that God would spare my life! I did this for hours in that little bedroom at your house; and when I walked out in the lanes I used to be praying earnestly that God would be pleased to spare me to those I loved, and who loved me so dearly.' I had some difficulty in keeping down my feelings. The picture of such a young, fair creature pleading earnestly with a loving Father for the continuance of a gift which in wisdom and love he saw fit to resume, almost overpowered me."

On March 12th she reports to Miss B. G——: "Our beloved invalid still lingers. She is worn almost to a skeleton. She has entirely lost her voice." On the 17th the youthful sufferer was released. A few days after the sad event Miss Hessel writes to Mrs. W——: "On Sunday week, the day before her death, my beloved cousin, though very

weak, seemed somewhat better. She was dressed and laid on the bed to receive the Lord's supper with a few friends. She looked very lovely, and was calm and unmoved while every one around her was bathed in tears. Mr. Richards' voice faltered as he referred to her who would drink no more of that cup until she drank it new in her Father's kingdom, with that loving Saviour in remembrance of whose passion we then partook of it. But dear Mary had done with tears. That night we undressed her for the last time. Just before doing so she requested to see two gentlemen who had called to inquire after her. She spoke to both about religion, got them to promise to read their Bibles every day, and to become Sunday-school teachers. The following day, about two o'clock, she began to experience difficulty in breathing. At a quarter past seven the gentle sufferer was at rest on the bosom of her God. Poor Mr. F——! I leave you to imagine the wreck and desolation of a heart which had poured all its treasures on the fair, silent sleeper over whom he bent in that strong agony which cannot be controlled.

"On Friday we followed the dear remains to their last resting place. The streets were lined with crowds of people. The Sunday-school girls followed dressed in white, and never perhaps was one so gentle and retiring so universally and deeply mourned.

"My health has suffered of late. I am the confidante of sorrows which I have no power to alleviate. I have wandered this afternoon to dear Mary's resting place, and how I have envied her peaceful, happy lot. Why was not I taken instead? In the wild agony of my sorrow, when I heard from her how she had prayed long and agonizingly that her life might be spared, I came to the mercy-seat and offered that my life might ransom hers. But it could not be. The prayer was rejected.

"I have taken fresh dedication vows upon myself. As I

knelt by her coffin I offered myself once more to God, to do with me what he saw fit,—to teach me how to live, that like her I might know how to die."

In three or four days after, her stricken heart pours forth its emotions to her sister-in-law: "My mind I fear is too apt to dwell on the gloomy side of things. I feel that a dark shadow has fallen upon my path. All bright and lovely things now seem to me fading and liable to decay beyond what they ever did before. The sense of my loss deepens almost daily. I think I never before realized the meaning of the words 'I have lost a friend.' Mary had been for some time past increasingly dear to us all. Her purely unselfish nature had won all hearts. Rarely has Christian character been so sweetly and rapidly developed. She is enshrined in my memory as the fairest incarnation of a gentle, loving, high-minded woman I have ever known."

Miss Hessel's health received a blow on this occasion from which it never fully rallied. Her bye-gone apprehensions of a premature grave were naturally re-awakened. She had a premonition at Mary's grave, she subsequently states, that she should soon follow her.

After remaining a few more days at Howden, she wisely proceeded to spend a brief period with her friend at Leeds. On reaching that town she found herself amid scenes utterly out of harmony with her state of heart. It was the day of public rejoicing for the capture of Sebastopol. "I had upon the whole a pleasant journey," she writes to Mr. F——. "I felt sad, and especially so when I got to Leeds, and found myself amongst the rushing crowds of people, and beheld the hundreds of gay flags streaming from every tower and from all the shops in Briggate. A gay sight indeed it was; but I walked amid it all with a deep, deep shadow on my heart.

"And what cared all these people for your sorrow and mine? The one great event around which all our thoughts

centre, and which possesses for us such sad importance, was unknown and unheeded here. One feels one's own insignificance amid such scenes. But I must not write in this strain. I was forgetting that I ought to cheer you, who have so much more need of comfort than even myself.

"I wonder how you are getting on. My heart will ever and anon turn to the scenes of the past fortnight, and to that dear hallowed mound in the churchyard where I knelt last night, and under the shadow of the solemn stars, with my hand on that precious grave renewed my dedication vows, and prayed that the gentle spirit of the departed might fall on me—that I might strive earnestly to emulate her patient, loving, and yet active piety."

On April 2nd she writes to the biographer from Leeds: "I have not been at all well lately. This lovely weather and this charming spot however seem to bring life and health to me, and I hope soon to be well. My spirits are not good. A deep shadow is on my heart, and I feel an indifference to all things around me which I cannot shake off. Even the arrangements I am now making for my visit to you seem unreal. You will not, I am sure, think me wanting in regard for yourself and dear Mrs. P. when I say that much of the enjoyment with which I looked forward to my visit has been lost in that 'valley of the shadow of death' in which I have lately been walking with that beloved one who has passed through it. I ought not to mourn, because for her there is no more cause for sorrow. The faded flower is blossoming anew in the paradise of God. Her beautiful life was crowned by a gentle, beautiful death.

"Present my love and best thanks to Mrs. P. for her kind arrangements for my visit. Tell her I shall expect to glide into your circle without creating any disturbance in your regular plans; that I shall be amenable to all your household regulations, and expect to help her, and 'be treated as one

of the family,' as the governess advertisements say. I am rather afraid she does not quite understand me. Pray assure her that I am a very domestic homely sort of body, really wishful to make myself generally useful."—This was simple truth, however much it may wear the garb of affectation.

"I had such a delightful letter from Mrs. —— this morning," she writes to Miss B. G——. "She seems to have thrown all her morbid sentiment to the winds, and to look upon life now as a precious gift to be improved. She has at last found the true solution to the problem of human happiness—work. She says she has begun collecting for the Bible Society, and in a very short time has got subscriptions for and sold seventy Bibles and Testaments. The people are astonished at her success. This work has opened the way for other spheres of usefulness among the poor, and to this she has had to devote several hours of two or three days in the week. The whole tone of her letter is as refreshing as a spring breeze."—Let all to whom life is a dull monotony re-peruse this passage, and ponder it well. Those whom sickness or decrepitude may prevent from going to do likewise, will find that inquiry into the wants and woes of human kind, and effort to stimulate others to alleviate them, will give brightness to many dull hours.

> "What are we sent on earth for? Say, to toil;
> Nor seek to leave the tending of thy vines
> For all the heat of day till it declines,
> And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil."

On April 5th she writes to Mr. F——: "Thank you for your beautiful letter. Your sorrow is a sacred thing in my eyes,—never fear to confide it to me. I sympathize with all its phases, except indeed in that feeling that possibly now her holy, glorified spirit may look with wonder on its earthly love, and deem it unworthy. No! whatever of

worth she loved in you here, she loves for ever; loves with a nobler love than that of earth. I cannot but think that even now some fond emotion will be stirred at the memory of that human passion which struggled after, and aspired in its unfoldings to, the divine. Surely we dream of heaven too much as a metamorphosis of our whole nature! My own mind has been somewhat saddened it is true in the vain effort to realize the mode of her present being, her employments, the nature of her intercourse with the highest intelligences of the universe. Let the thought comfort us that whatever changes we experience, her love cannot change."

A sentiment uttered by her cousin, and worthy of being deeply pondered by the gay and busy, is communicated to Mrs. W—— on May 8th: "I often think of dear Polly's remark, made in her earnest whisper, with that expression in her eye which gave such force to her utterances: 'I never could have believed that life, and all it contains, would have assumed the aspect to my mind it has done, since I have been laid aside in a sick room.' Ought we not to gird on our armour afresh, and faint not in the strife, seeing we have but the day wherein to work, and that day so brief and uncertain?"

Her spirits happily now began to recover something of their former tone. On the 13th she writes to Mrs. P—— after having stated her proposed arrangements for her visit: "With you I think that put-off visits, like put-off weddings, are very dubious things. My present purpose, however, is to cheat the goddess who presides over such matters, and present myself at Congleton Station for your further disposal next Tuesday evening, unless your domestic divinity, or some other untoward event forbid."—On that day our habitation received such an accession to its hearth-joys as a visitor has rarely furnished.

Through the kindness of Mr. F——, whom business called to Manchester, she had a peep into life, on her way to

Congleton, under a phase entirely new. Instruction was derived as well as curiosity gratified. She wrote to him next day: "I have enjoyed what I saw in Manchester yesterday more to-day than I did at the time perhaps. Various reflections have been suggested by the remembrance, which I value. I saw some phases of life which were quite new to me, and you would smile perhaps were I to mention them. They related to strangers. But I read another page of your character as you walked with your memorandum book dotting down that, and crossing out the other, and tossing over your quick-made purchases. What compound beings we are! What a contrast often between our outward and inner life! Well, a day in Manchester warehouses is a very edifying thing in its way, and I thank you for the lessons suggested. They may have their uses some day."

Of Congleton, after a brief inspection, she says: "The surrounding scenery is beautiful. The town clean and rather pretty. The suburbs especially so, for it abounds in villas and large quiet-looking houses embowered with trees. Vegetation is considerably more advanced here than in our more northern latitude.

"In my walk with Mrs. P—— I had a long talk about Mary. How invariably anything beautiful in nature suggests to me thoughts of her, and often, alas! these thoughts are associated with her living presence, and the fact that she is no more is for the time entirely forgotten. Then the truth flashes upon me with startling freshness. Do you ever feel this? Perhaps not; for to you the consciousness of her loss must be more constantly present.

"I feel impressed to-day with a sense of the insignificance of all the appendages of life as compared with its one great object—spending it for God's glory and the benefit of our fellow-beings. Dr. Kitto—an epitome of whose life I have to-day been reading—has left this impression on my mind. What a noble work he pursued under peculiar disadvantages!"

"I read a review of Dr. Kitto's life in 'The Eclectic,' yesterday," she writes to Miss S. R—— on the 22nd. "What a tale of thrilling interest it must be! A workhouse lad—totally deaf, and of course with imperfect speech, disappointed or rather betrayed in a most passionate attachment, by a faithless lady, and finally married to a gem of a woman, who was thrown upon his sympathy and kindness when suffering from the bereavement of her affianced husband. Her path seems to have been a difficult and blessed one. She was never absent from his side for ten hours together during all their wedded life. Yet she ransacked libraries for him, and laboured to advance his works with all her might. Of their union she beautifully says, 'I prayed that God who had chosen my difficult path would enable me rightly to walk in it.'"

Who of us, holding opinions to which we attach importance, may not ponder beneficially the sentiment she transmits to Mr. W——t on May 26th: "In my earnest condemnation of bigotry I have sometimes felt myself indulging in uncharitableness of spirit. The very same bitterness may mark my condemnation of bigotry which marks the bigot I condemn. I say not this, believe me, with any reference to your letter. I speak only of myself. I have deeply felt since I came here how far I have erred in this respect."

Though written some years previously, the following was furnished to the public during this spring.

THE LEPER.

"Woe, woe is me! far from the abodes of men,
And far from spot by human footsteps trod,
And far from all that's reached by human ken,
From kindred, home, all but the curse of God,
I flee; a leper—shunn'd, abhorr'd, and scorn'd,
A thing forgotten, or but lightly mourn'd.

"I thirst—I burn, no hand may give me drink,
Nor with the cooling waters lave my brow;
An outcast vile, from those—from all—I shrink,
Whose voice might soothe, whose hand relief bestow.
In the low depths of my own black despair
My cry of misery doth but echo there.

"The past comes o'er me like a troubled dream,
And memory to my torture lends her aid;
That past, nor sighs, nor tears can e'er redeem,
Or cause it from my aching heart to fade.
One vision haunts and fires my madden'd brain,
The wife—the babes I ne'er may see again.

"One voice is with me now! Her gentle tone,
And beaming eye, and smile, whose sweetness spoke
Of woman's earnest, trusting love, alone—
So pure, so fervent, so intense—it woke
My soul to gladness, made me deem that joy
So rich, was mine for aye, without alloy.

"Hark!—'tis a footstep. Who approaches near
To one who all companionship must flee?
Haste, stranger, from the unclean! Come thou not here!
The air a leper breathes is cursed to thee.
It is the scoff'd, revil'd,—the Nazarene!
Lord, if thou wilt, thou can'st bid me be clean!"

Low at the Saviour's feet the outcast knelt,
His eye in tenderest pity viewed him there:
'Twas such He came to save. The scorn'd one felt
Through his whole frame the answer to his prayer.
He saw the Saviour look with love serene,
And heard with joy, "I will that thou be clean!"

CHAPTER X.

Her views on a vital Christian doctrine temporarily unsettled—The benefit to be secured from the little things of daily life—Christian liberty—The triple nobility of nature, culture, and faith—Importance of an habitual recognition of God—John Sterling—Her brother's decision to embark for Australia—Glimpses of the grand possibilities of our being—Departure of her brother—The duty of cultivating a thankful spirit—The privileges supplied by trials—Emerson's English Traits—The Jehovah-Angel—American writers of fiction—Scanty aids for self-improvement.

THEY who would enjoy the sweets of repose must first experience the bitterness of toil. This is as true of the mind as the body. Miss Hessel's views had become unsettled on a doctrine she felt to be of vital importance; and she was now therefore experiencing great solicitude. In a letter to Mr. W——t, she says: "I have had a floating intention for some time past of asking you for an elucidation of some points in a grand doctrine of Christianity which has somewhat perplexed me. I have been so fearful of being misunderstood if I asked any of my orthodox friends how they would meet such and such objections, that I have let my troubled thoughts heave and surge on while the mists gathered more thickly. Yesterday, in a conversation with Mr. P——, the subject was drawn out of me. He answered my questions without expressing the slightest surprise, furnished me with his strongest arguments, and though he seemed instinctively to understand how far I had gone, uttered no word of reproach, but said cordially, 'I am glad to find you inquiring into this subject, I have no doubt of

the issue. We will talk about this another day, and you shall read Wardlaw's Discourses on the Socinian Controversy.' Such a feeling of restfulness came over me! I dare say you can well understand it. My spirit seemed to fold her weary pinions; and I said to myself, 'I am finding firm footing here. My feet are yet trembling on the rock, but they will stand fast by and bye. I feel like the sailor so long accustomed to the rolling motion of his vessel that at first he staggers and reels on solid ground. You will guess where I have been wandering, and may-be wonder, but you will not harshly condemn; and therefore I do not fear to tell you some day what a sceptic I have been."

This was the effect of reading Dr. Channing; and, unless she had previously given the subject a thorough investigation, the effect to be expected. Is she then to be accused of a presumptuous approach to danger? Another question will help us to determine this. Is it advisable to accept as true, without examination, whatever our teachers propound? If those not grounded and settled in the faith are liable to be carried about with every wind of doctrine; if an intelligent belief can result only from examination; if truths can be propagated, in intelligent society, only by those who intelligently believe them, then the writer cannot pass sentence of condemnation. And is it not to furnish scope for mental invigoration, and stimulus to it, as well as to supply a moral test, that all truth is not made so luminous as to be indisputable? Our personal interests—self-preservation, self-satisfaction, and self-improvement—and the interests of our fellow-men, render inquiry imperative. Let humility, teachableness, earnest desire for truth, and fervent prayer to the Father of lights, characterize the inquirer, and hope may banish fear as to the issue. The Apostle Paul commended the Bereans, not for implicitly accepting his declarations, but for searching the Scriptures daily to know whether those things were so. Had all inquirers been

kindly and judiciously treated, there would have been far fewer sceptics. Does not a measure of responsibility for such a result attach to those who might have prevented it? It is grievously wrong, and exceedingly perilous to frown upon those in search of satisfaction to an unsettled mind.

Fortunately we have her own subsequent and matured views as to the wisdom of having subjected herself to this process. In a letter to a friend whose mind had been unsettled by Foster's observations on the duration of future punishment, she says: "I do not see that a 'suggested doubt' should have made you regret having read Foster on this point. The exercise of thinking out, and settling the question for yourself, might be of immense advantage to you. I went through a far more perilous process which ended only a few months ago. It was on the subject of Christ's divinity; and was occasioned by Dr. Channing. He is not considered the most powerful advocate of Socinianism, but I believe he is the most captivating one. He exhibits such an almost angelic goodness, and breathes such a spirit of Christ-like love for even his theological opponents, that I confess I think his theological writings highly dangerous for almost any class of youthful mind. Still, I have not bought too dearly the precious feeling of security which I now have in that doctrine. I never knew, until I searched, how the doctrine shines out from the pages of prophecy, as well as from the New Testament. I little imagined what mighty reasons there were that the world's atonement could be none other than the Son of God—the equal of the Father—until I read some of the productions of profound and comprehensive minds on this subject."

To Mrs. R——s, in a letter bearing no date, but which was evidently written about the time she was emerging from these struggles, she says: "It is a terrible thing though, this battling amid the darkness of finite ignorance with questions concerning the Infinite and Eternal. How it

shocks me to hear such questions summarily and dogmatically disposed of in the pulpit, as I sometimes do, by men who have not the faintest conception of their awful grandeur! I have heard it said that the Hindoo mind, with its keen, metaphysical subtlety, almost invariably stumbles at this doctrine of a Trinity when it embraces Christianity. Can't you fancy St. Paul, with his penetrating mental eye, trying to bring this subject within the range of his vision, and when reason failed, faith triumphantly uttered the exclamation: 'Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, . . received up into glory?'

"I respond most cordially to your expressions of hope that we may benefit each other by a correspondence. I value highly those 'little fragments of the soul,' as John Sterling calls letters, with which my friends favour me; and I enjoy greatly the dumb, inarticulate pouring out of my own soul to those whose sympathies and pursuits are in unison with my own.

"Have you read 'The Cry of the Human' by Mrs. Browning? I wonder it is not more popular. It is such a stirring song, Carlyle might have written some of the expressions, they are so forceful. Think of standing by the still form of a loved one and seeing

> 'A light on dearest brows
> Which is the day-light only.'"

To her brother, on the 9th of July, she writes: "You wish to know something of my visit to Congleton. It would take a day to tell all that interested and gratified me. I had some rich intellectual treats in conversation with Mr. and Mrs. P——, was treated with every possible kindness by everybody—had long talks about dear John—heard him described in some of the most interesting scenes of his private life—read all his letters, and as much of his

journal as I had time for, and became acquainted with the secret springs of action, the passions that moved him, and a thousand things about how he lived and loved and suffered, toiled and won mental and moral trophies of victory,—and in fact realized him as I had never done before. Poor John! what a noble heart he had! How it was disciplined and tried in its tenderest feelings! Truly of him it might be said, that

> 'Not for nought
> Had sorrow, suffering, love, and thought,
> Their long still work of preparation wrought.'"

In four or five weeks after her return to Boston Spa, she utters noble sentiments in well-chosen words, in a letter to Mrs. P—— on July 15th: "I seize the first opportunity of writing to you since the receipt of your unexpected and very welcome letter. We have been rather gay lately in the way of visiting and having company. Our party is now dispersing, so that in a day or two we expect to be quite alone, for the first time since I came from Congleton. We have had a very pleasant time of it. I had just been thinking of what it ought to yield. If, like a wandering bee, I have been sipping sweets from many a fair and sunlit flower, I ought, like that bee, to return laden with spoils, and in the quiet seclusion of my hive to make it into honey—to turn, by reflection, the raw material hastily gathered and stored by way-side paths into something useful and noble. It seems to me the nicest point in the art of living well to be able to do this constantly—an alchymy worth ten thousand times more than that of the old philosophers. The longer I live the more am I impressed with the hidden value of these little things which make up the sum of daily life—their adaptation to aid in that process of self-education, mental, moral, and religious, which we ought to be conducting. How great our perversity must be, since we so

often not only fail to perceive their value and neglect the right use of them, but actually turn them to purposes of self-degradation!

"Sometimes I get a glance into these things as arranged by the wisdom and love of the great Parent, which startles me. I wonder at my own habitual blindness, and turn wonderingly to mark my fellow-pilgrims through the wilderness of life—my school-fellows in the common seminary—to discover whether they see and appreciate more fully the perfection of that disciplinary economy under which we are placed. This subject has been suggested to me by the variety in my employments, mental and manual, of late. It has acquired a deeper interest from the fact that what is termed by some of my very sober friends 'mere amusement,' has entered more largely than usual into the list of my occupations. I am far from thinking that these amusements ought to occupy a large portion of time. Like every thing else engaging our attention, they ought to be made subservient to our advancement and God's glory.

"It seems to me that there is a great want among us of a recognition of God in every thing, especially in our innocent rational enjoyments. Surely the great loving heart of the Universal Parent, whose goodness is seen in the enjoyments of the minutest forms of animal life, looks with complacency upon all the forms of sinless enjoyment of which His intelligent creatures partake. That He is indifferent to the lightest matter which ministers to their happiness is a supposition derogatory to His glory. Why, when my heart swells high with the happiness of genial social intercourse, cannot I look up to Him with the loving glance of a child sure of a responsive smile of parental sympathy? I think it should be so. I often fear my religion is too much a formal thing, put on for hours of devotion, or for the solemn duties of life. As if my Father—the God of Love—the fountain of all happiness—was a being of stern and awful

presence, at the remembrance of whom a budding smile should vanish, and the laughter of childhood be hushed! I have visions of a liberty in which I ought to walk—a glad purity of heart whose moral alchymy would render pure everything it touched."

> "Soul! fearful is thy power, which thus transforms
> All things into thy likeness; heaves in storms
> The strong, proud sea, or lays it down to rest,
> Like the hushed infant on its mother's breast;
> Which gives each outward circumstance its hue,
> And shapes the acts and thoughts of men anew,
> Till they, in turn, or love or hate impart,
> As love or hate holds rule within the heart."

On July 19th she writes in her journal: "The religion of the Bible is adapted to meet all the wants of man. It is designed to elevate his entire nature in its threefold unity. That nature, as a whole, is the subject of redemption, and the gospel exhibits its value and dignity. It not only points out the supreme value of the soul, but teaches that our body, over which death and corruption have a delegated and temporary power, is the temple of the Holy Ghost. All its teachings bear upon man's elevation, physically, intellectually, and morally. To restore man to the likeness of God is the glorious mission of Christ's religion. How very partially this beneficent design seems to be apprehended by the great mass of Christians!"

Long as the next record is, probably no reader would wish it shorter. Earnestly is it to be wished that every religious professor in the land would read it. 22nd "Met with the following passage in my brother's extract book: 'Here and there is found one who admits the religion of heaven in its own manner, and imbibes its sublimity and beauty without detriment, and glorifies God, the giver of all, by displaying the triple nobility of nature, culture, and faith.' Pity that it should be only 'here and there one'

who thus glorifies God! Surely the great Father who, by the mouth of Jesus Christ, has bid His children 'be perfect' even as He is perfect, looks with approbation on the spirit panting for and striving after universal excellence. The more I think on religion and on man, the more forcibly am I impressed with the infinitude of wisdom and love from which the gospel emanated. Its great principles are eternal and unchangeable, but what a wonderful adaptation there is in them for all nations and all ages! Man has never yet exhibited the full glory of Christianity; but the day is hastening to its dawn when, not 'here and there one,' but masses of men shall glorify the great author of Christianity by exhibiting the 'triple nobility of nature, culture, and faith.'

"Ought I not to aim at this? Is not the religion I have embraced designed to elevate my whole nature? Does it not appeal to my noblest instincts? If my body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, if that, too, was included in the price of redemption, and Christianity demands of me an habitual recognition of that fact, surely my mind, which even amid the ruins of the fall exhibits traces of its divine origin, is included in the provisions of Christianity!

"I find myself therefore, in my three-fold nature, a pupil in the school of Christianity. The first blessing which religion conferred upon me was a renewed nature—a heart right towards God. It did not engraft upon me any new faculty, it simply turned my feet into the right path, cancelled my past transgressions, and gave my moral nature a right bias. These were its initiatory steps. Its provisions extend far, far beyond this. It has taken me in my triple nature to train and educate. It speaks to me of growth, progression, and Christ-likeness, as the highest end of my being. The great principles which Christ laid down, and which His own life illustrated, are to govern me. My intellectual faculties, sanctified by religion, are to be freely

exercised on the great truths of Christianity. With the freedom but the reverence of a child, I may trace out the wisdom, power, and love of my Father in redemption, in His moral government of the world, and in the wonders of His creating power. I am invited to investigate these, for I have a personal interest in them of which an angel cannot boast. In studying them I enlarge my conceptions of God.

"The incidents of my daily life are arranged by that same wisdom and love for the purpose of my moral training. They are the means best adapted for securing this. It is strange that they are regarded by many of the children of God as hindrances to piety. There lingers in many minds that remnant of Popish corruption which a wicked priesthood has nurtured for purposes of worldly emolument, that God is best worshipped in long and frequent acts of devotion, ecstacies of feeling, and the cultivation of the emotions. All these are right and proper in their place, but they are a very small portion of the means of true religious growth. 'When one is growing in religion,' says an able writer, 'he converts the common pursuits of life into means of piety. The spiritual temper gives its own colour to all objects, and influences every choice of the mind. The soul becomes impregnated with love, and sees and pursues all things under its influence.'

"The employments and pursuits of daily life are to us just what we make them. We stamp their value to us by the spirit we bring to them. They are designed as educational appliances by our great Teacher, and if we fail to recognize and improve them as such, we rob ourselves of an incalculable good, and God of a portion of His glory.

"If I am true to God and my own nature, I must aim at the highest cultivation of that nature. I must seek to glorify Him by a steady consistent growth in all excellence, by a harmonious development of all the graces of His Spirit."

"That patiently
My part appointed in Thy thought fulfilling,
Day-builded life may be,
Both temple and home and rest,
Each finished wondrously."

On July 26th she writes to Mr. W——t: "I was gratified by your description of our modern Babylon. Thoughts such as you so eloquently express have frequently crowded upon me as I have been hurried along with the great tide of humanity surging in its mighty heart. London is the place to divest us of our self-importance; one feels such a speck on the vast ocean of humanity. The circumstances attending my occasional visits to it have given a complexion to the last few years of my life. It has been my lot to meet with minds of a rare and curious calibre there, and these have furnished matter of interest far higher and more enduring than the endlessly varied and wondrous haunts of amusement for which London is famed."

Her journal receives another contribution on August 3rd: "There is a power of controlling thought which I greatly lack. This causes many failures in the realization of that excellence at which I aim. Let me feed my mind with such thoughts only as are pure, noble, and useful. My imagination needs a check. It occupies soil in which plants of more solid worth should grow.

"How important is the admonition of the Apostle, 'Watch!' In an emergency, when some difficulty or trial suddenly presents itself, I am apt to feel a momentary inability to meet it. This is because I forget God. I have spoken of anticipated trial and my capability for grappling with it, as if I had to meet it in my unaided strength. What blindness to my privileges! What dishonour to my loving Father, upon whose strength it is my highest glory to lean, and who has purposely ordered these things for

the quickening and expansion of my powers! Great difficulties are inseparable from lofty achievements in the moral as well as the physical world. Strength is born of trial. Let me live in the habitual recollection of that declaration of the illustrious Apostle, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'"

On the 4th she writes to a friend: "I can scarcely tell you what I am reading; nothing properly, but snatches of everything, just to keep me from mental starvation. But this is not the way for me to live. I have learnt that

> 'All knowledge is not nourishment,
> The mind may pine upon its food.'

I sat up an hour later last night to write to you. I thought I was taking time by the forelock. But old father Time guards that same forelock with most provoking vigilance. I awoke an hour later than usual for it this morning, and beheld the old man with his care-worn face relaxed into a smile of derision.

"There is a very beautiful poem in the Methodist Magazine for this month, called 'First Sabbath Days,' God's first Sabbath and Christ's, the inaugural Sabbath of each. This is pretty of Adam and Eve:—

> 'Smiles like the sun from his bright face were beaming,
> Her's as the moonlight shone.'"

Her strong affection for her friend Mrs. W——, now called, as a Wesleyan Minister's wife, to sunder ties of friendship, and dwell among strangers, reveals itself in a note written on August 27th: "God bless you, my dear and valued friend, for all your kindness to me! I owe you much—more than I can ever tell you here. When we meet in that better-land perhaps I may be able."—"I feel sad this morning," she writes to her again the next day, "the unbidden tear will start when I think that you are indeed going to-day. Few things could have affected me so much

as Mr. W——'s silent pressure of my hand last night—the unspoken adieu which revealed so well what my usual 'good night' was designed to conceal. All this told a tale of deep attachment the strength of which perhaps parting alone could reveal. I have commended you to God, to His Fatherhood and protection. May you ever dwell beneath it! In the future, when widely sundered, will it not be sweet to remember that we can confer blessings upon each other through that common Father? We may hold the key that unlocks His storehouse for the gifts we each desire and need. And will not His loving heart respond to the prayer which one child of His family prefers on behalf of another? I feel peculiar comfort in dwelling on these words: 'One in Christ Jesus.'"

"I have been going on much as usual since you left," she writes to Mrs. W—— again on Sept. 10th, "or rather have had an increase of work, and been suffering from tic; so that with Tasso I have sometimes said very feelingly:

> 'All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear;
> But must be borne, I stoop not to despair.'

"I am reading John Sterling's Life and Works by Julius Hare. It is a perilous thing to launch on the sea of speculation without a firm faith in the grand doctrines of revelation. His death-bed is deeply touching. For him I believe 'at eventide it was light;' but not the radiant steady light growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day which should mark the close of the Christian's course; it was as the sudden appearance of the polar star to the weary mariner whose storm-tossed bark has encountered a long, dark tempest, in which he has well nigh been engulphed.

"I was surprised to find that he died at Ventnor, and was buried at Bonchurch. Near his grave, perhaps close by it, I must often have strayed, dreaming over those very problems whose unfathomed abysses he so deeply pondered.

Could I then have read his life-story how different would have been my mental history."

An event, painful to the whole family in its immediate, though cheering in its remote, bearings, which had long been regarded as contingent, was now emerging into the actual. Her brother had for some years, for several reasons, contemplated removal to a foreign clime. Divine Providence seemed now to open his way to Australia, and after much deliberation and prayer, he resolved to proceed thither. The anticipated separation was, of course, a great trial. Both parties, however, recognized a divine hand in it. "I wrote to William yesterday," she says to the biographer on Sept. 20th, "and told him that we could not oppose his going. I believe it is best he should go. I know that a generous love seeks only the happiness and welfare of its object. I try not to think of the future. I read a remark to day which struck me forcibly. It was to this effect: We are too apt, like the women who went to the Saviour's tomb, to anticipate difficulties. 'Who will roll away the stone?' But we forget that they found it rolled away. I find myself asking sometimes, in the event of such and such things, what shall we do when he is far away? But we have a loving Father in heaven whose goodness

> 'Watches every numbered hair,
> And all our steps attends.'

"Thank you for your kind counsel. We will endeavour to follow it. I thank God for my friends. I could not bear to walk through life an unloved and neglected thing, nor could I be satisfied with the narrow circle which bounds some people's affections. I often wonder at the number and richness of my blessings in these respects."

To Miss S. R——, on the 29th, she reveals something of the prostration of which she was the victim,—the undoubted

result of over-taxation. "The first effort of an invalid in letter writing I consecrate to you. Yours of Sunday morning found me too ill to read it until some hours after its arrival. I can hardly tell you what has been the matter with me. The doctor says I have had a narrow escape of inflammation, brought on by a combination of causes, the nature of which, alas! I know too well.

"William sails by the 'Walmer Castle' a fortnight next Monday. We expect them all, the latter part of this week. What is before me in the immediate future I dare not contemplate. I keep repeating to myself the promise, 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be.' Words of sublimity and comfort! I can but faintly realize them however in my present state of weakness.

"Did you read Arthur's article on the Union of the Wesleyans with the Church of England, in the last London Quarterly? I think it a noble contribution, so temperate, and such real majesty of tone. The deliberations of the committee, and the discussions of the convocation, seem really ridiculous in the light of his facts and reasonings. Methodism is not understood by these people.

"I long to tell you some of my thinkings of late. The problem I am just now most anxious to solve is: 'What are the best means for the noblest development of my mental and moral powers?' O Sarah we do not live, we dream! I have latterly had momentary glimpses—lightning flashes, if you will—of the grand possibilities of our being; of the glory to be revealed, not yonder, but here, in us, and through us. This should result in something more than vain yearnings. Every day I feel more deeply what of conflict lies between me and that bright vision of perfected humanity on which my eye sometimes rests."

On the day of her brother's departure, Oct. 14th, she

wrote to the biographer: "William felt leaving us very much. I never saw him so shaken. It is a sad, sorrowful day, I assure you. He preached twice on Sunday. In the morning from Col. iv. 2, 3; and in the evening from 'the wedding garment;' after which we partook of the sacrament. It was a very affecting season—long to be remembered. We were all nearly upset. He nearly broke down through strong emotion."

A few days after, she writes to her Leeds friend: "Your letter, dear Sarah, was like delicious dew upon my fever-parched spirit. I need not tell you that I have suffered since I last wrote. I will not dwell upon this, but rather upon the goodness and mercy which have so richly sustained us all. We all feel so surely that it is for the best. Last Friday the valedictory services were held at the Mission-House. Sarah seems to have made up her mind bravely to her Australian home, and Minnie chatted like an embryo colonist.

"The future has often lately presented itself to my mind as a dense, palpable cloud, charged with important events, casting a shadow on my spirit. I can scarcely explain this, nor do I allow my mind to dwell on it. I am enabled to maintain a strong unwavering confidence in the fatherhood of God. I can trust the future to Him. My chief desire is that my character may more and more assimilate to that of the righteous, for whom 'light is sown,' and to whom there 'ariseth light in the darkness.'

"I have not gone through Sterling's Essays, but I think them generally unfinished productions. I like the one on Carlyle best. He has evidently brought all his powers to bear on that, and brings to his task also an admiring eye and a loving heart. I was glancing through Carlyle's 'Past and Present' once more the other day. What a strange, stirring book it is! The words often seem on fire, and electrify you. It is quite a paradox to me, but he seems to understand the essence of true religion better than any

writer I have ever read. Take for instance one sentence out of many equally forceful and true. He contends that all real religion, all true faith in a true gospel, will give to the innermost heart of a man 'a force for work.' It will 'burn like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee!' What a power and suggestiveness of thought there is in the close of that sentence! I should like us to read some parts of this strange book over again together." —It would be uncandid to regard every sentiment in a letter to a friend as the record of deliberate opinion. There is one sentence in the preceding passage which certainly must not be so regarded. In stating that Carlyle seems to understand the essence of true religion better than any writer she had ever read, Miss Hessel commits an inadvertence. She knew well that the essence of religion "is love out of a pure heart"—supreme love to God, and sincere love to man, our enemies not excepted. Now so far from insisting on love as the grand requisite of human character, Carlyle is utterly silent respecting it. He concerns himself with facts rather than with principles. Energy is his desideratum; and whether it originate in the physical temperament and belong therefore to the animal, or in intense sympathy with Christ's self-sacrificing benevolence, and belong therefore to the divine, is apparently of slender consequence to him.

The word "purpose" would probably have more accurately expressed her meaning than the word "essence." The sentiment would still however have been open to criticism. For though he enforces morals with uncommon vigour, his earnestness is equalled by many of the writers with whom she was well acquainted. It is notorious that the theology and spirit of the church with which she was connected are intensely practical. Well therefore might she regard the matter as a paradox. Had she paused and

endeavoured to resolve the paradox, she would have discovered and corrected her error.

The sentence quoted is a striking and beautiful representation of the *effect* of Christian faith. A more precious gem is not to be found in any volume of practical theology.

She gives forth some utterances to Mr. F——, on Oct. 30th, which are as applicable to many others as no doubt they were to him: "I am increasingly impressed with the sublime significance of our present life. Your musings on this subject touched a sympathetic cord. The other morning while confessing my spiritual coldness and dwarfishness, in a strain greatly resembling your letter, a thought something like this forcibly impressed me. I come to God with thanksgiving for providential mercies, but when I mention my spiritual affairs, I do but complain and pray for grace—for larger spiritual influences, without a word of thanksgiving for those already received. True I am poor, and very unworthy; but I bore that provocation with a humility not natural to me; I held my peace when pride bid me speak loftily; I felt something of patient submission when my will was crossed, because I thought my Father knew better than I, and ordered it thus. And what caused this?

"I have much to lament, but much also for which I am bound to offer praise. To withhold it is to yield to the snare of the devil, to rob God of His glory, and my own soul of a blessing. 'Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me,' saith the Lord. Now try the plan, my friend. Praise God for your change of views with reference to Christ. Cultivate a habit of recognizing subjects for thanksgiving in your inner life. They will multiply before your mental vision, and create a tide of joyous feeling which will deepen and widen until it fills your soul. God dispenses His spiritual gifts freely where they are appreciated and given back to Him in loving praise, and deeds of glowing charity to men.

"Read Foster. I followed the workings of his mind with a strange fascination. He sets you a-thinking; and books are worth little that do not that."

Mrs. W—— is afforded an insight into the debilitating influences that were now in powerful operation. Nov. 11th: "Nothing but dire necessity has prevented me writing to you before this. I thank you more than I can express for your letter—it was kind of you to write again—and it found me in a mood peculiarly fitted to appreciate such an act of pure charity—jaded and worn with excess of work, and a very inadequate quantum of sleep. I am looking up however, almost rejoicing after a season of very trying affliction. I have many bright anticipations of the future of that land which my brother has adopted, and of the work he has gone to do in that new sphere of Anglo-Saxon enterprize. He has gone forth full of faith and hope, carrying with him a number of our brother's 'Memorials.' What the living voice of the earnest preacher and the utterances of him 'who being dead yet speaketh' may do for Methodism in Australia, the future will show. Every one we converse with thinks he has done right to go, and we cannot but acquiesce and thank God that in making the sacrifice our offering is such as the church approves. We pray it may reflect honour upon her and bring glory to God.

"I scarcely know what to say to you, my friend, about your own circumstances just now. They are not such as my heart would have chosen for you, but I trust God has appointed your inheritance, and He loves you with an infinite love. I often feel, when my friends are tried, that the ordinary expressions of regret for them are sadly out of place. They seem to me, when rightly using their trials, such privileged beings, adding to the lustre of their Christian graces, increasing their usefulness, and treasuring up in heaven a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

"Of myself I might say much were you here to listen. I have much to be very thankful for. My unfaithfulness might have tempted the Holy Spirit to leave me, but He does not. Lately He has been very present with me, enlightening my mind as to the grand capabilities of my nature, and applying a class of Scripture texts which I desire earnestly to study; such as these: 'As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him.'—'If ye then be risen with Christ, &c.'—'Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.'—'Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks unto the Father by Him.'—'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' What a depth of meaning is there not in that last passage? It is not Christ living in me as though I were a machine, and could only act as He willed, for then, my holiness would have no virtue; but 'I live,' and He 'liveth in me.' Can you tell me what it means? O that some of the sublime experiences of the Apostle when he penned these words might fall on us!

"I got a refreshing glimpse of the glory to be revealed—the joy of heaven—consisting in the great fact of our assimilation to the moral purity of God—the perfect holiness of His character—our personal freedom from the warfare with sin—the glorious consciousness of individual moral purity—a purity which can never by any possibility be tainted. The thought suggests the question why? How shall we be held so securely in that blest state?"—Our experience of the evils of disobedience, and the blessedness of His service, together with the luminous views we shall have of the glory of His character, and the weight of our personal obligation to Him, will form a bond strong enough to bind us for ever to Himself.

On Dec. 2nd she writes to Mrs. R——s: "We have been very busy with the Basket. It was well it came, for it

prevented our indulgence in much sorrow. We are looking forward hopefully to William's future in Australia, and are not without the anticipation of seeing him again. There have been so many bright and cheering thoughts connected with his mission, that I feel it would be wrong to repine, and that we ought rather to give thanks. Just after he left, Mr. Hardy (of Whitby) wrote me a beautiful letter about the glorious future of that land, and my brother's adaptation for doing a great work there, which greatly cheered me.

"I have read little of late. I have been much interested in 'English Traits,' by Emerson. His idealistic tendency leads him to view English character in an aspect often amusing, but there are some very happy hits in some of his descriptions, and some great truths contained in his startling and extravagant assertions. Instance the remark that the gospel of the English gentleman is, 'Ye are saved by taste.' 'To do a thing out of taste is a crime in English society for which banishment is too light a punishment.' I have seen this verified in some circles, and I believe it applies to a class of mercantile men who are treading on the heels of the aristocracy in that strife to ascend which is so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race.

"How glorious is the faith of which you write! How far better than all cold logical reasoning, however conclusive, is that argument from consciousness which you adduce for the divinity of Christ! I remembered the days of old, and felt that He in whom I have trusted is none other than Christ the Son of God. I have been struck lately, in reading the Scriptures, with the amount of incidental and inferential evidence to the doctrine. It seems to me stronger almost than any other. It was a fact so thoroughly interwoven with the faith of the Apostles, that they seldom think of dogmatically stating it, but they are constantly furnishing indications of their settled faith in it.

"I am drawing to the close of Channing's life. It is a

noble monument of a noble life. I am convinced though, that for many readers he is a dangerous writer on some points. His manner of putting a thing is very often plausible. Instance the Jehovah-Angel of the Old Testament, which orthodox divines are agreed is the Lord Jesus, the Son of God. Channing's remarks on this revived a latent scepticism, of which I am always conscious when I hear the assertion from the pulpit that this 'Angel of the Lord' was verily the Messiah to come. Channing asks: Why did not the Apostles recognize this fact? Surely it would have been a prominent feature in their preaching to the Jews just after the resurrection. And why does Paul say in the very beginning of his letter to the Hebrews: 'God who at sundry times and divers manners spake unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son.' Not quite satisfactory as I always feel the common belief on this subject to be, I think it is better supported than the other. Have you ever thought about the matter?"

To those who implicitly receive Scripture testimony, its declarations, it appears to the writer, are fitted to afford ample satisfaction on this point. Let two instances out of many suffice to show that this Angel was not a creature: "To Hagar the Angel of Jehovah said,—'*I* will exceedingly multiply thy seed.'" Three times besides, the same person speaks under the same name; and at last it is added that Hagar called upon the name of Jehovah who had spoken to her: "Thou art God who seest me!"—Gen. xvi. 7-13. "The Angel of Jehovah from heaven called to Abraham: Now I know that thou fearest God, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only one, from *me*.—The Angel of Jehovah called to Abraham a second time from heaven, and said, By MYSELF I have sworn, saith JEHOVAH, that since thou hast done this thing, in blessing I will bless thee."—Gen. xxii. 11-18.* "The term Angel," says Richard Watson

* Dr. Pye Smith's Scripture Testimony to the Messiah.—Vol. 1.

in an able and conclusive argument on this subject in his Institutes, "must here be considered as a term of office. He is called 'the Angel of the Lord' because he was the Messenger of the Lord,—because he was sent to execute His will, and to be His visible image and representative. His office, therefore, under this appellation, was ministerial; but ministration is never attributed to the Father. He who was sent must be a distinct person from him by whom he was sent; the messenger, from him whose message he brought, and whose will he performed. The Angel of Jehovah is, therefore, a different person from the Jehovah whose messenger he was; and yet the Angel himself is Jehovah. Thus does the Old Testament most clearly reveal to us, in the case of Jehovah and the Angel of Jehovah, two divine persons, whilst it still maintains its great fundamental principle that there is but one God."

That this Angel was the Messiah to come is demonstrated by a comparison of two passages of Scripture. Moses says to the Israelites: "Ye shall not tempt the Lord your God, as ye tempted him in Massah."—Deut. vi. 16. The Apostle Paul says: "Neither let us tempt Christ as some of them (that is, the Jews in the wilderness) also tempted (Him), and were destroyed of serpents."—1 Cor. x. 9. "Now what could lead the Apostle to substitute Christ in the place of 'the Lord your God?'" asks Mr. Watson. "Nothing, certainly, but that the idea was familiar to him, that Christ and the Angel-Jehovah, who conducted and governed the Israelites, were the same person." With these passages before us it may justly excite surprise that Dr. Channing should ask: "Why did not the Apostles recognize this fact?" The passage in Heb. xii. 25-6, Mr. Watson shows to be also decisive as a proof that the Angel of Jehovah and our Lord are the same person.

The inference Dr. Channing would have us deduce from the fact of the Apostles not making the identity of the

Angel-Jehovah with the Messiah "a prominent feature in their preaching," is destitute of force. The point needful for them to establish was not that identity—for there is no evidence of their countrymen doubting the fact—but the identity of Jesus with the predicted Messiah. The verse referred to in Hebrews evidently represents Christ as a public teacher. Had the Angel-Jehovah appeared in that capacity the query would have had more relevancy.

An incident is mentioned in a letter to one of her friends which, though of small consequence in itself, is interesting as an exhibition of character. It relates to a gentleman of some classical attainments. "I once gave Mr. H—— a very beautiful passage to read from Alexander Smith, and his enthusiasm fell at the third line. He stopped and said, 'Miss Hessel, this line does'nt scan.' I felt tempted to snatch the book out of his hand."

On January 6th 1857 she writes to the biographer: "I am reading Lynch's Lectures on 'Aids to Self-improvement.' I recommend them for your perusal should they fall in your way. You will like a great deal of the book very much."

"I have read 'Dred,' and enjoyed it. Our American sisters are doing a great work. They have swept and garnished the platform of fiction, and are making it what it ought to be, the vehicle for conveying the noblest truths to the masses of humanity. Miss Warner's 'Hills of the Shatemuc,' although dull in the early part, is nevertheless a valuable contribution to this kind of literature. The struggles of a proud, imperious, self-willed girl, with the elements of a noble character at the bottom, are truthfully depicted. Her earnest search after religious truth, her rebellion of heart to the yoke of Christ, her deep convictions of its righteousness, and the beautiful simple faith which at last

made it so easy, are well delineated. Such pictures of humanity, and the operation of the gospel on its rugged, complex points, are worth a thousand times more for every practical purpose than the most beautiful descriptions of your sweet milk-and-water women, who are almost too good for the gospel to make them any better.

"I am doing nothing at present, except thinking out a few matters which I have neither time nor energy to commit to paper. I should, I think, be quite easy to do nothing in this way at present, if some of my friends did not urge it upon me. Mr. W——t dogmatizes after this fashion: 'Utter your thought. Yourself and the world must be the better for it.' Against this I quote his oracle Carlyle: 'Wait till thy thought has well matured itself.'

"I feel painfully sometimes the scanty aids I have for self-improvement—that is, in many respects. The influences of my daily life are anything but elevating. True I am rich in correspondents, and not poor in books; but there are wants here of which I feel deeply sensible. When under other influences, I realize rapid development of thought, kindlings of intellectual power, to which I am a stranger here. Still I have much to be thankful for, and need, most of all, the gift to use well and wisely every endowment and acquisition."

"The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure! 'Tis a game
Which having once reviewed, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss."

CHAPTER XI.

A valuable remark of Perthes'—The study of the Bible—How best to promote spiritual growth—The intermediate state—Spiritual experiences—Failing health—Life of Hewitson—Will there be error in Heaven—No disgrace in industry—The preciousness of the simple truths of the Gospel in sickness—The duration of future punishment—Religion a priceless treasure—Visits Bradford, Birkenshaw, and Scarbro'—Application of a precious promise—A remarkable manifestation—A dreadful storm—"A Prayer."

It has been truly observed by the sagacious and noble-minded Perthes, that "the history of a human being resolves itself mainly into the history of his affections." Our tastes are refined or debased; our enjoyments augmented or diminished; our characters ennobled or degraded, according to the nature of the objects we love. There is no subject, the consideration of which is of greater practical importance, than the assimilating influence of the objects of our regard.

The range of objects eliciting our affections determines largely the measure of our enjoyment. "Love is the sum total of life." Those who open their hearts to every object worthy of them, have an enjoyment as much surpassing theirs who senselessly or selfishly close them to all but a very few objects, as a river exceeds a rill. Miss Hessel's was emphatically a loving soul. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that everything worthy of it secured her love. Hence her streams of joy were both various and numerous. Rich, however, as was the enjoyment she derived from

nature, art, and literature, experience had now instructed her that the amplest, as well as purest, source of delight consisted in the contemplation of the Divine character as revealed in the inspired volume. Her love of literature had, at one period, insidiously sapped the vigour of her piety. On discovering the lamentable fact, however, she betook herself, in the spirit of the devoted Henry Martyn, to the Book of Books. Latterly, as the reader will have seen, it became her chief study, and the effects were visible in an increased spirituality and desire for usefulness. She discovered that while the mere reader of the Bible may both experience interest and derive profit, the diligent student alone realizes its beauties and proves the fulness of its power. The surface of the earth furnishes the sustenance needful for man's physical nature, but the minerals by which his social progress is to be promoted are hidden in its deep recesses. So all that is needful for personal salvation is on the surface of the sacred page, but the principles upon which depends the development of a refined and noble Christian character, can be discovered only by devout and patient search. The subjoined letter, addressed to Mr. F——, on January 11th, will furnish one link in the chain of evidence that Scripture study was continued as long as ability permitted :

"I have been thinking about you this afternoon, and praying for you. I ought perhaps to account for this by telling you of two things. One is that latterly I have been seriously impressed with a sense of the double responsibility which my friendships impose upon me. You know something of the high value I put upon them. I am anxious to derive from them a greater benefit, and also to communicate all the good I can. Another thing which led me to think of and pray for you, is a Memoir of Adelaide Newton I am reading. She was a profound student of the Bible, and compared the translation with the original. I am astonished

at the richness of her remarks on some passages. She dwells upon some errors which hold many of the saints of God in bondage. There is one I have more than once mentioned, which I believe to be a great barrier to your religious enjoyment—that almost constant poring over your heart for evidence of your spiritual growth. Her Scripture readings have led her to think the prevalent notion on the importance of self-examination erroneous. She says it is never directly enjoined, except in two instances, viz., 1 Cor. xi. 28, and 2 Cor. xiii. 5, and there it relates to the possession of Christian character. Her views seem in harmony with those of Vinet and Mc Cheyne. She says in a letter to a friend, 'I cannot find a single instance in which, either in the Gospels or Epistles, Christians are taught by example or precept to make a study of their own hearts. I cannot help thinking, that Christian experience has far too much taken the place of the study of Christ and the character of God, and that this accounts, in great measure, for the low and desponding state of so many Christians. Do you not think that the constant study of His character would far more effectually teach us our depravity than poring over our own?' Yes, Adelaide, and a constant looking to Him is the only remedy for that depravity. By such looking alone are we 'changed into the same image.'

"I am myself in danger of putting the Spirit's work within me, in the place of Christ's work for me. The tempter is not slow in helping us to such a course, and we need the wisdom of the serpent to guard against his wiles. Your mother will be pleased with this memoir. I have found 'great spoil' in it. Her's was a noble manifestation of one of the phases of Christian life; not perhaps the one I should most admire, for I strongly doubt whether her ideal of Christian character is of the highest and best type.

"I have thought of commencing the study of John's Epistles. Will you join me? And let us exchange our

thoughts on passages which strike us particularly. I feel impressed with the necessity of digging deeper into the mine of sacred truth if I would maintain and cherish the religious life.

"I have been led to dwell much of late on the best method of promoting spiritual growth. It is but mere outside work to imitate the example of Christ, unless we drink into His spirit—make His principle of action ours. And how shall we do this? There is a great diversity of opinion among Christians on this matter. I have been talking to one this morning, eminent for piety, to whom the simplicity of Adelaide Newton's life of faith seems altogether unintelligible."—Miss Hessel has not expressed herself with her usual felicitous explicitness in this passage. There is not much difference of opinion amongst Protestant Christians as to how we shall imbibe the spirit of Christ, and become possessed of His principles. There is, and may be expected to be, difference of opinion as to whether the active or contemplative should predominate in our life; and differences of opinion on doctrinal and other points will induce a different estimate as to the relative value to be attached to certain acknowledged duties. The union, as far as practicable, of active service in the wide field of philanthropy with contemplation, all healthy minds will agree is neccessary to spiritual growth. Incessant activity will induce dissipation and laxity of principle, while excess of retirement will tend to asceticism. The sentiment cannot be too deeply pondered, that "it is but mere outside work to imitate the example of Christ, unless we drink into His spirit, and make His principles of action ours."

On January 14th she writes to Mr. B——: "I thank you for your interesting letter. I wish I had time to do it justice to day, but fear I have not. There is another theory more satisfactory to me than the one of unconsciousness in

the intermediate state, and yet not quite satisfactory. It is that the believer is admitted after death to perfect communion with Christ, but that he waits for the recognition and communion of saints until he be 'clothed upon,' with his house from heaven. The word 'unclothed,' suggests the idea of a state in which one would wish for privacy—to be unseen; but when 'clothed upon' we are to 'appear with Christ in glory.' I shall be glad to hear more about it when your discussions have terminated. I am very favourable to free inquiry and discussion, even on such subjects, provided we bring to them a truth-loving and reverent spirit. This last is important, and ought to be carefully cherished."—Mischief has no doubt sometimes resulted from what is called "free inquiry and discussion;" but has no mischief resulted from the stupidity or credulousness which the absence of such a spirit often indicates? The numberless subjects which reveal themselves with just sufficient clearness to excite curiosity, and the deep interest which these subjects awaken in all reflecting minds, warrant the inference that our Creator designed to encourage such inquiry. Let it be conducted in the spirit Miss Hessel commends, and regulated by a due regard to the practical, and far more benefit than injury will result. Next to moral perversity, mental stupor is the greatest calamity, personally and socially, that can befal us. It will be needful for some minds to guard against the love of disputation—an evil which can scarcely be too strongly deprecated.

"It gives me great pleasure," she proceeds, "to find your heart still fresh and earnest in the great work upon which you have entered. To be a successful labourer in the Master's vineyard is of the first importance. May you never lose the 'dew of your youth!' I have been much struck lately in reflecting on and comparing the different kinds of preaching I have heard. How easy it is to tell when a minister has thought out for himself the truths he

enunciates to the people! What a freshness there is in them in this case!

"I have felt several times during the last week as if I had a great deal to say to Mr. W——t. I fear it will all evaporate before I have time to jot it down. I should like to realize Mrs. Stowe's vision—put a sheet or two of letter-paper in my bosom, think all I wanted to say, and then drawing the paper forth, find it all written down, properly punctuated, i's dotted, t's crossed, and all ready for despatch."

"I read with great interest the record of your religious life contained in your letter," she says to Mrs. W——, on February 19th: "You have got hold of the secret of right living—looking constantly to Jesus, and dwelling on, until you realize, the fulness and completeness of Christ as a Saviour. This morning, while dressing, this text came to my mind, 'He was manifested to destroy the works of the devil.' I cannot tell you the beauty I saw in it, and the comfort I derived. There was the manifestation itself, suggesting along with the necessity for it, all the tenderness of Christ's human and fraternal character. 'He took on Him our nature.' 'It behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest.' Then the grand and comprehensive purpose of His manifestation—'to destroy the works of the devil,' not merely in the high places of Satan's empire, but in the believer's heart—in my heart. Not to subdue, but destroy. I cannot tell you how I prize these occasional applications of Scripture-truths. They are truly oases in the desert through which I have lately been passing.

"The other morning I woke with this on my heart and lips: 'For we know that if this earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, &c.' Some render the passage 'when an earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved.' But to me, on that occasion, the 'if' and the 'were' seemed

greatly preferable. What if the earthly house were this moment dissolved! Why the heavenly house is ready, waiting. Nay, it is our's now, 'we have' it, says Paul. It is our inheritance to which we have the title deeds, and shall have the possession the moment our present house is dissolved. What a glorious privilege is ours!

"Perhaps I ought to tell you that that home has been dearer to me of late from the fact that the earthly house has seemed to be giving way. I have many indications of its frailty and feebleness. For three months I have been far from well, and am now under the care of my medical attendant. It was a relief when he told me this morning that the drowsiness, forgetfulness, and mental inaction, I have experienced, were the consequences of disease. It has seemed so shocking that again and again my brief evening devotions have ended in a troubled sleep; and that at public worship I have not been able to keep awake, even when listening to what was deeply interesting.

"Did you ever note the exquisite gentleness and tenderness of the Saviour when drawing near to that terrible hour in Gethsemane? He took three of the disciples and desiring them to watch with him said: 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.' Coming back after a brief absence, instead of the sorrow which such a revelation of their master's suffering might reasonably have been expected to excite, He found them asleep. But there was no denunciation for these faithless watchers. There was first an expression of sorrowful wonder. 'What, could ye not watch with me one hour?' Then a kind admonition, which manifested self-forgetfulness, even in such an hour, in care for them: 'Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.' And, finally, a tender loving apology, such as only the heart of Jesus could have made under such circumstances: 'The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.' I have dwelt upon it with great comfort.

"I am reading Hewitson's life. He was very much like Mc Cheyne. These Scotchmen study human nature deeply. But I like most of all their views of Christ's work—its all-sufficiency and entirety. The volume abounds with such passages as this: 'Faith is the soul's outward, not inward, look. The object on which faith fixes its eye is, not the heart's ever-varying frames, but the never-varying Christ.'

"Mrs. M—— is here and often comes to see me. We talk very freely to each other on the phases of religious life. How rich I am in friends! I wonder often at the goodness of God in giving me so many such precious blessings. I think I appreciate it in some measure, and from my heart I daily thank him for this, His richest earthly blessing."

Further indications of deep-seated mischief are exhibited in a letter to the biographer dated March 2nd: "I suppose I must tell you something of myself, although the subject, I assure you, is anything but pleasant. Soon after I wrote to Mrs. P—— I called in our medical attendant. Presently a whole catalogue of disasters came upon me, the climax of which was, (at least I hope so,) an abscess over a net-work of nerves, irritated by involuntary muscular twitchings, and by my cough. It seemed as if the essence of all the physical suffering I have ever known was concentrated in those few days and nights. But they are passed, and I am now able to walk about again, and hoping for strength as the spring advances. When I make the least exertion I find myself very weak, though when I lie I am apt to fancy myself nearly well. But I must desist, as the big drops of perspiration are starting from almost every pore with this little effort.

"4th. My letter makes slow progress. My days are so short, and my strength holds out such a little while, that you must pardon this meagre letter. I do not get down stairs until eleven; in the afternoon we have frequently several callers; and in the evening I am too weary to make

any exertion. I find this kind of life not a little trying. But my cup runneth over with mercy, and loving kindness encompasseth me. I have occasionally startling views of the work lying before me, and which I had hoped to do—sad, sad feelings about the little I yet have done in the vineyard of the Lord, and sometimes earnest longings for better health in order to better living.

"Of one thing however I am satisfied. He knoweth what is best for me who chooses 'the lot of my inheritance,' and I leave myself in His hands. I wish I could convey to you some idea of the sweet restfulness I often feel in the assurance that a loving Father is providing for all my needs, present and future—that I have a home here which His love brightens and blesses, and a home yonder where I shall dwell in the light of His countenance for ever.

"My brightest views of heaven of late have been those which regard it as a place of active service—the invigorated and ever-expanding faculties all prepared for unwearying service. What that service may be I cannot tell, but it will be doing His pleasure, and that is enough.

"I was thinking the other day about the antagonistic doctrines which are held among Christian people, and how Christ's image shines out from men of widely different creeds. It seems to me we are but partially educated here. The disciplinary part of our education terminates of course with our mortal life, but what accessions of knowledge, what corrections of erroneous opinions, of dishonouring views of God, shall we realize in heaven! I think one bond of union between the glorified will be the universal search after truth—the eagerness to be put right on matters of intellectual error concerning God and Christ. I have more to say but must desist. Pardon this egotistical letter. I fear the kindness of my friends nurses my egotism; or rather, my own heart transmutes the blessing into a bane."

—The idea of the existence of erroneous opinions in heaven

will probably startle some readers. A little reflection however will furnish proof that Miss Hessel's views are not without a basis. Who will affirm of the holiest and wisest person, at his dissolution, that on no point does he entertain error? Where, when, and how, does he become divested of it? Death has no power to annihilate it. It cannot be dissipated by mechanical means. The luminous presentation of truth can alone exterminate error. Now though the light of heaven may disperse it with a rapidity infinitely surpassing the processes of present experience, still, inasmuch as error will probably exist on a multitude of subjects, must not that dispersion necessarily be gradual? The existence of error is by no means inconsistent with moral purity.

After stating that some improvement in her health had been experienced during the last two days, she says to Mr. B——, on March 12th: "I am not anxious about my future. If I were allowed to choose my lot, I should refer the choice to God. I cannot tell you the deep and abiding satisfaction I feel in the consciousness that every event of my life is arranged by infinite wisdom and love. The unchanging faithfulness of my Heavenly Father has been unspeakably precious to me. I feel there are important lessons to be learned in affliction.

"I think I have lately had clearer views of the relative importance of the chief doctrines of the Bible: the atonement of Christ—its abounding sufficiency; the priesthood of Christ, with its comprehensive beneficent provisions; the law, so utterly inadequate for man as the way of life, yet so perfect as the rule of life. A thousand glorious truths radiate from the grand central doctrines of the gospel, but in sickness, when mind and body are enfeebled, how precious do the few simple cardinal doctrines, the pith and marrow of the gospel, become! I can remember long hours of agonizing suffering, in which amid a thousand dim flitting fancies that whirled through my brain, the two

words 'Christ' and 'surety' seemed my only rock and resting place; and these words I rather felt than apprehended." —What an admonition is here against postponing, to a sick-bed, the practical acknowledgment of the claims of Christ!

"Friday, 20th. More than a week has elapsed since I wrote the foregoing. On the following day my doctor had to resort to severer measures, which caused me great suffering. After that I had a relapse, and this morning he said, in answer to my inquiries: 'I tell you candidly it will be a long time before you are better; and you will need to take very great care of yourself.' I have now a conviction that I shall not recover. There may often play above it fitful snatches of that return, in heart, to 'life and its belongings,' which I suppose is natural when disease relaxes its hold a little, but there lurks the feeling 'I am appointed to die.' I don't know why I tell you this. I am exceedingly sensitive with respect to the reports which represent my health unfavourably, although I recognize the folly of the feeling. I wondered at this in dear Mary, but I understand it now. Twelve months ago this very day I knelt by her coffin, and vowed before God, and in presence of the sacred dead, to strive after the realization of a higher spiritual life, and pledged myself to meet that beloved one in heaven. I have but ill redeemed my vows. And yet I trust I have striven.

"I think your study of the Inspiration question likely to prove more profitable than that of the 'unconscious' theory. Somehow, the latter is revolting to my heart, and does not commend itself to my reason. Nothing else connected with the Christian's future is revolting. He triumphs over death and the grave, 'because,' says he, 'my flesh shall rest in hope.' Not a word of his spirit resting in hope. Why, it may be asked, should that thought and action which an Almighty power will sustain for ever, be

suspended? How came Moses and Elias to talk with Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration? Perhaps your 'unconscious' author makes them into heavenly somnambulists."

On the 23rd she writes to Mr. F——: "I rejoice to hear of your labours and successes. Your difficulties will only develope new resources of energy and strength.

"I do not remember Foster's line of argument in support of the limitation of future punishment. His theory appears to me very unsatisfactory. If the declaration of Scripture on this topic be explained away, of course the stability of the Christian's future glory is undermined—precisely the same words being employed in both cases. But were Scripture less explicit on this point, I think a vast array of powerful reasoning may be adduced in favour of the doctrine of eternal punishment. The sentences of the judgment-day will not be arbitrary; holiness and sin are progressive principles; that law, which in the natural world causes every tree to bring forth fruit after its kind, operates also in the moral world, and the amount of punishment or glory depends on the ever-reproducing fruit of the principles which actuate us in life. Eternal death appears to me but the fruition of sin. Heaven and hell have more importance, in my mind, as states than as places. Now if man, ruined by the fall of Adam, required for a redemption-price 'all that heaven could give,' where shall the ransom of the lost come from? They have sunk deeper in moral defilement—they have slighted the blood of atonement, and 'there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin.' Their suffering can never honour the violated law, and if it could, what moral regeneration could it effect? And without that there could be no heaven for them. These are a few of my thoughts on this subject. You must excuse the want of clearness in expression. All mental effort is trying to me, and often bewildering. This is one very painful feature of my indisposition.

"I need not tell you that lately I have thought much

about dear Mary; and have experienced many things I wondered at in her. The thought of joining her has been very sweet. She entered heaven so lately that I have felt as if there would be a stronger affinity on that ground. And then she was so very dear to me. But all this may be foreign to the air of heaven. And yet I think it will not."

After informing Miss S. R—— that her cough gets worse, and no perceptible increase of strength is experienced, she says on March 25th: "As to my mental state I have scarcely energy enough to analyze it. My spirits are tranquil and calm. I seldom feel low, though I sometimes weep without any assignable cause. I have a restful assurance that the issue of my affliction, with all its attendant circumstances, is in His hands whose fatherly love is as measureless as His wisdom. I think I have now told you all about myself worth telling, unless I were to enter into my occasional experiences of rich spiritual enjoyment derived especially from the precious Word of God. I feel very thankful that often my mind is more quickened by reading it than by any other exercise. My conceptions of divine truth seem more clear and vivid than of any other subject. I am at present reading Macaulay's Essays. They soothe and charm me, but I am sorry to say I retain very little of them. Write as often as you can to tell me what is going on in the world around you, and in that far more interesting world within you, your own heart and mind.

"Oh! Sarah, what a priceless treasure is true religion! that faith which in the darkest hour can say: 'I possess all things, for Christ is mine, and I am His. Come health or sickness, life or death, joy or sorrow, now and for ever I am Christ's.'"—Earth itself yields a revenue of delight to such which no others can experience, however ample their science, cultivated their taste, or exquisite their sensibility. Of the humblest Christian, Cowper says—

"His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all.'"

On the next day she writes to Mrs. W——: "When I sleep well I have profuse night perspirations; when I don't sleep my cough is very trying and exhausting, so that as a matter of taste I don't care to choose between the two. I have one favour to ask. When you draw near to the mercy-seat, sometimes remember me. Pray that I may have a will lost in the will of God. It is sweet to feel I am in His hands whose measureless love and wisdom are 'engaged to make me blest.' Every flutter of apprehension, all dread of present and future, flies when I remember this. How strange I should ever forget it!

"Dear Mrs. Dove came in when I had got thus far. She always brings affectionate sympathy and wise counsel. I remarked that I seemed now of no use in the world. 'My dear,' she replied, 'I wonder how much worse the world would have been if God's people had never suffered in it.' And then she said: 'You are called to let patience have its perfect work, that you may be perfect and entire, lacking nothing. It seems that patience is the crowning grace of the Christian.' I cannot tell you how I prize her visits, they are always refreshing, and furnish me with food for the heart afterwards."—This devoted Christian lady has followed Miss Hessel to the better world. It is due to her memory to say that she was a Christian of more than ordinary maturity. Intelligence and fervour were so happily combined as to adorn her character with a peculiar lustre.

On the 10th of April, after communicating her sufferings and apprehensions to her brother, she adds: "Until the last few days we have had weeks of uninterrupted wet weather, and I have been entirely confined to the house.

I have had a few walks and drives lately, which have done me good. I never get to chapel, but the ministers and friends are very kind in visiting me, and I have every tempting delicacy sent which kindness can devise. I am well nursed, and feel no anxiety about the future. I hope you will not feel anxious. It is not very likely we shall meet again on earth, but we shall meet in a better country, in that fatherland, our truest home, where we shall sit down with the children of the kingdom, to go no more out for ever. Life seems precious, very precious sometimes, chiefly for the work which may make it so blessed."

"I am thankful to tell you," she writes to Mrs. W——, on April 19th, "that the last three days I have been very much better. I feel much more energy, and though it is worth little for practical purposes, it is more pleasant to my friends and to myself than the listlessness and depression I have so long experienced. Not that I have suffered much from mental depression. My spirit has rested in quietness and assurance, and though I can scarcely be said to have enjoyed anything of late, from sheer inability, I have possessed 'the peace which passeth understanding,' and have known by faith the truth of that declaration: 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.' Those 'bright visions' which your kind heart has anticipated for me, I have not lately realized. But all I have needed has been given—strength, rest, peace, comfort, and confidence in Him in whom all fulness dwells.

"I should like to tell you how graciously I have been heard with reference to physical sufferings which I feared, but on this I cannot now enlarge. This much I may say, the abscess was a most critical one. It is held among medical men that the only way of healing such is by a very painful operation, and by frequent applications of caustic. My doctor has ventured to try a milder treatment, which promises to issue favourably. I feel deeply grateful, and

ready to sing with David: 'In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me.'

"I thank you, my friend, for the generous wish to minister to my bodily comfort. The Lord reward you for it. You say truly I am rich in friends. I cannot tell you all the love and care by which I am surrounded. It almost oppresses me sometimes. I can but make one return; my prayers that God would reward them.

"20th. You will be glad to know that we have heard from William. He seems in good spirits, gets long rides on horseback, and says he can scarcely believe he is not in England. He had been to the Steiglitz gold-diggings; preached in the forest by moonlight on the stump of a tree; and staked out land for a new chapel. It is a little canvas-town, with two thousand inhabitants.

"I am not so well to-day. I have had a slight return of the pain in my side and difficulty of breathing. God has laid His hand upon me, but so gently and lovingly! I often repeat Milton's lines, and feel them very sweet:—

> 'Poor, weak, and helpless, I the more belong,
> Father Supreme, to Thee!'"

To Mrs. R——s, who had been bereaved of an affectionate husband when the 'dew of youth' was yet upon them, she says on the 22nd: "I can well understand the yearning for such communion as you have been wont to enjoy. What a blessed privilege is ours when we feel wearied and almost fainting under 'the needful discipline of life,' to turn to the contemplation of the joys awaiting us in our Father's house. They are ours, laid up for us. The communion of saints awaits us—the interchange of lofty thoughts. The blending of spirit with spirit will meet with no harsh interruptions there, nor be marred by the imperfections of earth. In a little while we shall enter into our rest, and the lonely pilgrimage will be almost forgotten in the joys of that glorious family re-union.

"But though we refresh our spirits by these anticipations, we wish not to forget that we have a work to do while here. It gave me pleasure to hear of your return to active life, after so long a separation from it. The Lord of the vineyard has need of you, my friend, and He has been training you for higher usefulness. You have now come down from the mount sanctified by your sorrow,

> 'To tread once more the waves of life,
> To battle with the unceasing spray;'

perchance to sink sometimes 'amid the stormy strife,' but always to 'rise to strive again.' May the strength born in the hours of sadness never forsake you!

"For myself, I feel as though a new life had opened to me within the last few days. I had felt as if all that remained for me in this world was patient suffering. But now that I can get out a little, my drives furnish me with rich enjoyment. Yesterday my existence, feeble as it is, felt a subtle luxury. The beautiful hedge-rows, the rich green verdure clothing hill and valley, the gurgling brook, the bright blue sky, the joyous song of birds, and the exquisite beauty of the way-side leaves and flowers, filled my senses with all the enjoyment of which they were capable. I almost felt 'this is enough.' But I remembered the glories of that better land, and added, 'with that in reversion it is.' The soul must have something to anticipate; earth cannot satisfy it.

"I have latterly read the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles consecutively, in order to get an impression of the origin and first successes of Christianity. I cannot tell you how much I have been delighted with the fresh views I have got of that wondrous life and death of which the world never saw the like, and of the men who continued with Him in His temptation, and preached the gospel committed to them after His ascension."

At the strong recommendation of her medical adviser and some other friends, she undertook a journey to Bradford, on May 6th, to be under the care of Dr. Macturk. A powerful inducement was supplied in the fact that she could have the comforts of a home with old and warm-hearted friends now resident there. A few days after her arrival she wrote to a recently-acquired, but pre-eminently kind friend, Mrs. M— : "I have been getting rapidly worse of late. My cough was distressing, my appetite very bad, and I had got very thin indeed. I bore the journey much better than I anticipated, the day was fine and warm, and I was muffled up like a mummy. The first day or two I was very ill, but since that time I have been slowly improving. Dr. Macturk does not give me any very encouraging opinion. He says both my lungs are diseased. The left one has very perceptibly fallen, but the right one is the most diseased."

After a little more than a fortnight's absence she returned home slightly improved. On the 26th, after expressing the sweet sense of submission to the Divine will she generally experienced, she says to Mrs. W—— : "But you must not imagine that my lot is all sunshine. I have my darker moments—hours of suffering when I have to say with tearful eyes, 'He hath compassed me before and behind, and laid His hand upon me.' But even then I can add with Abby Bolton, 'but so gently! oh, so gently!' And then sometimes there will come a vivid picture of nature's last struggle, and a shrinking from the thought of breasting the surging waters of Jordan. But I have an instant remedy for that. I look to my Divine Redeemer and say: 'That matter does not belong to me now. It is in Thy hands to mete out the day and the strength proportioned to it. Not one of Thy promises has ever yet failed me, and it is too late to distrust now.' While thus occupied this morning, I got such a precious view of that promise: 'The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory,' &c.

The grace and glory seemed so closely united—grace to the very last moment it is needed, and then the glory coming in instantly to crown it. With what more could Almighty Power and Infinite Love endow the creature upon which He has 'set His heart?' But there is more. I had half forgotten, in the abundance of the grace and glory, the assurance still more extensive, if possible, 'no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.' But my aching shoulders warn me to desist."

A gentleman resident in the neighbourhood of Bradford, whose occasional visits to Boston Spa had led to an acquaintance with Miss Hessel, and a high appreciation of her worth, urged her to spend a few weeks with him in the early part of summer. On June 19th she informs Mrs. M—— of her purpose to accept his kindness: "My state of health latterly has been such as to warn me against any sanguine anticipations. I feel that disease is progressing, and my strength gradually wasting. Dr. Macturk says in a letter I had from him last week that he looks for benefit chiefly from change of air. I am going next week, all being well, to Birkenshaw, to visit Mr. Emmet for a few days. I shall then have an opportunity of consulting the doctor again, and learning the present state of my lungs.

"If it be the will of our Heavenly Father I hope to be so much better as to visit you. But if this may not be, we shall ere long meet in our Father's house above, to part no more for ever. Shall I send you a text which is often precious to me? Sometimes I have feverish restless nights, and my cough is trying; it is then sweet to remember 'There shall be no night there'—no night of suffering and unrest—no night of darkness or sorrow."

Accompanied by her sister and another friend, she arrived at Birkenshaw on the 24th. On the next day she wrote to her mother: "We had a safe and rather pleasant journey, although the heat was somewhat oppressive. I met with

kind travelling companions, especially in two young gentlemen at different stages of the journey, who perhaps touched with compassion at my pale face and troublesome cough, were really kindness itself. Mr. Emmet met us. He could not borrow a horse, but a man brought an invalid's chair for me, and my ride through the village was quite a triumphal procession. The women and children stared, and a dozen pairs of clogs clamped alongside and behind me. It was very amusing I assure you.

"We have had a walk round the garden this morning. Such a pretty garden it is—such sweet little nooks and shady places where one can sit and rest! After our walk Mr. Emmet and I had some spiritual conversation which I much enjoyed.

"This is really a lovely retreat, cool, shady, and quiet. We have full liberty to do as we like—the freedom of the house with all its comforts, and really I am enjoying them very much. I wonder how you get on. I fear you will be lonely. God bless you for all your cheerful self-denial and watchful care on my account."

Her keen susceptibility to kindness reveals itself to Mr. W——d, under date of July 3rd: "Mr. Emmet's gardener sent me up a little basket of strawberries both yesterday and to day, out of his own garden. How kind everybody is to me! In this I see the love of my heavenly Father—His tender care for the least of His children. I am just thinking, and the thought refers to your remark the other evening, that all the tender human affection lavished on me has rather tended to endear the thought of heaven than earth, to fill me with anticipations of the glorious perpetuity of such affection in a nobler state of being, rather than to create a clinging to earth. The future often seems much more of a reality than the past and the present—an eternal, unchanging, yet ever progressive existence."

On the 6th she communicates some of her heart-experiences to her brother: "Since I came here, as at home, 'the

lines have fallen to me in pleasant places.' Strangers whom I have never seen have sent flowers and strawberries to the 'invalid lady.' The clergyman called, and two of our own ministers, Mr. Samuel and Mr. Lord. These frequent changes ordered for me, remind me that this is not my rest. I feel I am a pilgrim, and recognize my Father's love in the rich provision He has made for my comfort during my sojourn upon earth. The friends who have so kindly urged upon me their hospitality and counted it no trouble to minister to my numerous wants—the strangers who have contributed to my enjoyment by their courtesy, call forth special gratitude to Him who has disposed them to act thus to one of the least of His family. I can but pray that He may reward them a thousand-fold into their own bosoms. We all join in love. I often long to see you. Sometimes in the long silent night-watches my thoughts wander to the land of your adoption, and I feel tempted to ask that it may please God we may meet again on earth. What a blessedness to know we shall meet where distance can never divide us again!"

Mrs. M—— had earnestly desired she should spend part of the summer with her, and as both her medical advisers believed that the air of Scarbro' would prove beneficial, feeble as she was, accompanied by her sister, she undertook the journey. The fatigue of travelling was not oppressive, and the visit, though it failed to secure the physical advantages anticipated, afforded great enjoyment and spiritual profit. Every two or three days, or oftener, a message of some purport was transmitted to one of her friends at Boston Spa. On the 18th she says: "I cannot tell you the exquisite satisfaction I feel in finding myself surrounded by so many of the elegancies of life. When suffering and weakness have rendered all exertion a burden, the eye may drink in a quiet and most refined enjoyment from surrounding forms of beauty. I am afraid Mrs. M—— will spoil us with kindness and luxuries."

"19th. As we travelled from York to Scarbro', I repeated the line, 'I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,' until I felt its power and realized something of its sweetness; and in connection with it, there came so beautifully to my heart the assurance, 'He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust.'

"I must try to tell you of the exquisite beauty which shone out of a precious promise the other morning. You know I had some little perplexities for a few days before I left home, but amidst them this was often given me: 'I will guide thee.' The morning after I came here, as I lay musing on the way in which I had been led, and looking, perhaps wistfully, on the future, the promise came in its completeness: 'I will guide thee with mine eye.' I can but very feebly indicate the depth, the force, and the beauty which I saw in the figure. To be guided by the eye of another implies deep and constant attention to the expression of that eye; a knowledge of its eloquent but silent language. That knowledge suggests the idea of filial love answering to paternal love. To know God we must love Him. The child watches the expression of its parent's eye. He learns its language sooner than that of the tongue. It is eloquent with love, with sympathy, with reproof, with the assurance of protection from danger, and deliverance out of difficulty. It indicates the path to some desired good which seemed inaccessible, or it attracts, by its magnetic influence, from the alluring snare. Thus it guides him. Oh! to be thus guided! Always to cherish that spirit of watchful filial love which will ensure such guidance! What intimacy it implies between Him who guides, and them who are guided! How full of mingled instruction and encouragement this promise is! It is as though it said: 'I see the pathway. I know its snares. Its good and evil are mapped out before me—the real and the imaginary. I know both, whatever disguise they may wear, and I will

guide thee, gently and silently, with mine eye. No loud shout of alarm shall startle thee to a consciousness of danger. Love's own voiceless but unerring language shall guide thee.'

"Evening. Mrs. A——, the widow of a minister, has been to dinner and tea. She is a woman of great intelligence, highly-cultivated mind, and deep piety, with a sweet countenance and loving heart. I have just been thinking what a richness and fulness there is in the blessings God bestows upon His children. I see already many spiritual blessings which God designs me to reap here, but I have been struck with this thought: how richly God is blessing my latter days with the fellowship of the gifted and the greatly good, and how this is preparing me for a heightened felicity in heaven! I shall meet these spirits again. Our converse here has been of heaven, and of that glorious redemption which is the theme of heaven's highest song, and we shall not forget that when we meet there."

23rd. "How my heart swells and my eyes fill when I hear our noble national anthem! But I heard it to-day with a deeper emotion than ever. I thought of heaven's national anthem—that glorious burst of loyalty and gratitude which will rush from every tongue—'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.'"

The gratifying and the ominous come into close contact in the communication of the 25th: "I am better in some respects. I have less violent and lengthened paroxysms of pain. But I am so weak that riding fatigues me very much; and the air swells my throat and makes it uncomfortable."

On the 26th she was called to experience in a manner very extraordinary the efficacy of prayer, the malignity of Satan, and the preciousness of our faithful and merciful High Priest. "This morning I had a most remarkable manifestation of the Divine presence, followed by an equally

remarkable conflict with the tempter. Nothing I ever experienced bears any analogy to either of them. As I lay musing on the wonderful way in which God had enabled me, in the period of my most conscious impotence, to be of some use to those around me, I realized a sweet spiritual influence, an ethereal presence overshadowing and leaning towards me, while the following language was as distinctly communicated as if I had read it in a book: 'Jesus is near you. He knows all about you—all your sorrows, suffering, and love. He sympathizes with all. He knows all about you. He is very near to you.' The presence departed, but the influence remained. I felt no surprise, but my mind instantly turned to those incidents of the Saviour's life which exhibit His sympathy most strongly—His love for the sisters at Bethany—His peculiar regard possibly for that one who sat spell-bound at His feet—His deep anguish at the grave of Lazarus—His tenderness to that repentant sinful one who anointed His feet—and many others. These brought His veritable humanity vividly before me.

"While I was thus occupied, Mrs. M—— came into my room from family worship, and we spoke of these and other circumstances in that wondrous life. She then told me she had experienced remarkable freedom in praying for me at the family altar, and especially in desiring that Jesus might be very near to me. 'I saw you so vividly in my mind's eye,' she said, 'and I realized so distinctly that Presence drawing nigh to you, that I felt sure my prayer would be answered.' With tears of wondering gratitude I told her of the sweet visitation I had had, and we wept and rejoiced together. She then left me, and I began to read the narrative of the resurrection of Lazarus. Thoughts began to be suggested on our conversation respecting Christ's human sympathies. Painful feelings arose. It was suggested that I had dishonoured the divine majesty of Christ, that I had distorted Scripture to make His glorious nature consonant

with my own. At first I reasoned against what I conceived to be my own thoughts. I had a thorough conviction the suggestions were false, that I cherished no Christ-dishonouring sentiments, not for a moment. I felt that the conversation and the mysterious commune preceding it, were a season of gracious visitation from on high. But why these thoughts at which my soul recoiled? Whence came they? Why did joy and peace vanish before them, leaving dark confusion and misery in my heart? It is the tempter, it was suggested. For a moment I felt staggered, crushed, and powerless. My first impulse was to review the ground of temptation, but a better one rose instantly, and lifting up my streaming eyes and clasped hands, I cried in the bitterness of my anguish: 'Jesus, help! I am powerless in the grasp of this foe. He is too subtle for me to encounter. Pardon my forgetfulness of Thy presence. I saw Thee not in the fierceness of the conflict, but Thou art very near to me. Rebuke the tempter.' The prayer was heard. Looking upward, peace and joy returned. But it was some time before I dared to look back on that fierce conflict. I dared to look no where but to Jesus.

"On rising to dress, the inauguration of Christ to His ministry, when the voice from heaven proclaimed Him, 'the beloved Son,' sweetly presented itself to my mind, while solemnly and impressively the words recurred: 'Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil.' Oh! how my heart rejoiced to know that I was thus called to fellowship with Christ in His temptations! How sweetly assured I felt of the identity of His nature with my own!

> 'He knows what sore temptations mean,
> For He hath felt the same.'

My frail system has been greatly shaken by this terrible conflict. My hand trembled as with palsy.

"August 5th. Yesterday morning I spent an hour or two

(in bed) very profitably and pleasantly in studying some favourite passages in the Word of God. How secure I felt on the promises! How all-sufficient appeared the atonement of Christ! St. Paul's magnificent song of bursting triumph, 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ,' &c., thrilled my whole soul. It might have been the song of the conqueror just sitting down by the side of his enthroned Redeemer, rather than that of the toiling and persecuted Apostle. The hymns beginning: 'Entered the holy place above,' and 'Rock of ages,' were peculiarly sweet."

During the evening of the 6th a terrific storm swept over many parts of Yorkshire and some other counties. Scarbro' experienced its full share of the results, and excellent as was the condition of the house in which Miss Hessel found a delightful home, she did not entirely escape the calamity. On the 7th she writes: "We had a terrible night here, such a night as the oldest inhabitant in Scarbro' does not remember. Our house is in a state of comfortable (?) confusion this morning, every room having suffered more or less. Of course I slept none or next to none. The servant had the worst of it, for a waterspout descended on her bed. Sophia was vigorously employed in her room in removing valuables out of the way of the intrusive element. I, stunned by the howl of the elements, and not liking the streams of water which seemed in rather alarming proximity to my bed, got up to join Sophia; but I found my dressing table pretty copiously sprinkled, and the matches wet. Unable to strike a light, and not liking to venture an ascent to Sophia in the dark, I crept back to bed over a saturated hearth-rug, and awaited the dawn of morning, feeling, as the storm swept piteously on, it would be some considerable alleviation to have companionship. In the morning the kitchen carpets were swimming, and other things in a corresponding state of cheerfulness. The mischief in the town is fearful. Queen-street has hundreds of tons of gravel in

it, some of which has been forced into the houses. In Merchant's-row they are leading away the furniture of some of the houses, the foundations are so seriously injured. On Belmont-terrace there has been a land-slip, carrying away the trees, and blocking up the wall beneath. The wall of Lord Londesborough's garden has been washed down, and covers the road down to the sands. At Scawby several cottages have been washed down, and the inmates have but just escaped in their night-clothes. All this we heard from Dr. ——, who has been his morning-round and witnessed it. He says the amount of damage is really awful.

"Mr. Mather and Miss —— were here to tea yesterday. The former brought a quantity of original letters from John and Charles Wesley, Mrs. Fletcher, and Joseph Benson. They were very interesting. He was very kind. As soon as he had gone Miss —— came to the foot by my couch, and kissing my hand tenderly, began a sweet conversation. Dear girl, how my heart warmed towards her! What terrible discipline she has undergone! How her eyes sparkled, and the tears gushed, as I spoke of that blessed home of the spirit where sin and sorrow are known no more! To my inquiry, Shall we know ourselves when we wake up to that new and glorious life? she said with manifest joy, 'I sometimes ask myself that question, and fancy I hardly shall.' We agreed we should remember that night's interview when we met in a brighter country—our Father-land."

On Monday, August 10th, she and her sister returned home, "neither of us much better for the change physically."

In the spring of this year she plumed the wing of her muse for the last time. It was no bold flight she attempted. The absence of loftiness of strain, however, is more than compensated, in the estimation of her friends, by the satisfaction of witnessing one so near the confines of eternity breathing such pure and fervent sentiments. Would that

all thus circumstanced were possessed of similar aspirations! She designated the composition

A PRAYER.

FATHER in heaven! *my Father!* at Thy feet
I humbly bow, and pray that Thou would'st cleanse
My heart from secret sin—my spirit purge
From the low dross of earthliness, and raise
To purer heights the drooping pinions which
Too long have swept the dust, and feebly striven,
Like a worn captive bird, to soar aloft
In the bright sunlight, where no galling chain
May mock its freedom.

Vainly have I striven
O Father! in my own weak strength, to bring
Back to Thine altar the sore-stricken heart
Which finds no peace in wandering. Do Thou draw
Its deep affections to Thyself, and grant
They never more may rove. Clear from my eyes
The mists of earthly love, which all too oft
Have risen between my soul and the pure light
Of Thy calm glory. May I lean no more
On earth—seek never more to rest upon
Its thorny pillows, but with upward gaze,
And fearless trust, lay my weak trembling hand
In Thine, Almighty Father! and, sustained
By Thy strong arm, feel Thou dost give me rest.
No more may earthly visions dim the light
Of heaven's high joys, but may a ray serene,
From the pure glory of Thy throne, shine out
On life's intricate path, and gild the gloom
Of death's dark vale. Thus may I safely reach
My Father's house! my everlasting home!
And, like a weary child, lie down to rest
Within His folded arms.

CHAPTER XII.

Woman's influence—Hints on the ideal of a true woman—Animadversions on the prevalent training of young women—Miss Hessel's increasing debility—Last letters to her friends—Self-reproach—Miss S. R——'s interviews—Spiritual experiences—Death.

It is one of the gratifying features of our age that the subject of woman's position and work is attracting general attention. No subject is more worthy. "The greatest influence on earth," the Rev. A. Monod justly observes, "whether for good or evil, is possessed by woman." In the varied relations of daughter, sister, teacher, wife, and mother, her influence upon our domestic, social, and national welfare, is incalculable.

What is the ideal of a true woman?—a woman who sustains her various relationships with thorough efficiency? Fully to answer this question would require a volume. A few hints are all we shall attempt.

Her chief sphere, unquestionably, is the domestic circle. There to refine and elevate man should be one of her principal aims.

> "For contemplation he, and valour formed;
> For softness she, and sweet attractive grace."

In this utilitarian age man is in danger of carrying "the principles of his ledger into every sphere of his life," of degrading himself into a mere machine for doing "a large stroke of business," and "making money" rapidly. Let this become an actual state of things, and what is the

result? Life is divested of all joy and worth- -ι thing barely to be endured; and man is divested of all dignity—transformed into a drudge, a slave. A vortex is created in which not only happiness, but social progress, and national stability, are ultimately engulphed.

Now to woman we must look, under God, for no small part of that agency by which such a calamity is to be averted. She must not only warn against the risk incurred, but unfold the grandeur of the object sacrificed, and, by her marvellous persuasiveness, allure and guide.

Numerous qualifications however, it will at once be seen, are requisite to this. Such influence can be exerted by those only who have won esteem, and esteem is the daughter of admiration. The woman that would sway the mighty invisible sceptre to which man is proud to bow, must not only possess good sense—"she openeth her mouth with wisdom;" amiability of temper—"in her tongue is the law of kindness;" domestic skill and habits,—for what avails it that a man has "a handsome property," or "a thriving business," or a choice circle of friends, if he has a comfortless home?—some good degree of intellectual culture; how else can she be an intelligent companion?—but above all, correct and vivid views of the great purpose of life. She can scarcely expect to lift those around her to a higher elevation than she occupies; to kindle aspirations in other souls with which her own is not fired. Would she witness the gratification of the senses subordinated to the culture of the intellect and heart?—moral worth estimated at a higher value than social position?—a sympathy cultivated with whatever is true and noble and philanthropic?—in fine, would she witness in general society a full and harmonious development of all the faculties of our nature? Then must she herself exemplify these virtues. The embodiment of universal excellence must be her aim.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the mind that the character of a woman's influence mainly depends upon the aspect in which she views the great purpose of life. If it be viewed chiefly as a thing for enjoyment, the influences most welcomed will be deteriorating. If, on the other hand, it be regarded as the preliminary period of an immortal existence, the future of which is to be determined by the present,—as supplying mental and moral materials, out of which we may construct, and ought to construct, a noble character, by which society shall be benefited, and honour reflected on our benevolent Creator—then will the aspirations and purposes cherished be elevating.

Now it is Christianity only that furnishes right views of life; and the surrender of the heart to the love of Christ alone can ensure moral strength for the practical embodiment of those views. Where that is supreme, duties are not only seen but felt, and a constraint is experienced which impels to their discharge. A power of self-control is furnished, and the whole character is ennobled and beautified. Well might Solomon thus counsel his son: "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honour when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace; a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee." "Had it not been for religion," a friend remarked to the writer on having read the previous edition of this memoir, "Miss Hessel would never have been known beyond a private circle. Her powers would have been wasted in frivolous pursuits." And the observation is just. Religion exalted conscience to its rightful supremacy. Revealing the guiltiness of living for mere amusement or the gratification of others, and the paltriness of aims confined to earth, it animated her to purposes harmonizing with those of Deity.

"All aim at present good; a wiser few
Look to the future; but THE WISE are they
Who make the future and the present one;
The future in the present ever felt,
And with high destiny attain to both."

A warning note is needed, in the opinion of many, on the prevalent training of young women. Let the now sainted John Angell James be candidly listened to on this subject. "How much in modern education is calculated, if not intended, rather to prepare our females to dazzle in the circle of fashion and the gay party, than to shine in the retirement of home. To polish the exterior by what are called accomplishments seems to be more the object than to give a solid substratum of piety, intelligence, good sense, and social virtue. Never was a subject less understood than education. To store the memory with facts, or to cultivate the taste for music, singing, drawing, languages, and needlework, are the ultimatum with many. The use of the intellect in the way of deep reflection, sound judgment, accurate discrimination, is not taught as it should be; while the direction of the will, the cultivation of the heart, and the formation of the character, are lamentably neglected. We ask not the sacrifice of anything that can add grace, and elegance, and ornament, to the feminine character; but we do want incorporated with this, more of what is masculine in knowledge and wisdom." In a similar strain writes one no less observant and no less worthy to be regarded—John Foster. "How much I regret to see so generally abandoned to the weeds of vanity, that fertile and vigorous space of life, in which might be planted the oaks and fruit-trees of enlightened principle and virtuous habit, which, growing up, would yield to old age an enjoyment, a glory, and a shade." "Fine sensibilities are like woodbines, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid, upright stem of understanding; but very poor things

if, unsustained by strength, they are left to creep along the ground." To be doomed to the shade in the social party for the lack of those accomplishments which enable others to shine, is, no doubt, a mortification. To shed a daily lustre in the domestic circle however, is an achievement not only incomparably nobler, but more valued. We admire the meteor, but we prize the sun. Sterling worth will have the ultimate advantage over display.

The biographer advances no claim on behalf of the subject of this memoir to perfect womanhood. His knowledge of her impressed him with the conviction that she was a true woman. And if an aptitude equally for household duties and drawing-room refinements; if a preference of solid worth to showy accomplishments; if cultivated tastes, expansive sympathies, generous impulses, and lofty aspirations, associated with true modesty, freedom from affectation, and enlightened conscientiousness; if, in a word, a purpose to live rather for the sake of imparting than of seeking enjoyment, constitute a true woman, it is believed that every unbiassed reader will pronounce Eliza Hessel to have been such. Who, of the youthful sisterhood, that reads these pages, will emulate her virtues? Who will not only covet, but resolutely strive, to be robed with her mantle? Why should not I? let each one ask.

Let no reader sigh despondingly on contemplating this ideal. It was not so much by original endowment as by wise and diligent self-improvement, that Miss Hessel acquired and effected what she did. Thousands have been as gifted, and had far greater helps, who have not risen to nearly the same mental and moral elevation. This volume illustrates the capability of improvement with which God has endowed us, for it consists mainly of the fruits of improvement. If only ordinary powers be allotted you—if your power of originating thought be feeble, and your

vocabulary meagre—remember it is moral rather than mental qualities that throw a charm over social life. And these are accessible to all. It is strikingly illustrative of the divine wisdom and goodness that the most important qualities are as accessible to the illiterate as to the educated. Aspire, therefore, after the highest goodness. It is in your power to show that life is a blessed gift, and a splendid opportunity for a glorious future. Strive benevolently to smooth the path of others—to animate them under discouragement—to strew fragrant flowers around them. Let them see what a noble thing human life may become. Aim to fill your sphere wisely and well—to give the utmost satisfaction—to diffuse the greatest possible enjoyment. Deserve to be valued and commended, whether or not you are. Be a real, whether or not an acknowledged, benefactor. Propose to yourself a model, and let it be no less exalted than that adopted by Miss Hessel. Life will then furnish to you matter of unutterable and unending joy and praise.

"Many," says an American writer, "live for what? Ask them. For nothing. Their lives are the sport of what is around them. Life to them is a mazy web-work of circumstances. They fix no mark at which to strike. They run and gain no race. They have nothing in particular to be or do, and hence are and do nothing in particular." "Would we do good to the world? Then let our characters be formed after the most perfect pattern within our attainment; for character is the most powerful instrumentality within our possession. It is not so showy or noisy as wealth, or station, or fame, but it is more grand and vigorous in the silent tread of its march among human hearts. Power chiefly rests in the things that are least bustling and noisy. The world looks upon the lightning as it leaps from the cloud upon the tree, and splinters it in atoms, as a strong expression of power; but not a tithe so powerful is it as that electrical vigour, which in silence spreads the

earth all over with flowers, and fruits, and herbage, and holds in its still grasp the worlds that play their game of grandeur in the blue sea above us."

The number and pressure of your domestic duties, some of you may think, interpose a barrier to your culture. Miss Hessel had her share of these, and they were not neglected. "The right discharge of my domestic duties," she says in a letter dated Sep. 10th, 1855, "leaves me but little leisure, and I should be very unhappy to neglect these for literary pursuits, seeing that my highest aim is not to win for myself the notice of the public, but to build up a monument of usefulness—to make my life a noble and useful one—to build well 'both the seen and unseen parts.'" She wisely sought to convert these duties into aids to improvement. "The longer I live," we have seen she stated, "the more am I impressed with the hidden value of these little things which make up the sum of daily life—their adaptation to aid in that process of self-education, mental, moral, and religious, which we ought to be conducting." Let the resolve she elsewhere records, be equally cherished and exemplified by you, and you shall realize ultimate success. "I have resolved, by God's help, to weave my web of life as best I can out of the materials around me." Be content to wait for the realization of improvement. All sterling excellence is a growth. "Say you that you have not time—not time to think!" exclaims the writer just quoted. "How can you help thinking? Your mind is active, ever active. All you have to do is to direct it to proper objects, and into proper channels, and it will cultivate itself. Whoever forms a resolute determination to cultivate his mind will find nothing in his way. Everything will minister to his progress. Teachers will gather round him in numberless hosts. The air will breathe notes of instruction, and running brooks give him lessons of wisdom. The bee, the worm, the bird, the rock, the cloud, the ocean, the

heavens above him, will read him lectures on science. Light and darkness, heat and cold, every thing in nature, will gather round him with a voice of instruction. We can walk a life-time amid all these things and get no instruction. But as soon as we begin to look for it, it begins to come. Learn this truth, young man and woman: *Where there is a will, there is a way.*"

Young women, a noble work—a work of almost matchless grandeur is assigned you. You may prevent incalculable evils, personal, domestic, social, and national. You may secure incalculable benefits for your households and your country. The destinies of both are largely in your keeping. Live at the elevation whence your privileges, duties, and responsibilities are clearly seen. Live under the influence which their realization will create. Then, not the present only, but future generations, shall rise up at the last day and call you blessed.

We have seen what were Miss Hessel's sentiments and purposes amid the activities of life; we are now summoned to observe the views and feelings with which she could watch the approach of death.

The hope that summer would pour invigoration into her frame was doomed to bitter disappointment, and chilling fear as to the issue was acquiring the ascendant. Obviously increasing weakness permitted no alternative. On the 18th of August she writes to Mr. F——, "I am trying whether writing with a pencil is as hurtful as with a pen. I have regretted deeply my inability to maintain my correspondence with you, and with many other friends. But the day is not far distant when the children of the kingdom shall sit down together and enjoy personal communion."

On the 26th she says to Mr. W——d, "Mr. Hornby has just been to see me. I had a delightful conversation with him, although I could only whisper. He seemed to think

me near to the waters of Jordan. The last few days I have felt the silver cord to be gently loosening. I have had a ride with Mr. Heape this afternoon. It is very kind of him, for I cannot walk, and I much enjoy riding now. How beautiful this world looked, but the autumn tints are appearing. I, too, felt like the fading leaf, but a voice whispered, 'I am the resurrection and the life.'"

To Mrs. W—— she says, on the 27th: "My strength is very much reduced, my appetite poor, and my cough no better. I feel now that I hold life by a very slender tenure, and yet He, in whose hands my breath is, may see fit to prolong that life for a while for purposes which must be wise and good. My visit to Scarborough was made a great spiritual blessing to me. I met with some choice spirits, chosen in the furnace of affliction; and I found the communion of saints precious indeed. I am astonished at the goodness of God in the kind friends with whom I everywhere meet. I feel so unworthy of the tender loving interest which I everywhere find. May God reward them!

"I thank you for all your tender love and sympathy. Think of me ever as dwelling beneath the shadow of the Almighty—resting on the Rock of Ages—feeling the atonement to be so rich and full and all-sufficient—realizing Christ to be the power of God, as well as the wisdom of God—the former especially, in my weakness. In health I loved to contemplate Him as the wisdom of God, and by-and-by I shall resume that contemplation with nobler powers, and behold Him face to face."

Her last communication to the biographer was in pencil, about the close of this month. "I am not so well as when I last wrote. I have been suffering from diarrhœa, and a few days ago had a slight hemorrhage from the lungs, caused by a sharp, sudden cough. It was evening. Mother was alone with me, and was greatly alarmed, as the pain in my chest caused me to swoon. I begin now to feel my strength

decrease. Indeed I may say with David, 'My days are like a shadow that declineth, and I am withered like grass.' How blessed to be able to say also that God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever!"

On Sept. 2nd she writes to Mr. W——t: "I should like to tell you something of my experience of the power of that religion which I have found so precious during my long affliction, but I have not strength. Does it not seem strange that enfeebled mental powers—shorn vigour of intellect—should be apparently the necessary prelude to that glorious awakening of the soul to a stronger and higher life? But with all this conscious mental feebleness, how glorious to feel that the realization of that nobler life is nearing—that when a few more conflicts are over, this enfranchised spirit shall be introduced to fellowship with Him, 'in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.' Until then my spirit rests in firm but lowly trust on that great atonement which is the only ground of my hope.

"And now, my friend, farewell! It is not likely that I shall be able to write you again, but I shall be glad to hear from you. My parting prayer for you is that you may long live to be a true and faithful ambassador of Jesus Christ; 'giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed; but in all things approving yourself as the minister of God . . . . by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned; by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left; by honour and dishonour; by evil report and good report."

On the 10th she pens the last lines her much-beloved brother was to receive. What a rush of mingled emotion would heave his bosom as he read her request to banish sorrow for her! Is not the beautiful and truthful epitaph she selected engraven on his heart? How sweetly will those lines ring music through the chambers of his soul,

and those of her numerous friends, for long years to come! "Your letter of June 10th came safely to hand on the 6th instant, and I once more attempt a reply. It is a great effort, but I feel wishful to send you a few lines while I am able. I am glad to hear such a favourable account of your health and circumstances. I trust you will always have cause to be satisfied with the step you have taken. Much as I now feel your absence, and often as I long to see you, I feel that your present position is best. And this reconciles me in a great measure to the separation.

"I have nothing cheering to state respecting my health. 'My days are like a shadow that declineth, and I am withered like grass.' Latterly, the record of each day has been the same unvarying tale of restless, weary suffering—a constant pain in my side, aggravated by my cough, and every change of position. But it is a great mercy that my nights are generally pretty good. The doctor does not recommend my going from home again. He says I shall lose rather than gain by any change at present. I have considerable variation of feeling and some spiritual conflicts, but underlying all this a deep peace, a consciousness that I am going home—that a nobler and truer life will soon burst upon me. And while I feel this life to be a precious gift, which, were it restored, I should value far more than I have done, I am satisfied that my Father's appointment is best. Sometimes I have joyful anticipations of the approaching realities of the unseen world. Do not think sorrowfully of me when I am gone. Let this be my epitaph in your memory:

'By the bright waters now thy lot is cast.
Joy for thee, happy one! Thy bark hath past
The rough seas foam;
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are still'd.
Home! Home! Thy peace is won, thy heart is fill'd,
Thou art gone HOME.'

How precious the word of truth has been to me in my

affliction! How rich and full the promises! How all-sufficient the atonement!"

Early in October the writer proceeded to Boston Spa. It was deeply affecting to witness the inroads disease had made upon that interesting form. It seemed prostration personified. The conviction was irresistible—the bond of earthly friendship was soon, to all appearance, to be sundered. Her debility and oppression at the chest debarred conversation on his first interview. On the evening of the next day however she was able to converse with greater ease, and her resignation to the Divine will, her calm trust in the Atonement, and her bright hopes of immortality, were expressed in a way deeply affecting to him. Never shall he forget the peculiar and mingled emotions with which he heard the tones of that voice which seemed to be already heavenly, utter—with a countenance radiant with calm joy, difficult as was respiration,—those blessed portions of Holy Writ: "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—"For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—It was a scene worth travelling far to witness, and worthy the pencil of the most distinguished artist.

What but Christianity, it is natural to ask, could have supplied such a picture? Let the sceptic tell us it is a delusion. If it can inspire the dying and the survivor with

such emotions—if it can thus irradiate the gloom of the sepulchre, we may be justified in saying: Welcome! thrice welcome! to our habitations and our hearts. It was only such a life, however, that could have furnished such anticipation of death.

There were many invaluable lessons to be learned by the visitor to that sick room. There were instructions eloquently mute. But those blanched lips had words to utter besides those expressing confidence, and joy, and praise. However bright the prospects of future blessedness, the intelligent Christian cannot suffer the past to be absorbed in the future. Nor can the holiest saint review the past without more or less of regret and self-reproach. In the light of a near eternity Miss Hessel discovered many things which awakened such feelings. But there was one she felt constrained to mention. What was it, reader? It related to the later period of her life as much as to the earlier. Of course it was not a moral obliquity. What then was it? The writer could not have supplied the answer previously to her communication. He believes that not one of her friends could. It was what indicated her knowledge of the magnitude of the Divine claims, and her profound conviction of their righteousness. "The greatest bane of my life," said she, with great solemnity, "has been the love of praise."

There is a praise we may all righteously covet—a human praise. That however comes as a result rather than a direct object of pursuit. She felt that praise had been pursued by her for its own sake, as food for pride. Some readers will probably regard her feeling as purely morbid. Light enough is reflected from the sacred page however, to satisfy those who rightly regard its authority, that error is with them rather than with her. While the moralist regards *actions* only as matter for personal praise or blame, the intelligent Christian regards his motives as determining his moral character. These, therefore, are the chief subjects of his scrutiny.

In the future world, if not in this, it will be made apparent that to seek human rather than Divine praise is justly to merit Divine displeasure. How admonitory upon this subject is the punishment of Herod recorded in the Acts of the Apostles! Miss Hessel's feeling arose from a vivid perception of the justice of rendering "unto God the things that are God's." Would that every reader could be persuaded deeply to ponder her impressive utterance!

The afternoon of the following day brought the hour for parting, and the parting was regarded as final. And so it proved; for though she survived longer than appeared probable, the writer was prevented experiencing the melancholy pleasure of another interview. With surprising calmness she said: "It appears to me as if we should soon all meet again."

An instance of the ruling passion strong in death exhibits itself in a note to Mr. W——d, dated Nov. 3rd: "You must know that a grand truth flashed on my mind yesterday with a force of conviction I never before realized. It was this, that if I could write, it would stimulate even my enfeebled mind to habitual trains of thought both profitable and elevating. After closing my hasty note, I remembered that I meant to say such and such things, and regretted I had neither time nor strength. This led me to think on themes which made me feel: Oh! that I could write down my thoughts! Writing I have always believed to be the best means of drawing out the powers of the mind."

The last product of her pen, it is believed, is a note to Miss Harris, who was about to sail for Sydney, to join her sister, Mrs. William Hessel. It is dated Nov. 6th: "Until a few days ago I have not had a pen in hand for more than two months, and little able as I am to wield one now without suffering, I feel impelled to try.

"During the summer I have been getting weaker and thinner, and am now but the shadow of my former self.

About three weeks ago I stood, to all human appearance, on the very margin of Jordan. It seemed as if just beyond were the gates of the New Jerusalem, when suddenly, I believe in answer to the prayers of many friends, the distressing symptoms abated, and I came back to breast awhile longer the waves of life. I am much better, and though for the most part confined to my room, I do sometimes get down for an hour or two, and am carried up again. My doctor and my friends think now I shall get through the winter, and some anticipate my recovery. For myself I leave it with Him who has hitherto ordered all things well, and who now encircles me with loving-kindness and tender mercy.

"My best wishes attend you, dear Fanny. I hope you will have a pleasant and prosperous voyage. May the Eternal God be your refuge, and underneath, the everlasting arms."—So the last record she makes is the utterance of a benevolent desire for the welfare of another.

"Of my own feelings," writes her oldest and dearest friend, "when I first knew the nature of dear Eliza's sickness, I must not speak. It was to me a sad, a terrible surprise. Shortly after her return from Scarborough I spent a few days with her. The Sabbath was a bright, genial September day, so warm and balmy that Eliza proposed a short walk. 'Let us,' she said, 'once more enjoy together the lovely view that has so often charmed us.' She leaned on my arm, and 'with feeble steps and slow' we went towards the river's side. An angle of the lane soon brought us in sight of the winding Wharfe, with its undulating background and border of willows. Her heart bounded with delight. 'How beautiful!' she exclaimed. 'Ah! Sarah, we have had many a joyous ramble together here. I think we have come in all moods, have we not? Every turn of the river, and every nook and glade, seem somehow associated with our friendship. The harmony and beauty of this scene

have often influenced our heart-communings; and we have made high resolves,—alas! too often unfulfilled. What a beautiful world this is! I admire it none the less because I am going to leave it. This will, I think, be our last walk together.' I said, 'Oh! Eliza, I cannot bear to think you will not recover. You will be restored to us yet.' 'Don't deceive yourself, dear Sarah,' she replied, 'I shall not recover, and I want you to think and talk about my future as I do. This short respite of suffering has been kindly given in answer to prayer, that I may prepare more fully for heaven.' 'Is there, then,' I asked in deep sorrow, 'no human skill that can reach your case. Has God supplied an antidote for every ill but this?' 'There may be an antidote for this also, and science will bring it to light some day.' 'Yes,' I said, when those we most love have fallen a prey.' 'Well, it must be so. If my Heavenly Father sees I can serve Him best in my death, shall I not cheerfully acquiesce?' Seeing the pain it caused me, she at once changed the subject, talking pleasantly and even playfully on passing events, criticising new books, &c.

"As we were passing the chapel on our return, she withdrew her arm from mine, and leaned upon the gate that looks into the adjoining cemetery. 'Is not that a peaceful resting-place?' she said. 'I have chosen my grave there,' pointing to the spot where her remains now lie. 'Our family vault is in the churchyard, but I have a wish to be buried among my own people—the people with whom I have worked and worshipped.' 'I think, Eliza,' I said, 'you would be almost disappointed if you were to recover.' She checked me at once: 'O no, Sarah, don't misunderstand me. If I were this moment to receive an assurance of life and health, I should enter into life's duties and enjoyments with much more zeal and zest than I ever did before. How much better would I serve my God! Yes, I

love life, but God calls me to give it up, and may I not serve Him thus?'

"My next visit found her very feeble. She was not able to come down stairs. My last visit was a few days before her death. Her sister tried to prepare me for the great change I must observe, but when I entered her room the sight of that loved form so emaciated, so death-like, completely overcame me. I was unable to speak for grief. 'Don't, dear Sarah, don't' she said, with a hollow voice, gasping for breath. 'Think of heaven, home, rest—heaven, home, rest,' and a smile was on her lips, as if the thought of these eclipsed all her suffering. I said, 'Oh! Eliza, this is a sad blow to me; I felt as if you were promised to us until spring.' 'You surely would not detain me so long,' she replied. 'It is very selfish, I know, but you must forgive me,' I rejoined. 'The loss will be mine, not yours.' 'But,' added she earnestly, 'you must not think our friendship ends here. It will only be suspended for awhile, to be consummated in heaven.'

"The effort to talk exhausted her and brought on coughing. She expressed a hope that in the evening she would be able to converse. Evening brought with it, however, such a sensation of drowsiness that she could say but little. Next morning she sent for me early, and we had much conversation. She spoke earnestly of the consolations of the gospel, of the fulness of grace in Christ, and of the joys of heaven. She repeated those verses entitled 'Libera nos Domine' (we had learnt them together), written on those sublime petitions of the Litany:

'In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,

Good Lord, deliver us.'

On this verse, substituting the singular for the plural pronoun in the ninth and eleventh lines, she particularly dwelt:

'But there's a tide remains at last
To pass when all the rest are pass'd,
And deep to deep proclaims afar
That death's dark billows mighty are.
Yet Thou, who mightier art to save,
Did'st cross that Jordan's parted wave,
And bear into the land of rest
The graven jewels on Thy breast.
Where Thou hast trod I too would go,
For there no floods can overflow.
With me in the waters be,
Libera nos Domine.'

"On leaving her I said: 'Shall I, may I, come and see you again, Eliza?' 'I think not, love,' she replied. 'My times are in His hand. If I should rally once more I will send for you; if not, remember we meet in heaven.'"

A few incidents of her closing days have been communicated by one of the most intimate of her friends.

Early in December she wished to write to her brother once more,—a solemn, sad farewell. But it was a vain effort. The willing hand, that had penned so many thrilling, loving thoughts, was too tremulous. The pen she had wielded so well must be laid aside for ever. On reading the letter about to be sent, in which, of course, her sufferings formed a prominent topic, she said: "Ah! how different a letter I should have written! Mine would have been a psalm of thanksgiving for my mercies."

Thus did she ripen for heaven. Her views on the importance of love to the person of Christ acquired an unwonted definiteness. She often spoke of the indwelling love of Christ; and the deep, soul-stirring expression of it in John's Gospel yielded her unfailing delight. She had, however, seasons of gloom; her suffering seemed to darken, occasionally, her spiritual vision. But the gloom was never more than a passing cloud. Usually she enjoyed bright sunshine.

The tedium of confinement was at first a severe trial to her ever active spirit. She would sometimes say, in reply to sympathizing inquiries: "I feel the toilsome journey's length," adding the prayer:

"Jesus, my Saviour, look on me!
For I am weary and opprest.
I come to cast my soul on Thee;
Thou art my rest.

Look down on me for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek,
Thou art my strength."

The whole of this beautiful hymn was often repeated by her, and proved a rich solace. The two following verses admirably expressed her experience:—

"Vain is all human help for me,
I dare not trust an earthly prop;
My sole reliance is on thee;
Thou art my hope.

Thou wilt my every want supply
E'en to the end, whate'er befal;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my ALL."

The view she had long cherished of heaven as a HOME, became now more than ever sweet. The joy she anticipated was not sensuous, it was such as springs from a fuller knowledge and a keener appreciation of the grandeur of truth, and the beauty of holiness.

Conscious of daily increasing weakness, she expressed a wish to partake once more of the memorials of our Lord's death. A few relatives and friends joined her in communion. The thought that to one it was indeed a last participation, gave a profound solemnity to the service. Never will it be forgotten by those present.

Her sympathies still went forth towards all sufferers. On

Christmas-day, when the usual festive fare was placed before her, she said playfully to her mother: "If you wish me to enjoy my Christmas-dinner, you must let me share it with —— and ——," naming two poor persons who were invalids, "for they have no one to provide nice things for them." Their dinners were accordingly sent.

Severe as were her sufferings she seldom dwelt upon them. At first, a paroxyism of pain would prompt the inquiry: "Why is this necessary?" But afterwards, when a friend, in great distress at witnessing her suffering, asked: "Why is this permitted?" she quickly answered: "Ah! there is a needs-be for it all. There is a hidden reason which I shall soon know. And this I know already, that my Heavenly Father will not afflict me more than He will give me grace to bear." She then spoke of fellowship with Christ in suffering, until her cough obliged her to cease.

Shortly after this, her Sabbath scholars, having expressed a desire to see her, were admitted to her room. While their young hearts throbbed with sorrow, she spoke to them, calmly and earnestly, of her loving Saviour, whom she urged them all to find.

Early in January, she said to one who had loved her long and well: "All my wishes are now fulfilled. I wished to live over the New Year's tea-meeting, because my death would have cast a gloom over the rejoicings. I desired also to receive one more letter from William. The Australian mail has arrived, and here is my brother's letter. How kind my Heavenly Father is!"

It was a great comfort that she had friends constantly near, whose kindness was unceasing, and who deemed it a privilege to minister to her. Thus, when no longer able to read, precious books were read to her, and daily was she favoured with Christian communion. Newman Hall's "Mind and Words of Jesus" was a constant source of comfort. After her daily portion had been read, she would say:

"Now I want some drops from the fountain," pointing to her Bible. "How precious are the words of Jesus!" I never saw their full meaning as I do now."

About the middle of the month she suffered acutely from internal local inflammation, during which she was unable to lie down for twenty-four hours. "This must be death," she said; and then inquired how long it would be ere mortification would ensue, and death result. After a pause, she added: "The nearer it comes, the less fear I have." Towards the close of this period she said to her affectionate sister: "I thought more was being laid upon me than I could bear, and that God had forgotten His child. But it was only a momentary thought." She was scarcely able to converse, but the uplifted eye and the expression of entreaty on her countenance indicated the severity of the struggle.

On the 22nd she remarked to a friend: "Since the disease has changed, and my weakness increased so greatly, I have felt little shrinking from death; but no desire to die that I might escape suffering. I am in the Lord's hands. He will come in His own good time."

The day following she was too feeble to converse, and seemed to be patiently waiting for her summons. The next day was the Sabbath. An evident change had passed over her, and she again thought her release at hand. Her mother, who had watched over her with a mother's love, was by her side. Throwing her arms around her neck, she exultingly exclaimed: "Mother, I am going, I am going home! Glory! Glory!"

During the day she suffered much from oppression. The evening brought relief however, and with it refreshing sleep. When asked if she had been delivered from fear, she replied: "Yes, from all fear of death;" and referring to her feelings in the morning, at the prospect of its near approach, added: "I enjoyed such a sweet sense of going home for some time."

Her utterances now became fewer and feebler, but they attested her steadfast hope and unwavering trust.

On Wednesday the 27th she entered the dark valley, but not alone. While precious promises were being repeated, she joined: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;" and when the 23rd Psalm was read she said with deep feeling: "He is with me." Seeing her mother weep, she said in a tone of deep affection: "Mother don't cry; I am going home."

Sorrowful watchers bent over her couch that night. The busy world heeded not that an angel had come down to bear away in triumph a glorious redeemed spirit to the bosom of its God. But so it was. The night wore on, and for a time she slept. The inspired description of the New Jerusalem had been read to her, and on awaking, her mother said: "The pearly gates will soon be open." "They are open, mother," she earnestly replied; and again she slept.

Thus did life ebb out. It was well-nigh gone, when with great distinctness, she said slowly: "Salvation is by faith." It was her dying testimony to the doctrine that had sustained and blessed her,—her watchword at the gate of heaven. A period of unconsciousness ensued. Then one bright momentary gleam as the invisible was revealed, and the spirit fled.

"Her's was another morn from ours."

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